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the late Judge John Garber*







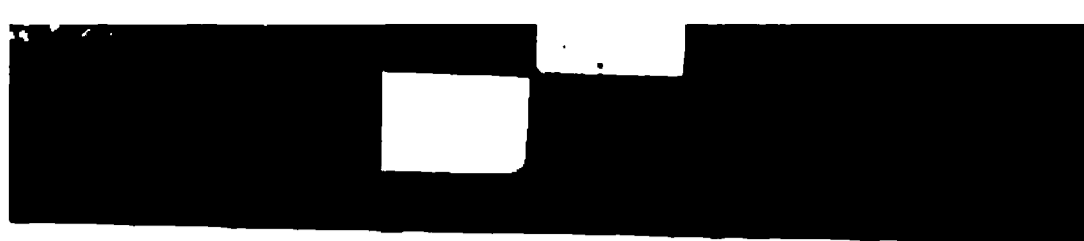
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ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH

BALLADS

EDITED BY

FRANCIS JAMES CHILD

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EIGHT VOLUMES IN FOUR

VOL. I.



BOSTON

HOUGHTON, OSGOOD AND COMPANY

The Riverside Press, Cambridge

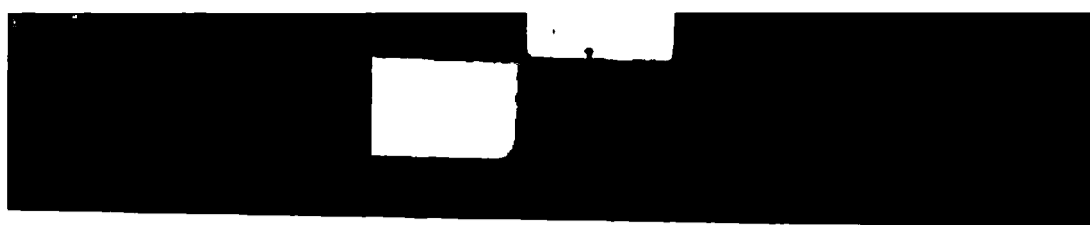
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To
WILLIAM ELLERY SEDGWICK
THIS COLLECTION OF BALLADS
IS
AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED.



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PREFACE.

THESE volumes have been compiled from the numerous collections of Ballads printed since the beginning of the last century. They contain all but two or three of the *ancient* ballads of England and Scotland, and nearly all those ballads which, in either country, have been gathered from oral tradition, — whether ancient or not. Widely different from the true popular ballads, the spontaneous products of nature, are the works of the professional ballad-maker, which make up the bulk of Garlands and Broad-sides. These, though sometimes not without grace, more frequently not lacking in humor, belong to artificial literature, — of course to an humble department.¹ As

¹ This distinction is not absolute, for several of the ancient ballads have a sort of literary character, and many broad-sides were printed from oral tradition. The only *popular* ballads excluded from this selection that require mention, are *The Bonny Hynd*, *The Jolly Beggar*, *The Baffled Knight*, *The Keach in the Creel*, and *The Earl of Errol*. These ballads, in all their varieties, may be found by referring to the general Index at the end of the eighth volume. To extend

many ballads of this second class have been admitted as it was thought might be wished for, perhaps I should say to excite, by the "benevolent reader." No words could express the dullness and mutuality of a collection, which should embrace all the Roxburghie and Pepys broadsides — a scope with which this publication was most undeservedly credited by an English journal. But while the broadside ballads have been and must have been glanced, the popular ballad-demand much more liberal treatment. Many of the older ones are mutilated, many more are miserably corrupted, but as long as any traces of their originals are left, they are worthy of attention and have received it. When a ballad is extant in a variety of forms, all the most important versions are given. — Less than this would have seemed insufficient for a collection intended as a complement to an extensive series of the British Poets. To meet the objections of readers for pleasure, all those pieces which are wanting in general interest are in each volume inserted in an appendix.

The ballads are grouped in eight Books, nearly corresponding to the division of volumes. The arrangement in the several Books may be called chronological, by which is meant, an arrangement

the utility of this index, references are also given to many other numbers where, though not worth reprinting, may occasionally be required for.

according to the probable antiquity of the story, not the age of the actual form or language. Exceptions to this rule will be observed, partly the result of oversight, partly of fluctuating views; the most noticeable case is in the First Book, where the ballads that stand at the beginning are certainly not so old as some that follow. Again, it is very possible that some pieces might with advantage be transferred to different Books, but it is believed that the general disposition will be found practically convenient. It is as follows:—

BOOK I. contains Ballads involving Superstitions of various kinds,—as of Fairies, Elves, Water-spirits, Enchantment, and Ghostly Apparitions; and also some Legends of Popular Heroes.

BOOK II. Tragic Love-ballads.

BOOK III. other Tragic Ballads.

BOOK IV. Love-ballads not Tragic.

BOOK V. Ballads of Robin Hood, his followers, and compeers.

BOOK VI. Ballads of other Outlaws, especially Border Outlaws, of Border Forays, Feuds, &c.

BOOK VII. Historical Ballads, or those relating to public characters or events.

BOOK VIII. Miscellaneous Ballads, especially Humorous, Satirical, Burlesque; also some specimens of the Moral and Scriptural, and all such pieces as had been overlooked in arranging the earlier volumes.

For the Texts, the rule has been to select the most authentic copies, and to reprint them as they stand in the collections, restoring readings that had been changed without grounds, and noting all deviations from the originals, whether those of previous editors or of this edition, in the margin. Interpolations acknowledged by the editors have generally been dropped. In two instances only have previously printed texts been superseded or greatly improved: the text of *The Horn of King Arthur*, in the first volume, was furnished from the manuscript, by J. O. Halawell, Esq., and *Adam Bell*, in the fifth volume, has been amended by a recently discovered fragment of an excellent edition, kindly communicated by J. P. Collier, Esq.

The Introductory Notices prefixed to the several ballads may seem dry and somewhat meagre. They will be found, it is believed, to comprise what is most essential even for the less curious reader to know. These notices are intended to give an account of all the printed forms of each ballad, and references to the books in which they were first printed. In many cases also, the corresponding ballads in other languages, especially in Danish, Swedish, and German, are briefly pointed out. But these last notices are very imperfect. Fascinating as such investigations are, they could not be allowed to interfere with the progress of the series of Poets of which this vol-

lection of Ballads forms a part, nor were the necessary books immediately at hand. At a more favorable time the whole subject may be resumed, unless some person better qualified shall take it up in the interim.

While upon this point let me make the warmest acknowledgments for the help received from Grundtvig's Ancient Popular Ballads of Denmark (*Danmarks Gamle Folkeviser*), a work which has no equal in its line, and which may in every way serve as a model for collections of National Ballads. Such a work as Grundtvig's can only be imitated by an English editor, never equalled, for the material is not at hand. All Denmark seems to have combined to help on his labors; schoolmasters and clergymen, in those retired nooks where tradition longest lingers, have been very active in taking down ballads from the mouths of the people, and a large number of old manuscripts have been placed at his disposal.—We have not even the Percy Manuscript at our command, and must be content to take the ballads as they are printed in the *Reliques*, with all the editor's changes. This manuscript is still in the hands of the grandchildren of Bishop Percy, but unfortunately they are not disposed to give it to the world. The greatest service that can now be done to English Ballad-literature is to publish this precious document. Civilization has made too great strides in the island of Great

Britain for us to expect much more from tradition.*

Certain short romances which formerly stood in the First Book, have been dropped from this second Edition, in order to give the collection a homogeneous character. One or two ballads have been added, and some of the prefaces considerably enlarged.

F. J. C.

May, 1860.

* P. S. August, 1866. The Percy Manuscript is soon to be printed by the Early English Text Society.

LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL COLLECTIONS

OF ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH BALLADS AND SONGS

[This list does not include (excepting a few reprints) the collections of Songs, Madrigals, "Ballets," &c., published in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, — the titles of most of which are to be seen in Rimbaud's *Bibliothèque Madrigalique*. On the other hand, it does include a few useful books connected with ballad-poetry which would not properly come into a list of collections. The relative importance of the works in this list is partially indicated by difference of type. When two or more editions are mentioned, those used in this collection are distinguished by brackets. A few books which we have not succeeded in finding — all of slight or no importance — are marked with a star.]

"A Chose Collection of Comic and Serious Scots Poems, Both Ancient and Modern. By several Hands. Edinburgh. Printed by James Watson." Three Parts, 1700, 1709, 1710. [1713, 1709, 1711]

"Miscellany Poems, containing a variety of new Translations of the Ancient Poets, together with several original poems. By the most eminent hands." Ed. by Dryden. 6 vols. 1st ed. 1684-1708. Ed. of 1716 contains ballads not in the earlier ones.

"Wit and Mirth: or Pills to Purge Melancholy, being a Collection of the best Merry Ballads and Songs, Old and New. Fitted to all Humours, having each their proper Tune for either Voice or Instrument; most of the Songs being new set." By Thomas D'Urfey. 6 vols. London. 1719-20.

"A COLLECTION OF OLD BALLADS. Corrected from the best and most ancient Copies extant With Introductions Historical, Critical, or Histor-

and English, with Toasts and Sentiments for the Bottle." Falkirk, 1786.

"Ancient Scottish Poems, never before in print, but now published from the MS. collections of Sir Richard Maitland," &c John Pulkerton. 2 vols. London, 1786.

"The Works of James I., King of Scotland." To which are added "Two Ancient Scottish Poems, commonly ascribed to King James V." (The Galloway-Man and the Jolly Beggar.) Morrison's Scottish Poets. Poets. Perth, 1788.

"THE SCOTS MUSICAL MUSEUM. In six volumes. Consisting of Six Hundred Scots Songs, with proper Bases for the Piano Forte," &c By James Johnson. Edinburgh, 1787-1803. [3d ed. "with copious Notes and Illustrations of the Lyric Poetry and Music of Scotland, by the late William Stenhouse," and "with additional Notes and Illustrations," by David Laing. 4 vols. Edinburgh and London, 1853.]

"The Yorkshire Garland." Edited by Ritson. York, 1786. See "Northern Garlands," p. xix.

"A Select Collection of Favourite Scottish Ballads." 6(?) vols. R. Morrison & Son. Perth, 1790.

"Pieces of Ancient Popular Poetry: From Authentic Manuscripts and Old Printed Copies. By Joseph Ritson, Esq." London, 1791. [Second Edition, London, 1833.]

"Ancient Songs and Ballads, from the Reign of King Henry the Second to the Revolution. Collected by Joseph Ritson, Esq." 2 vols. Printed 1787, dated 1790, published 1792 [London, 1829.]

Scottish Poems, reprinted from scarce editions, with three

pieces before unpublished." Collected by John Pinkerton
2 vols. London, 1792.

"The Melodies of Scotland, &c. The Poetry chiefly by
Burns. The whole collected by George Thomson." Lond.
& Edin. 6 vols. 1793-1841. See p. xix, last title but one.

"The Northumberland Garland." Edited by Ritson. New-
castle, 1798. [London, 1809.] See "Northern Garlands,"
p. xix.

"SCOTTISH SONG. In two volumes." JOSEPH RIT-
SON. London, 1794.

"ROBIN HOOD: A Collection of all the Ancient
Poems, Songs and Ballads, now extant, relative to
that celebrated English Outlaw. To which are
prefixed Historical Anecdotes of his Life. By
JOSEPH RITSON, Esq." 2 vols. 1795. [Second
Edition, London, 1832.]

A Collection of English Songs, with an Appendix of Orig-
inal Pieces." London, 1796. Lord Hailes.

"An Introduction to the History of Poetry in Scotland, &c.,
by Alexander Campbell, to which are subjoined Songs of
the Lowlands of Scotland, carefully compared with the
original editions." Edinburgh, 1798. 4to.

"Tales of Wonder; Written and collected by M. G.
Lewis, Esq., M. P." 2 vols. London, 1800 [New-
York, 1801.]

"Scottish Poems of the Sixteenth Century." Ed. by J. G.
Dalzell. Edinburgh, 1801. 2 vols. (Contains "Ane Com-
pendious Booke of Godly and Spirituall Songs, collectit
out of sundrie Partes of the Scripture, with sundrie of
other Baillates, changed out of Prophane Sanges for avoyd-
ing of Sinne and Harlotrie, with Augmentacion of sundrie
Gude and Godly Baillates, not contained in the first Edition.

Newlie corrected and amended by the first Originall Copie
Edinburgh, printed by Andro Hart.")

"The Complaynt of Scotland. Written in 1542. With a
Preliminary Dissertation and Glossary." By John Leyden.
Edinburgh, 1801.

"Chronicle of Scottish Poetry; from the Thirteenth Century
to the Union of the Crowns." By J. Sibbald. 4 vols.
Edinburgh, 1802.

"The North-Country Chorister." Edited by J. Risson.
Durham, 1802. [London, 1809.] See "Northern Gar-
lands," p. xix.

"MINSTRELSY OF THE SCOTTISH BORDER: Con-
sisting of Historical and Romantic Ballads, collected
in the Southern Counties of Scotland with a few
of modern date founded upon local tradition." 1st
and 2d vols. 1802, 3d 1803. [Poetical Works of
SIR WALTER SCOTT, vols. 1-4. Cadell, Edin-
burgh, 1851.]

"The Wids of Cockburnshay. An ancient Scottish Poem,
with a translation in Latin Rhyme." Edinburgh, 1803.

"A Treasury of Songs, Mirth, Sentiment, Instructive, and
Amusing." By James Paterson. 6th Cambridge, 1806.
London, 1824. 5 vols.

"NORTH-LEITH BALLADS AND SONGS, from Tradition,
Manuscripts and Printed Editions, with translations
of similar pieces from the ancient Danish language,
and a few originals in the latter. By BAKER
JACKSON." 3 vols. Edinburgh, 1806.

"Ancient Scottish Songs." New York, 1807.

"Scottish Historical and Romantic Ballads, chiefly
ancient." By John P. P. 3 vols. Edinburgh
1808.

- "Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song," &c. By R. H. Cromek. London, 1810.
- "Old Ballads, Historical and Narrative, with some of modern date: collected from Rare Copies and MSS" By Thomas Evans. 2 vols. 1777. 4 vols. 1784. [New edition, revised and enlarged by R. H. Evans. 4 vols. London, 1810.]
- "Select Scottish Songs, Ancient and Modern, with Critical and Biographical Notices, by Robert Burns. Edited by R. H. Cromek." London. 1810. 2 vols.
- "Essay on Song-Writing; with a Selection of such English Songs as are most eminent for poetical merit. By John Aiken. A new edition, with Additions and Corrections, and a Supplement by R. H. Evans." London, 1810.
- "Northern Garlands." London, 1810. (Contains The Bishopric, Yorkshire, and Northumberland Garlands, and The North-Country Chorister, before mentioned.)
- "Etymographical Miscellanies, being a Collection of Curious Pieces in Verse and Prose." By Dr Bliss. Oxford, 1813.
- "Illustrations of Northern Antiquities, from the earlier Teutonic and Scandinavian Romances, &c., with translations of Metrical Tales from the Old German, Danish, Swedish, and Icelandic Languages." 4to. By Weber, Scott, and Jamieson. Edinburgh, 1814.
- "Pieces of ancient Poetry, from unpublished Manuscripts and scarce Books." Fry. Bristol, 1814.
- "A Collection of Ancient and Modern Scottish Ballads, Tales, and Songs: with explanatory Notes and Observations." By John Galtchrist. 2 vols. Edinburgh, 1815.
- "Heliconia. Comprising a Selection of the Poetry of the Elizabethan age, written or published between 1575 and 1604." Edited by T. Park. 2 vols. London, 1815.

- Albyn's Anthology*." By Alexander Campbell. Edinburgh, vol. i. 1816; vol. ii. 1818.
- "The Pocket Encyclopedia of Song" 2 vols. Glasgow, 1816.
- "Calliope. A Selection of Ballads, Legendary and Pathetic." London, 1816.
- Facetiae Musarum Delicæ* (1656), *Wit Restor'd* (1658), and *Wits Recreations* (1640). 2 vols. London, 1817.
- "The Suffolk Garland: or a Collection of Poems, Songs, Tales, Ballads, Sonnets, and Fægiet, relative to that county." Ipswich, 1818.
- "The Jacobite Relics of Scotland: being the Songs, Airs, and Legends of the adherents to the House of Stuart. Collected and illustrated by James Hogg" 2 vols. Edinburgh, 1819 and 1821.
- "The Harp of Cuckoo: A Collection of Songs, Ancient and Modern, chiefly Scottish," &c. By John Struthers. 8 vols. Glasgow, 1819.
- "The New Northumb May 1." Roxburghe Club. London, 1820.
- "The Scottish Minstrel, a Selection from the Vocal Melodies of Scotland, Ancient and Modern, arranged for the Piano-Forte by R. A. Smith." 6 vols. 1820-24.
- "The British Minstrel: a Selection of Ballads, Ancient and Modern; with Notes, Biographical and Critical. By John Struthers." 3 vols. London, 1822.
- "Scarce Ancient Ballads, many never before published." Aberdeen. Alex. Laing, 1822.
- "The Secret Melodies of Scotland, interspersed with those of Ireland and Wales, &c. By George Thomson. London 6 vols. 1822-25.
- "Select Remains of the Ancient Popular Poetry of Scotland." By David Laing. Edinburgh, 1822.
- "The Beauties of English Poetry." London, 1823.

- "The Thistle of Scotland; a Selection of Ancient Ballads with Notes. By Alexander Laing." Aberdeen, 1823.
- "Some ancient Christmas Carols, with the tunes to which they were formerly sung in the West of England, together with two ancient Peasants' Dialogue, &c. Collected by Davies Gilbert." The Second Edition. London, 1823.
- "A Collection of Curious Old Ballads and Miscellaneous Poetry." David Weir. Edinburgh, 1824.
- "A Ballad Book." By Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe. 1824. (30 copies printed.)
- "A North Country Garland." By James Maidment. Edinburgh, 1824. (30 copies printed.)
- "The Common-Place Book of Ancient and Modern Ballad and Metrical Legendary Tales. An Original Selection, never hitherto published." Edinburgh, 1824.
- "The Scottish Gallovidian Encyclopædia; or, the Original, Antiquated, and Natural Curiosities of the South of Scotland, interspersed with Scottish Poetry." By John Mac-taggart. London, 1824.
- "Gleanings of Scotch, English, and Irish scarce Old Ballads, chiefly Tragical and Historical." By Peter Buchan. Peterhead, 1825.
- "The Songs of Scotland, Ancient and Modern; with an Introduction and Notes," &c. By Allan Cunningham. 4 vols. London, 1825.
- "Early Metrical Tales." By David Laing. Edinburgh, 1826.
- "ANCIENT SCOTTISH BALLADS, recovered from Tradition, and never before published, with Notes, Historical and Explanatory, and an Appendix, containing the Airs of several of the Ballads." By GEORGE B. KINTOCH. Edinburgh, 1827.

- "MINSTRELSY, ANCIENT AND MODERN, with an Historical Introduction and Notes. By WILLIAM MOTHERWELL." Glasgow, 1827.
- "The Ballad-Book." By George R. Kinloch. Edinburgh, 1827. (30 copies printed.)
- "Ancient Ballads and Songs, chiefly from Tradition, Manuscripts, and Scarce Works," &c. By Thomas Lyle. London, 1827.
- "The Knightly Tale of Golagrus and Gawano, and other Ancient Poems. Printed at Edinburgh, by W. Chapman and A. Millar in the year M. D. VIII. Reprinted MD. CCC. XXVII."
- "Ancient Ballads and Songs of the North of Scotland, hitherto unpublished." By Peter Buchan. 2 vols. Edinburgh, 1828.
- "Jacobite Minstrelsy, with Notes illustrative of the Text, and containing Historical Details in Relation to the House of Stuart from 1641 to 1744." [Ed. Malcolm.] Glasg. 1829.
- "The Scottish Ballads, Collected and Illustrated by Robert Chambers." Edinburgh, 1829.
- "The Scottish Songs; Collected and Illustrated by Robert Chambers." 2 vols. Edinburgh, 1829.
- "Ancient Metrical Tales: printed chiefly from Original sources." By C. H. Hartshorne. London, 1829.
- "Christmas Carols, Ancient and Modern, including the most popular in the West of England, and the airs to which they were sung," &c. By W. Sandys. London, 1833.
- "The Bishoprick Garland, or a collection of Legends, Songs, Ballads, &c., belonging to the County of Durham." By Sir Cuthbert Sharp. London, 1834.
- "The Universal Songster, or Museum of Mirth, forming the most ~~com-ete~~ extensive, and valuable collection of Ancient and Modern Songs in the English language. 3 vols. London 1834.

- "Hugues de Lincoln. Recueil de Ballades, Anglo-Normande et Ecossoises, relatives au meurtre de cet enfant," &c. Francisque Michel. Paris, 1834.
- "Ballads and other Fugitive Poetical Pieces chiefly Scottish, from the collections of Sir James Barbour." Edinburgh, 1834. Ed. by James Macdougall.
- "Lays and Legends of Various Nations." By W. J. Thomas. London, 1834. 5 parts.
- "The Songs of England and Scotland." By Peter Cunningham. 2 vols. London, 1835.
- "Songs and Carols. Printed from a Manuscript in the Sloane Collection in the British Museum." By T. Wright. London, 1836.
- "The Nuthrown Maid. From the earliest edition of Arnold's Chronicle." By T. Wright. London, 1836.
- "The Tournament of Tottenham, and The Feest. Two early Ballads, printed from a Manuscript preserved in the Public Library of the University of Cambridge." By T. Wright. London, 1836.
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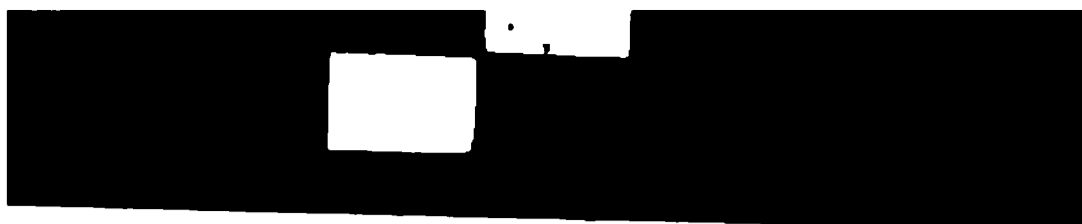
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BOOK I.

VOL.

1



THE BOY AND THE MANTLE.

No incident is more common in romantic fiction, than the employment of some magical contrivance as a test of conjugal fidelity, or of constancy in love. In some romances of the Round Table, and tales founded upon them, this experiment is performed by means either of an enchanted horn, of such properties that no dishonoured husband or unfaithful wife can drink from it without spilling, or of a mantle which will fit none but chaste women. The earliest known instances of the use of these ordeals are afforded by the *Lai du Corn*, by Robert Bizez, a French minstrel of the twelfth or thirteenth century, and the *Fabliau du Mantel Mautaille*, which, in the opinion of a competent critic, dates from the second half of the thirteenth century, and is only the older lay worked up into a new shape. (Wolf, *Ueber die Lais*, 327, sq., 342, sq.) We are not to suppose, however, that either of these pieces presents us with the primitive form of this humorous invention. Robert Bizez tells us that he learned his story from an abbot, and that "noble ecclesiast" stood

but one further back in a line of tradition which curiosity will never follow to its source. We shall content ourselves with noticing the most remarkable cases of the use of these and similar talismans in imaginative literature.

In the *Roman de Tristan*, a composition of unknown antiquity, the frailty of nearly all the ladies at the court of King Marc is exposed by their essaying a draught from the marvellous horn, (see the English *Morte Arthur*, Southey's ed i. 297.) In the *Roman de Perceval*, the knights, as well as the ladies, undergo this probation. From some one of the chivalrous romances Ariosto adopted the wonderful vessel into his *Orlando*, (xlii. 102, sq., xliii. 31, sq.) and upon his narrative La Fontaine founded the tale and the comedy of *La Coupe Enchantée*. In German, we have two versions of the same story,—one, an episode in the *Krone* of Heinrich vom Türlcin, thought to have been borrowed from the *Perceval* of Chrétien de Troyes, (*Die Sage vom Zauberbecher*, in Wolf, *Ueber die Lais*, 378,) and another, which we have not seen, in Bruns. *Beiträge zur kritischen Bearbeitung alter Handschriften*, ii. 139; while in English, it is represented by the highly amusing "bowrd," which we are about to print, and which we have called *The Horn of King Arthur*. The forms of the tale of the Mantle are not so numerous. The *fabloun* already mentioned was reduced to prose in the sixteenth century, and published at Lyons, (in 1577,) as *Le Manteau mal taillé*, (Legrand's *Fabliaux*, 3d ed, i. 126,) and under this title, or that of *Le Court Mantel*, is very well known. An old fragment (*Der Mantel*) is given in Haupt and Hoffmann's *Altdeutsche Blätter*, ii. 217, and the story is also in Bruns *Beiträge*.

Lastly, we find the legends of the horn and the mantle united, as in the German ballad *Die Ausgleichung*, (*Des Knaben Wunderhorn*, i. 389,) and in the English ballad of *The Boy and The Mantle*, where a magical knife is added to the other curiosities. All three of these, by the way, are claimed by the Welsh as a part of the insignia of Ancient Britain, and the special property of Tegau Eurvron, the wife of Caradog with the strong arm. (Jones, *Bardic Museum*, p. 49.)

In other departments of romance, many other objects are endowed with the same or an analogous virtue. In Indian and Persian story, the test of innocence is a red lotus-flower; in *Amadis*, a garland, which fades on the brow of the unfaithful; in *Perceforest*, a rose. The *Lay of the Rose* in *Perceforest*, is the original (according to Schaudt) of the much-praised tale of Senecé, *Camille, ou la Manière de filer le parfait Amour*, (1695,)—in which a magician presents a jealous husband with a portrait in wax, that will indicate by change of color the infidelity of his wife,—and suggested the same device in the twenty-first novel of Bandello, (Part First,) on the translation of which in Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*, (vol. ii. No. 28,) Massinger founded his play of *The Picture*. Again, in the tale of *Zeyn Alasman and the King of the Genii*, in the *Arabian Nights*, the means of proof is a mirror, that reflects only the image of a spotless maiden; in that of the carpenter and the king's daughter, in the *Gesta Romanorum*, (c. 69,) a shirt, which remains clean and whole as long as both parties are true; in *Palmerin of England*, a cup of tears, which becomes dark in the hands of an inconstant lover; in the *Fairy Queen*, the famous girdle of Florimel; in

Horn and Rinnild (Ritson, *Metrical Romances*, iii. 301,) as well as in one or two ballads in this collection, the stone of a ring; in a German ballad, *Die Krone der Königin von Afion*, (Erlach, *Volksheder der Deutschen*, i. 132.) a golden crown, that will fit the head of no incontinent husband. Without pretending to exhaust the subject, we may add three instances of a different kind. the Valley in the romance of *Lancelot*, which being entered by a faithless lover would hold him imprisoned forever; the Cave in *Amadis of Gaul*, from which the disloyal were driven by torrents of flame; and the Well in *Horn and Rinnild*, (*ibid.*) which was to show the shadow of Horn, if he proved false.

In conclusion, we will barely allude to the singular anecdote related by Herodotus, (ii. 111,) of Phero, the son of Sesostris, in which the experience of King Marc and King Arthur is so curiously anticipated. In the early ages, as Dunlop has remarked, some experiment for ascertaining the fidelity of women, in defect of evidence, seems really to have been resorted to. "By the Levitical law," (*Numbers* v. 11-31.) continues that accurate writer, "there was prescribed a mode of trial, which consisted in the suspected person drinking water in the tabernacle. The mythological fable of the trial by the Stygian fountain, which disgraced the guilty by the waters rising so as to cover the laurel wreath of the chaste female who dared the examination, probably had its origin in some of the early institutions of Greece or Egypt. Hence the notion was adopted in the Greek romances, the heroines of which were invariably subjected to a magical test of this nature, which is one of the few particulars in which any similarity of incident can be traced between the Greek

novels and the romances of chivalry." See DUNLOP, *History of Fiction*, London, 1814, i. 239, sq.; LEGRAND, *Fabliaux*, 3d ed., i. 149, sq., 161; SCHMIDT, *Jahrbücher der Literatur*, xxix. 121; WOLF, *Ueber die Lais*, 174-177; and, above all, GRAESSE'S *Sagenkreise des Mittelalters*, 185, sq.

The Boy and the Mantle was "printed verbatim" from the Percy MS., in the *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, iii. 38.

In the third day of May,
 To Carleile did come
 A kind curteous child,
 That cold much of wisdom.

A kirtle and a mantle
 This child had uppon,
 With brouches¹ and ringes
 Full richelye bedone.

He had a sute of silke
 About his middle drawne ;
 Without he cold of curtesye,
 He thought itt much shame.

" God speed thee, King Arthur,
 Sitting at thy meate :
 And the goodly Queene Guénever
 I cannott her forgett.

" I tell you, lords, in this hall,
 I heff² you ail to heede,
 Except you be the more surer,
 Is you for to deede."

He packed out of his potern³,
 And longer wold not dwell :

MS. 1 brouches 2 heffte 3 potern.

He pulled forth a pretty mantle,
Betweene two nut-shells.

"Have thou here, King Arthur,
Have thou heere of mee ;
Give itt to thy comely queene,
Shapen as itt is alreadye.

Itt shall never become that wiffe,
That hath once done amisse : " —
Then every knight in the kings court
Began to care for his.¹

Forth came dame Guénever ;
To the mantle shee her hied ;²
The ladye shee was newfangle,
But yett shee was affrayd.

When shee had taken the mantle,
She stoode as shee had beene madd :
It was from the top to the toe,
As sheeres had itt shread.

One while was it gule,³
Another while was itt greene ;
Another while was itt wadded ;
Ill itt did her beseeme.

MS. ¹ his wiffe. ² bided. ³ gault.

Shee threw downe the mantle,
That bright was of blee ;
And fast, with a redd rudd,
To her chamber can shee flee.

Craddocke called forth his ladye,
And bade her come in ;
Saith, " Winne this mantle, ladye,
With a little dinne.

Winne this mantle, ladye,
And it shal be thine,
If thou never did amisse
Since thou wast mine."

Forth came Craddockes ladye,
Shortlye and anon ;
But boldlye to the mantle
Then is shee gone.

When she had tane the mantle,
And cast it her about,
Upp at her great toe
It began to crinkle and crowt :
Shee said, " Bowe downe, mantle,
And shame me not for nought.

Once I did amisse,
I tell you certainlye,
When I kist Craddockes mouth
Under a greene tree ;

Then was shee bare
'Before all the rout.'

Then every knight,
That was in the kings court,
Talked, laughed, and showed
Full oft att that sport.

Shee threw downe the mantle,
That bright was of blee ;
Fast, with a red rudd,
'To her chamber can shee flee.

Forth came an old knight,
Pattering ore a creede,
And he proferred to this litle boy
Twenty markes to his meede,

And all the time of the Christmasse,
Willinglye to fleede ;
For why, this mantle might
Doe his wiffe some need.

When she had tane the mantle,
Of cloth that was nude,
Shee had no more left on her,
But a tassell and a threed :
Then every knight in the kings court
Bade evill might shee speed.

Then spake the little boy,
That kept the mantle in hold;
Sayes, " King, chasten thy wiffe,
Of her words shee is to bold :

Shee is a bitch and a witch,
And a whore bold :
King, in thine owne hall
Thou art a cuckold."

The little boy stoode
Looking out a dore ;
' And there as he was lookinge
He was ware of a wyld bore.'

He was ware of a wyld bore,
Wold have werryed a man :
He puld forth a wood kniffe,
Fast thither that he ran :
He brought in the bores head,
And quitted him like a man.

He brought in the bores head,
And was wonderous bold :
He said there was never a cuckolds kniffe
Carve itt that cold.

Some rubbed their knives
Uppon a whetstone :

Some threw them under the table,
And said they had none.

King Arthur and the child
Stood looking them upon;
All their knives edges
Turned backe againe.

Craddocke had a little knive
Of iron and of steele;
He britied¹ the bores head
Wonderous weele,
That every knight in the kings court
Had a morsell.

The little boy had a horne,
Of red gold that ronge:
He said there was "noe cuckolde
Shall drinke of my horne,
But he shold it sheede,
Either behind or beforne."

Some shedd on their shoulder,
And some on their knee;
He that cold not hitt his mouthe,
Put it in his eye:
And he that was a cuckold
Every man might him see.

MS. ¹ Or birtled.

Craddocke wan the horne,
And the bores head :
His ladie wan the mantle
Unto her meede.
Everye such a lovely ladye
God send her well to speede.

THE HORN OF KING ARTHUR.

MS. Ashmole, 61, fol. 59 to 62.

THIS amusing piece was first published entire in Hartsborne's *Ancient Metrical Tales*, p. 209, but with great inaccuracies. It is there called *The Cokwolds Daunce*. A few extracts had previously been given from the MS., in the Notes to *Orfeo and Heurodis*, in Laing's *Early Popular Poetry of Scotland*. Mr. Wright contributed a corrected edition to Karajan's *Frühlingsgabe für Freunde alterer Literatur*, p. 17. That work not being at the moment obtainable, the Editor was saved from the necessity of reprinting or amending a faulty text, by the kindness of J. O. Halliwell, Esq., who sent him a collation of Hartsborne's copy with the Oxford manuscript. [Mr. Wright's text has proved, on comparison, to differ in only a few slight particulars.]

ALL that wyll of solas lere,
Herkyns now, and ȝe schall here,
And ȝe kane vnderstond;
Off a bowrd I wyll ȝou schew,
That ys full gode and trew,
That feil some tyme in Yngland.

Kynge Arthour was off grete honour,
Off castellis and of many a toure,
And full wyde iknow;
A gode ensample I wyll þou sey,
What chause befeli hym onne a dey;
Herkyn to my saw!

Cokwoldes he louyd, as I þou plyȝt;
He honouryd them, both dey and nyght,
In all maner of thyng;
And as I rede in story,
He was kokwold sykerly;
Ffor sothé it is no lesyng.

Herkyne, aeres, what I sey;
Her may ȝe here solas and pley,
Iff ȝe wyll take gode hede;
Kyng Arthour had a bugyll horn,
That ever mour stod hym be forn,
Were so that ever he ȝede.

Ffor when he was at the bord sette,¹
Anon the horne schuld be sette,
Ther off that he myght drynk;
Ffor myche crafte he couth thereby,
And ofte tymes the treuth he sey;
Non other couth he thynke.

Iff any cokwold drynke of it,
Spyll he schuld, withouten lette;

¹ MS. sets.

Therfor thei wer not glade ;
Gret dyspyte thei had tharby,
Because it dyde them vilony,
And made them oft tymes sade.

When the kyng wold haue solas,
The bagyll was fett¹ into the plas,
To make solas and game ;
And than chanyd the cokwoldes chere ;
The kyng them callyd ferre and nere,
Lordynges, by ther name.

Than men myght se game inowze,
When every cokwold on other leuze,
And ȝit thei schamyd sore :
Where euer the cokwoldes wer sought,
Befor the kyng thei were brought,
Both lesse and more.

Kyng Arthour than, verament,
Ordeynd, throw hys awne assent,
Ssoth as I ȝow sey,
The tabull dormourte withouten lette ;
Ther at the cokwoldes wer sette,
To haue solas and pley.

Ffor at the bord schuld be non other
Bot euery cokwold and hys brother ;²
To tell treuth I must nedes ;

¹ -ett. ² brothers.

And when the cokwoldes wer sette,
Garlandes of wylos schuld be fette,
And sett vpon ther hedes.

Off the best mete, withoute lesyng,
That stode on bord befor the kyng,
Both ferr and nere,
To the cokwoldes he sente anon,
And bad them be glad euerychon,
Ffor his sake make gode chere.

And seyð, " Lordyngs, for your lyues,
Be neuer the wrother with your wyues,
Ffor no manner of nede :
Off women com duke and kyng :
I þow tell without lesyng,
Of them com owre manhed.

So it befell certenly,
The duke off Glosseter com in hyȝe,
To the courte with full gret myȝht;
He was reseuyed at the kyngs palys,
With mych honour and grete solas,
With lords that were well dyȝht.

With the kyng ther dyde he dwell,
Bot how long I can not tell,
Therof knaw I non name ;
Off kyng Arthour a wonder case,
Frendes, herkyns how it was,
Ffor now begynes game.

Vppon a dey, withouten lette,
The duke with the kyng was sette,
At mete with mykill pride;
He lukyd abowte wonder faste,
Hys syght on euery syde he caste
To them that sate besyde.

The kyng aspyed the erle anon,
And fast he lowȝhe the erle vpon,
And bad he schuld be glad;
And yet, for all hys grete honour,
Cokwold was Kyng Arthour,
Ne galle non he had.

So at the last, the duke he brayd,
And to the kyng thes wordes sayd;¹
He myght no lenger forbere;
“Syr, what hath thes men don,
That syche garlondes thei were vpon?
That skylle wold I lere.”

The kyng seyde the erle to,
“Syr, non hurte they haue do,
Efor this was thurȝh a chans.
Sertes thei be fre men all,
Efor non of them hath no goll;
Therfor this is ther penans.

“Ther wyves hath ben merchandabull,
And of ther ware compenabull;

MS. spake.

Methinke it is non herme;
 A man of lufe that wold them craue,
 Hastely he schuld it haue,
 Ffor thei couth not hym wern.

"All theyr wyves, sykerlyke,
 Hath vsyd the backefysyke,¹
 Whyll thes men were oute;
 And ofte they haue draw that draught,
 To vse well the lechers craft,
 With rubyng of ther toute.

"Syr," he seyde, "now haue I redd;
 Ete we now, and make vs glad,
 And euery man fle care;"
 The duke seyde to hym anon,
 "Than be thei cokwoldes, everychon;"
 The kyng seyde, "hold the there."

The kyng than, after the erlys word,
 Send to the cokwolds bord,
 To make them mery among,
 All manner of mynstralsy,
 To glad the cokwolds by and by
 With herpe, fydell, and song:

And bad them take no greffe,
 Bot all with loue and with leffe,
 Euery man .². with other;

¹ MS backefysyke ² were wanting.

Ffor after mete, without distans,
The cockwolds schuld together danse,
Euery man with hys brother.

Than began a nobull game :
The cockwolds together came¹
Befor the erle and the kyng ;
In skerlet kyrtells over one,
The cokwoldes stodyn euerychon,
Redy vnto the dansyng.

Than seyde the kyng in hye,
" Go fyll my bugyll hastely,
And bryng it to my hond.
I wyll asey with a gyne
All the cokwolds that ler is in ;
To know them wyll I fond."

Than seyde the erle, " for charyte,
In what skylle, tell me,
A cokwold may I know ?"
To the erle the kyng ansuerd,
" Syr, be myn hore berd,
Thou schall se within a throw."

The bugyll was brought the kyng to hond.
Then seyde the kyng, " I vnderstand,
Thys horne that ȝe here se,
Ther is no cokwold. fer ne nere,
Here of to drynke hath no power,
As wyde as Crystiantie."

¹ Wright has, summe

* Bot he schall spyll on euery syde ;
Ffor any cas that may betyde,
Schall non therof avanse."
And ȝit, for all hys grete honour,
Hymselfe, noble kyng Arthour,
Hath forteynd syche a chans.

"Syr erle," he seyde, "take and begyn.
He seyde, "nay, be seynt Austyn,
That wer to me vylony ;
Not for all a reme to wyn,
Befor you I schaldbegyn,
Ffor honour off my curtassy."

Kyng Arthour ther he toke the horn,
And dyde as he was wont befor,
Bot ther was ȝit gon a gyle :
He wend to haue dronke of the best,
Bot sone he spyllid on hys brest,
Within a lytell whyle.

The cokwoldes lokyd iche on other,
And thought the kyng was their own brother,
And glad thei wer of that :
"He bath vs scornid many a tyme,
And now he is a cokwold fyne,
To were a cokwoldes hate."

The quene was therof schamyd sore ;
Sche changyd hyr colour lesse and more,

¹ Bot he.

And wold haue ben a wey.
Therwith the kyng gan hyr behold,
And seyð he schuld neuer be so bold,
The soth agene to sey.

“Cokwoldes no mour I wyll repreue,
Ffor I ame ane, and aske no leue,
Ffor all my rentes and londys.
Lordyngs, all now may 3e know
That I may dance in the cokwold row,
And take 3ou by the handes.”

Than seyð thei all at a word,
That cokwoldes schuld begynne the bord,
And sytt byest in the halle.
“Go we, lordyngs, all [and] same,¹
And dance to make vs gle and game,
Ffor cokwolds haue no galle.”

And after that sone anon,
The kyng causyd the cokwolds ychon
To wesch withouten les ;
Ffor ought that euer may betyde,
He sett them by hys awne syde,
Vp at the hyȝe dese.

The kyng hymself a gurlond fette ;
Oppon hys hede he it sette,
Ffor it myght be non other,
And seyð, “Lordyngs, sykerly,

¹ Wright has, samme.

We be all off a freyry ;
I am your awne brother.

" Be Ihesu Cryst that is abosse
That man aight me gode lode
That ley by my quene :
I wer worthy hym to honour,
Both in castell and in towre,
With rade, skerlet and grene.

" Ffor him he helpyd, when I was forth,
To cher my wyse and make her myrth ;
Ffor women louys wele pley ;
And therfor, serys, haue ye no dowte
Bot many schall dance in the cokwoldes rowte,
Both by nyght and dey.

" And therefor, lordyngs, take no care ;
Make we mery ; for nothing spare ;
All brether in one rowte."
Than the cokwoldes wer full blythe,
And thankyd God a hundred syth,
Ffor soth withouten dowte.

Euery cokwold seyde to other,
" Kyng Arthour is our awne brother,
Therfor we may be blyth : "
The erle of Glowsyter verament,
Toke hys leue, and home he wente,
And thankyd the kyng fele sythe.

Kyng Arthur lived at Karlyon,¹
 With hys cokwolds euerychon,
 And made both gam and gle :

• • • • •
 • • • • •
 • • • • •

A knyght ther was withouten les,
 That seruyd at the kyngs des,
 Syr Corneus hyght he ;
 He made this gest in hys gam,
 And named it after hys awne name,
 In herpyng or other gle.

And after, nobull kyng Arthour
 Lyued and dyed with honour,
 As many hath don senné,
 Both cokwoldes and other mo :
 God gyff vs grace that we may go
 To heuyn ! Amen, Amen.

¹ left at Skarlyon. ² Three lines omitted in MS.

FRAGMENT OF THE MARRIAGE OF SIR GAWAINE.

From Percy's *Reliques*, iii. 403.

This is one of the few ballads contained in the Percy MS., which we have the pleasure of possessing as it is there written. Having first submitted an improved copy, "with large conjectural supplements and corrections," Percy added this old fragment at the end of the volume: "literally and exactly printed, with all its defects, inaccuracies, and errata," in order, as he triumphantly remarks, "that such austere antiquaries as complain that the ancient copies have not been always rigidly adhered to, may see how unfit for publication many of the pieces would have been, if all the blunders, corruptions, and nonsense of illiterate reciters and transcribers had been superstitiously retained, without some attempt to correct and amend them."

"This ballad" the Editor of the *Reliques* goes on to say, "has most unfortunately suffered by having half of every leaf in this part of the MS. torn away; and, as about nine stanzas generally occur in the half-page now remaining, it is concluded that the

other half contained nearly the same number of stanzas." The story may be seen, unmutated and in an older form, in Madden's *Syr Gawayne*, p. 298, *The Weddyng of Syr Gauen and Dame Ragnell*.

The transformation on which the story turns is found also in Chaucer's *Wife of Bath's Tale*, in Gower's tale of *Florent and the King of Sicily's Daughter*; (*Confessio Amantis*, Book I) in the ballad of *King Henry* (page 147 of this volume); and in an Icelandic saga of the Danish king Helgins, quoted by Scott in his illustrations to *King Henry, Minstrelsy*, iii. 274.

Voltaire has employed the same idea in his *Ce qui plait aux Dames*, but whence he borrowed it we are unable to say.

Worked over by some ballad-monger of the sixteenth century, and of course reduced to dish-water, this tale has found its way into *The Crown Garland of Golden Roses*, Part I. p. 68 (Percy Society, vol. vi.), *Of a Knight and a Faire Virgin*.

KINGE Arthur lues in merry Carleile,
And seemely is to see ;
And there he hath with him Queene Genever,
That bride so bright of blee.

And there he hath with him Queene Genever,
That bride soe bright in bower ;
And all his barons about him stoode,
That were both stiffe and stowre.

The King kept a royall Christmasse,
Of mirth & great honor ;
... when . .

[*About nine stanzas wanting.*]

"And bring me word what thing it is
That women¹ most desire ;
This shalbe thy ransome, Arthur," he sayes,
"For Ile haue no other hier."

King Arthur then held vp his hand,
According thene as was the law ;
He tooke his leaue of the baron there,
And homword can he draw.

And when he came to merry Carlile,
To his chamber he is gone ;
And ther came to him his cozen, Sir Gawaine,
As he did make his mone.

And there came to him his cozen, Sir Gawaine,²
That was a curteous knight ;
"Why sigh you soe sore, vncle Arthur," he said,
"Or who hath done thee vnrigh?"

"O peace ! o peace ! thou gentle Gawaine,
That faue may thee befall ;
For if thou knew my sighing soe deepe,
Thou wold not meruaile att all.

“ Ffor when I came to Tearne-wadling,
A bold barron there I fand ;
With a great club vpon his backe,
Standing stiffe & strong.

“ And he asked me wether I wold fight
Or from him I shold be gone ;
Or else¹ I must him a ransome pay,
And soe depart him from.

“ To fight with him I saw noe cause,
Me thought it was not meet ;
For he was stiffe and strong with all ;
His strokes were nothing sweete.

“ Therefor this is my ransome, Gawaine,
I ought to him to pay ;
I must come againe, as I am sworne,
Vpon the Newyeers day.

“ And I must bring him word what thing it is
[*About nine stanzas wanting.*]

Then King Arthur drest him for to ryde,
In one soe riche array,
Towards the foresaid Tearne-wadling,
That he might keepe his day.

And as he rode over a more,
Hee see a lady, where shee sate,

Between an oke and a greene bollen:
She was clad in red scarlett.

Then there as shold have stood her mouth,
Then there was sett her eye;
The other was in her forehead fast,
The way that she might see.

Her nose was crooked, & turnd outward,
Her mouth stood foule a-wry;
A worse formed lady then shee was,
Neuer man saw with his eye.

To halch vpon him, King Arthur,
This lady was full faine;
But King Arthur had forgott his lesson,
What he shold say againe.

"What knight art thou," the lady sayd,
"That wilt not speake to me?
Of me [be] thou nothing dismayd,
Tho I be vgly to see.

"For I haue halched you curteouslye,
And you will not me againe;
Yet I may happen, Sir knight," shee said,
"To ease thee of thy paine."

"Gue thou ease me, lady," he said,
"Or helpe me any thing,

Thou shalt haue gentle Gawaine, my cozen,
And marry him with a ring."

"Why if I helpe thee not, thou noble King Ar-
thur,
Of thy owne hearts desiringe,
Of gentle Gawaine

[About nine stanzas wanting.]

And when he came to the Tearne-wadling,
The baron there cold he finde;¹
With a great weapon on his backe,
Standinge stiffe and stronge.

And then he tooke King Arthurs letters in his
hands,
And away he cold them fling;
And then he puld out a good browne sword,
And cryd himselfe a king.

And he sayd, "I haue thee, & thy land, Ar-
thur,
To doe as it pleaseth me;
For this is not thy ransome sure,
Therefore yeeld thee to me."

And then bespoke him noble Arthur,
And bade him hold his hand;²

MS. 4 grinde. 2 hands.

"And give me leave to speake my mind,
In defence of all my land."

He said, "as I came over a¹ more,
I see a lady, where shee sate,
Betwene an oke & a green hollen;
Shee was clad in red scarlette.

"And she says a woman will haue her will,
And this is all her cheef desire;
Doe me right, as thou art a baron of skill.
This is thy ransome, & all thy hyer."

He sayes, "an early vengeance light on her;
She walkes on yonder more;
It was my sister, that told thee this,
She is a misshapen bore.

"But heer Ile make mine avow to God,
To do her an euill turne;
For an euer I may thate fowle theefe get,
In a fyer I will her burne."

[About nine stanzas wanting.]

THE SECOND PART.

SIR Lancelott, & Sir Steven, bold.
They rode with them that day;

MS. 1 The

And the formost of the company,
There rode the steward Kay.

Soe did Sir Banier, & Sir Bore,
Sir Garrett with them, soe gay ;
Soe did Sir Tristeram, that gentle knight,
To the forrest, fresh & gay.

And when he came to the greene forrest,
Vnderneath a greene holly tree,
Their sate that lady in red scarlet,
That vnseemly was to see.

Sir Kay beheld this ladys face,
And looked vpon her suire, —
“ Whosoeuer kisses this lady,” he sayes,
“ Of his kisse he stands in feare ! ”

Sir Kay beheld the lady againe,
And looked vpon her snout ;
“ Whosoeuer kisses this lady,” he saies,
“ Of his kisse he stands in doubt ! ”

“ Peace, cozen Kay,” then said Sir Gawaine,
“ Amend thee of thy life ;
For there is a knight amongst us all,
That must marry her to his wife.”

“ What ! wedd her to wiffe,” then said Sir Kay,
“ In the diuells name anon,

Gett me a wiffe whereere I may,
For I had rather be slaine !”

Then some¹ tooke vp their hawkes in hast,
And some tooke vp their bounds ;
And some sware they wold not marry her,
For citty nor for towne.

And then bespake him noble King Arthur,
And sware there, “by this day,
For a litle soule sight & mishking,
[*About nine stanzas wanting.*]

Then shee said, “choose thee, gentle Gawaine,
Truth as I doe say ;
Wether thou wilt haue me in this liknesse,
In the night, or else in the day.”

And then bespake him gentle Gawaine,
With one soe mild of moode ;
Sayes, “well I know what I wold say,
God grant it may be good !

“To haue thee fowle in the night,
When I with thee shold play —
Yet I had rather, if I might,
Haue thee fowle in the day.”

“What, when lords goe with tler feires,”² shee
said.

Ms. ¹ some ² seares

"Both to the ale and wine ;
Alas ! then I must hyde my selfe,
I must not goe withinne."

And then bespake him gentle Gawaine,
Said, " Lady, thats but a skill ;
And because thou art my owne lady,
'Thou shalt haue all thy will."

Then she said, "blessed be thou, gentle Ga-
waine,
This day that I thee see ;
For as thou see me att this time,
From henceforth I wil be.

" My father was an old knight,
And yett it chanced soe,
That he married a younge lady,
That brought me to this woe.

" Shee witched me, being a faire young lady,
To the greene forrest to dwell ,
And there I must walke in womans liknesse,
Most like a fecind of hell.

" She witched my brother to a earlst b

[*About nine stanzas wanting.*]

That looked soe foule, and that was wont
On the wild more to goe.

"Come kisse her, brother Kay," then said Sir
Gawaine,

"And amend the of thy liffe ;
I sweare this is the same lady
That I marryed to my wiffe."

Sir Kay kissed that lady bright,
Standing vpon his ffeete ;
He swore, as he was trew knight,
The spice was neuer soe sweete.

"Well, cozen Gawaine," sayes Sir Kay,
"Thy chance is fallen arright ;
For thou hast gotten one of the fairest maids,
I euer saw with my sight."

"It is my fortune," said Sir Gawaine ;
"For my vnckle Arthurs sake,
I am glad as grasse wold be of raine,
Great joy that I may take."

Sir Gawaine tooke the lady by the one arme,
Sir Kay tooke her by the tother ;
They led her straight to King Arthur,
As they were brother and brother.

King Arthur welcomed them there all,
And soe did lady Geneuer, his queene ;
With all the knights of the Round Table,
Most seemly to be seene.

King Arthur beheld that lady faire,
That was soe faire & bright ;
He thanked Christ in Trinity
For Sir Gawaine, that gentle knight.

Soe did the knights, both more and lesse,
Rejoyced all that day,
For the good chance that hapened was
To Sir Gawaine and his lady gay.

KING ARTHUR'S DEATH.

A FRAGMENT.

Reliques of English Poetry, lil, 67.

"THE subject of this ballad is evidently taken from the old romance *Morte Arthure*, but with some variations, especially in the concluding stanzas; in which the author seems rather to follow the traditions of the old Welsh Bards, who * believed that King Arthur was not dead, but conveyed away by the Fairies into some pleasant place, where he should remaine for a time, and then returne againe and reign in as great authority as ever." (Hobart, i, B. 5, c. 14.) Or, as it is expressed in an old chronicle printed at Antwerp, 1493, by Ger. de Leew: "The Bretons supposen, that he [King Arthur] shall come yet and conquere all Britaigne, for certes this is the prophye of Merlyn: He sayd, that his deth shall be doubteous, and sayd soth, for men thereof yet have doute, and shullen for ever more, for men wyt not whether that he lyveth or is dede." See more ancient testimonies in Sheldon's *Notes on Polydoron*, Song 3.

* This fragment, being very incorrect and imperfect

in the original MS., hath received some conjectural emendations, and even a supplement of three or four stanzas composed from the romance of *Morte Arthur*." PERCY.

• • • • • •
On Trinity Mondaye in the morne,
This sore battayle was doom'd to bee,
Where manye a knyghte cry'd, Well-awaye!
Alacke, it was the more pittie.

Ere the first crowinge of the cocke,
When as the kinge in his bed laye,
He thoughte Sir Gawaine¹ to him came,
And there to him these wordes did saye.

"Nowe, as you are mine unkle deare,
And as you prize your life, this daye
O meet not with your foe in fighte;
Putt off the battayle, if yee maye.

"For Sir Launcelot is nowe in Fraunce,
And with him many an hardye knyghte:
Who will within this moneth be backe,
And will assiste yee in the fighte."

¹ Sir Gawaine had been killed at Arthur's landing on his return from abroad. See the next ballad, p. 53.

The kinge then call'd his nobles all,
Before the breakinge of the daye ;
And tolde them howe Sir Gawaine came,
And there to him these wordes did saye.

His nobles all this counsayle gave,
That earlye in the morning, hee
Shold send awaye an herauld at armes,
To aske a parley faire and free.

Then twelve good knightes King Arthur chose,
The best of all that with him were,
To parley with the foe in field,
And make with him agreement faire.

The king he charged all his hoste,
In readinesse there for to bee ;
But noe man sholde noe weapon sturre,
Unlesse a sword drawne they shold see.

And Mordred, on the other parte,
Twelve of his knights did likewise bringe,
The beste of, all his companye,
To holde the parley with the kinge.

Sir Mordred alsoe charged his hoste,
In readinesse there for to bee ;
But noe man sholde noe weapon sturre,
But if a sworde drawne they shold see.

For he durste not his unkle¹ truste,
Nor he his nephewe,² sothe to tell ;
Alacke ! it was a woefulle case,
As ere in Christentye befelle.

But when they were together mette,
And both to faire accordance broughte,
And a month's league betweene them sette,
Before the battayle sholde be foughte,

An addere crept forth of a bushe,
Stunge one o' th' king's knightes on the knee ;
Alacke ! it was a woefulle chance,
As ever was in Christentie.

When the knighte found him wounded sore,
And sawe the wild-worme hanginge there,
His sworde he from his scabberde drewe ;
A piteous case, as ye shall heare.

For when the two hostes sawe the sworde,
They joyned battayle instantlye ;
Till of so manye noble knightes,
On one side there were left but thres.

For all were slaine that durst abide,
And but some fewe that fled awaye :

¹ ² The folio MS. reads father some

Ah mee ! it was a bloodye felde,
As ere was foughte on summer's daye.

Upon King Arthur's own partye,
Onlye himselfe escaped there,
And Lukyn Duke of Gloster free,
And the king's butler Bedevere.

And when the king beheld his knightes
All dead and scattered on the molde,
The teares fast trickled downe his face ;
That manlye face in fight so bolde.

" Nowe reste yee all, brave knightes," he said,
" Soe true and faithful to your trust :
And must yee then, yee valiant hearts,
Be lefte to moulder into dust !

" Most loyal have yee been to mee,
Most true and faithful unto deathe :
And, oh ! to rayse yee up againe,
How freelye could I yield my breathe !

" But see, the traitor's yet alive !
Lo where hee stalkes among the deade !
Nowe bitterlye he shall aby, e,
And vengeance fall upon his head."

" O staye, my liege," then sayd the duke :
" O staye for love and charitie ;

Remember what the vision spake,
Nor meete your foe, if it may bee."

"O staye mee not, thou worthye wight,
This debt my loyal knights I owe :
Betide me life, betide me death,
I will avenge them of their foe."

Then strait he grasp'd his trustye speare,
And on his horse then mounted hee :
As his butler holpe him to his horse,
His bowels gushed to his knee.

'Alas !' then sayd the noble king,
"That I should live this sight to see !
To see this good knight here be slaine,
All for his love in helping mee !"

He put his speare into his reste,
And to Sir Mordred loud gan crye ;
"Nowe sette thyself upon thy garde,
For, traitor, nowe thy death is nye."

Sir Mordred lifted up his sworde,
And fierce to meet the king ran hee :
The king his speare he through him thrust.
A fathom thorow his bodie.

When Mordred felt the stroke of death,
And found that he was wounded soe,

He thruste himselfe upon the speare,
And strucke the king a deadlye blowe.

Then grimmlye dyed Sir Mordered,
Presentlye upon that tree :
And bloody streames ranne from the kinge,
Ere to the duke returned hee.

Sir Lukyn then he thus bespake :
" Sir knyghte, thou hast been faithfulle tryde.
Nowe take my sword Excalibar,¹
That hangs so freelye by my syde,

" O take my sword Excalibar,
And there into the river throwe :
For here, henceforth, benethe this tree,
All use of weapons I foregoe.

" And fare thee well, thou trustye sword,
A better neer had valiant knyghte ;
With thee full ofte, and many a daye,
Have I withstood my foe in fighte.

" With this good fanchion in my hande.
Ofte have I reaped the bloodye feeble :
But nowe the fatallle houre is come,
That never more I may thee weelde."

¹ More commonly called *Outburn*. In the folio MS *Parabell*. P.

The duke to the river side he went,
And there his owne sword in threwe he;
But he kept back Excalibar,
He kept it back in privitie.

For all of coleyne was the blade,
And all the hilte of precious stone:
"And ever alacke!" then sayd the knight,
"Must such a sword awaye be throwne?"

Then backe he came unto the kinge,
Who sayd, "Sir Lukyn, what did yee see?"
"Nothing, my liege, save that the winde
Blewe oer the waters faire and free."

"O goe againe," then said the kinge,
"O good Sir Lukyn, goe againe:
Into the rivers throwe my sword,
Nor keepe me lingering here in paine."

The duke then to the river went,
And the kings scabbard in threwe hee;
But hee kept backe Excalibar,
And hid it undernethe a tree.

Then backe he came to tell the kinge,
Who sayde, "Sir Lukyn, sawe ye oughte?"
"Nothings, my liege, save that the winde
Nowe with the angrie waters fought."

"O Lukyn, Lukyn," said the kinge,
"Twice haste thou dealt deceytfullye :
Alacke, whom may wee ever truste,
When suche a knyghte soe false can bee !

"Saye, wouldst thou have thy master dead.
All for a sword that wins thine eye ?
Now goe againe, and throwe it in,
Or here the one of us shall dye."

The duke, all shent with this rebuke,
No aunswere made unto the kinge ;
But to the rivere tooke the sworde,
And throwe it far as he coulde flinge.

A hande and an arme did meete the sworde,
And flourishd three times in the air ;
Then sunke benethe the renninge streame,
And of the duke was seene noe mair.

All sore astonied stood the duke,
He stood as still, as still mote bee ;
Then hastend backe to tell the kinge,
But he was gone from under the tree.

But to what place, he cold not tell,
For never after het did him see ;
But hee sawe a barge goe from the land,
And hee heard ladyes howle and crye.

KING ARTHUR'S DEATH.

49

And whether the kinge were there, or not,
Hee never knewe, nor ever colde ;
For from that sad and direfulle daye,
Hee never more was seene on molde.

THE LEGEND OF KING ARTHUR.

Reliques of English Poetry, iii. 78.

"We have here a short summary of King Arthur's History as given by Jeff. of Monmouth and the old Chronicles, with the addition of a few circumstances from the romance *Morte Arthur*.—The ancient chronicle of Ger. de Leew (quoted above in p. 40.) seems to have been chiefly followed: upon the authority of which we have restored some of the names which were corrupted in the MS., and have transposed one stanza, which appeared to be misplaced: viz., that beginning at v. 49, which in the MS. followed v. 36.

"Printed from the Editor's ancient folio MS."

PERCY.

Of Brutus'¹ blood, in Brittain borne,
King Arthur I am to name;
Through Christendome and Heathynesse
Well knowne is my worthy fame.

In Jesus Christ I doe beleeeve;
I am a Christyan bore;
The Father, Sone, and Holy Gost,
One God, I doe adore.

¹ MS., Bruitahis.

In the four hundred ninetieth yeere,¹
Oer Brittain I did rayne,
After my Savior Christ his byrth,
What time I did maintaine

The fellowship of the Table Round,
Soe famous in those dayes ;
Whereatt a hundred noble knights
And thirty sat alwayes :

Who for their deeds and and martiall feates,
As bookes done yett record,
Amongst all other nations
Wer feared through the world.

And in the castle off Tyntagill
King Uther mee begate,
Of Agyana,² a bewtyous ladye,
And come of ' hic ' estate."

And when I was fifteen yeere old,
Then was I crowned kinge :
All Brittain, that was att an upròre,
I did to quiett bringe ;

And drove the Saxons from the realme,
Who had opprest this land ;

¹ He began his reign A. D. 515, according to the Chronicles. ² She is named *Igern* in the old Chronicles. d
us, MS.

All Scotland then, throughe manly feates,
I conquered with my hand.

Ireland, Denmarke, Norwaye,
These countryes wan I all,
Iseland, Gotheland, and Swetheland;
And made their kings my thrall.

I conquered all Gallya,
That now is called France;
And slew the hardye Froll¹ in feild,
My honor to advance.

And the ugly gyant Dynabus,²
Soe terrible to vewe,
That in Saint Barnards mount did lye,
By force of armes I slew.

And Lucius, the empereur of Rome,
I brought to deadly wracke;
And a thousand more of nob^le knightes
For feare did turne their backe.

Five kinges of Paye I did kill
Amidst that bloody strife;
Besides the Grecian empereur,
Who alsoe lost his life.

¹ Frolland *see* MS. Froll, according to the Chron.
was a Roman knight, governor of Gaul. ² Dynabus
MS.

Whose carcase I did send to Rome,
Cladd poorlye on a beere ;
And afterward I past Mount-Joye
The next approaching yeere,

Then I came to Rome, where I was mett
Right as a conquerour,
And by all the cardinalls solempnelye
I was crowned an emperour.

One winter there I made abode,
Then word to mee was brought,
Howe Mordred had oppressed the crowne,
What treason he had wrought

Att home in Brittain with my queene .
Therefore I came with speede
To Brittain backe, with all my power,
To quitt that traiterous deede ;

And soone at Sandwiche I arrivde,
Where Mordred me withstoode :
But yett at last I landed there,
With effusion of much blood.

For there my nephew Sir Gawaine dyed,
Being wounded in that soro
The whiche Sir Lancelot in fight
Had given him before.

Thence chased I Mordered away,
Who fledd to London right,
From London to Winchester, and
To Cornewalle tooke his flyght.

And still I him pursued with speed
Till at last wee mett ;
Wherby an appointed day of fight
Was there agreed and sett :

Where we did fight, of mortal life
Eche other to deprive,
Till of a hundred thousand men
Scarce one was left alive.

There all the noble chivalrye
Of Brittain took their end:
O see how fickle is their state
That doe on fates¹ depend !

There all the traiterous men were slaine,
Not one escape away ;
And there dyed all my vallyant knightes,
Alas ! that woefull day !

Two and twenty yeere I ware the crowne
In honor and great fame,
And thus by death was suddenlye
Deprived of the same.

¹ fates, MS.

SIR LANCELOT DU LAKE.

THIS ballad first occurs in the *Garland of Good Will*, and is attributed to Thomas Deloney, whose career as a song-writer extends from about 1586 to 1600. It is merely a rhymed version of a passage in the *Morte D'Arthur*, (Book vi. ch. 7, 8, 9, of Southey's ed.) The first two lines are quoted in the Second Part of Henry IV., A. ii. sc. 4.

The present text is nearly that of the *Garland of Good Will* (Percy Society, vol. xxx. p. 38), and differs considerably from that of Percy, (*Reliques*, i. 215.) The same, with very trifling variations, is found in *Old Ballads*, (1723,) ii. 21; Ritson's *Ancient Songs*, ii. 188; Evans's *Old Ballads*, ii. 5.

WHEN Arthur first in court began,
And was approvèd king,
By force of arms great victories won,
And conquests home did bring ;

Then into Britain straight he came,
Where fifty good and able
Knights then repairèd unto him,
Which were of the Round Table ;

And many justs and tournaments
Before them there were drest,
Where valiant knights did then excel,
And far surmount the rest.

But one Sir Lancelot du Lake,
Who was approvèd well,
He in his fights and deeds of arms,
All others did excel.

When he had rested him a while,
To play, to game, and sport,
He thought he would go try himself,
In some adventurous sort.

He armèd rode in forest wide,
And met a damsel fair,
Who told him of adventures great,
Whereto he gave good ear.

"Why should I not?" quoth Lancelot tho,
"For that cause I came hither."
"Thou seem'st," quoth she, "a goodly knight,
And I will bring thee thither

"Whereas a mighty knight doth dwell,
That now is of great fame;
Therefore tell me what knight thou art,
And then what is your name."

† the.

" My name is Lancelot du Lake."

Quoth she, " it likes me than ;
Here dwells a knight that never was
O'ermatch'd¹ with any man ;

" Who has in prison threescore knights
And four, that he has bound ;
Knights of King Arthur's court they be,
And of his Table Round."

She brought him to a river side,
And also to a tree,
Whereon a copper bason hung,
His fellows² shields to see.

He struck so hard, the bason broke :
When Tarquin heard the sound,
He drove a horse before him straight,
Whereon a knight lay bound.

" Sir knight," then said Sir Lancelot,
" Bring me that horse-load hither,
And lay him down, and let him rest ;
We'll try our force together.

" And as I understand, thou hast,
So far as thou art able,
Done great despite and shame unto
The knights of the Round Table."

¹ E'er match'd. ² fellow

"If thou be of the Table Round"
(Quoth Tarquin, speedilye),
"Both thee and all thy fellowship
I utterly defie."

"That's overmuch," quoth Lancelot tho;
"Defend thee by and by."
They put their spurs unto their steeds,
And each at other fly.

They coucht their spears, and horses ran
As though there had been thunder;
And each struck them amidst the shield,
Wherewith they broke in sunder.

Their horses backs brake under them,
The knights were both astound;
To void their horses they made great haste,
To light upon the ground.

They took them to their shields full fast,
Their swords they drew out than;
With mighty strokes most eagerly
Each one at other ran.

They wounded were, and bled full sore,
For breath they both did stand,
And leaning on their swords awhile,
Quoth Tarquin, "Hold thy hand,

“ And tell to me what I shall ask ; ”

“ Say on,” quoth Lancelot tho ;

“ Thou art,” quoth Tarquin, “ the best knight
That ever I did know ;

“ And like a knight that I did hate ;

So that thou be not he,

I will deliver all the rest,

And eke accord with thee.”

“ That is well said,” quoth Lancelot then ;

“ But sith it must be so,

What is the knight thou hatest thus ?¹

I pray thee to me show.”

“ His name is Lancelot du Lake,

He slew my brother dear ;

Him I suspect of all the rest ;

I would I had him here.”

“ Thy wish thou hast, but yet unknown ;

I am Lancelot du Lake !

Now knight of Arthur’s Table Round,

King Ban’s son of Benwake ;²

“ And I desire thee do thy worst.”

“ Ho ! ho ! ” quoth Tarquin tho,

“ One of us two shall end our lives,

Before that we do go.

¹ so. ² Kind Haud’s son of Seuwake.

"If thou be Lancelot du Lake,
Then welcome shalt thou be ;
Wherefore see thou thyself defend,
For now defie I thee."

They buckled then together so,
Like two wild boars rashing,
And with their swords and shields they ran
At one another slashing.¹

The ground besprinkled was with blood,
Tarquin began to faint ;
For he gave back, and bore his shield
So low, he did repent.

This soon espied² Sir Lancelot tho ;
He leapt upon him then,
He pull'd him down upon his knee,
And rushed³ off his helm.

And then he struck his neck in two ;
And when he had done so,
From prison, threescore knights and four
Lancelot delivered tho.

¹ flashing. ² 'spied. ³ rushing.

THE LEGEND OF SIR GUY.

(Percy's *Reliques*, iii. 143.)

"PUBLISHED from an ancient MS. copy in the Editor's old folio volume, collated with two printed ones, one of which is in black-letter in the Pepys collection." PERCY.

An inferior copy is printed in Ritson's *Ancient Songs and Ballads*, ii. 193.

From an essay on the romance of Sir Guy, read by Mr. Wright before the British Archæological Association during its meeting at Warwick, we extract the following remarks in illustration of the history of the present ballad, and other similar popular heroic traditions.

"As the Teutonic tribes progressed in their migrations, and settled in new lands — and especially when they received a new faith, and made advances in civilization, — the mythic romances of their forefathers underwent remarkable modifications to adapt them to new sentiments and new manners. Among people who had forgotten the localities to which they referred, they received a new location and became identified with places and objects with which people were better acquainted, and in this manner they underwent

a new historical interpretation. It would be no uninteresting task to point out how many romantic tales that are soberly related of individuals of comparatively modern history, are merely new applications of these early myths.

"Among the romances of the Anglo-Danish cycle by no means the least celebrated is that of **GUY OF WARWICK**. It is one, of the few, which has been preserved in its Anglo-Norman form, since which it has gone through an extraordinary number of versions, and Chaucer enumerated it among the *romances of pris*, or those which in the fourteenth century were held in the highest estimation. It is doubtless one of those stories in which a ancient mythic romance has undergone the series of modifications I have been describing, a legend which had become located by popular traditions in the neighbourhood we are now visiting, in which the contests between northern chieftains are changed into tilts and tournaments, but in which the combats with dragons and giants are still preserved. Whatever may have been the name of the original hero, that which he now bears, Guy, is a French name, and could not have been given till Norman times.

"From the Anglo-Norman poem, so great was its popularity, two or three different English metrical versions were made, which are still found in manuscripts, and the earliest of which, that of the well-known Auchinleck manuscript, has been printed in a very expensive form by one of the Scottish Antiquarian clubs. It was next transformed into French prose, and in that form was popular in the fifteenth century, and was printed by some of the earlier printers. It was finally reduced to a popular chap-book in prose and a

broadside ballad in verse, and in these forms was hawked about the streets until a very recent period. Such has in general been the fate of the romantic literature of the middle ages; a remarkable proof of the tenacity with which it has kept its hold on the popular mind." *Gentleman's Magazine*, Sept. 1847, p. 800.

WAS ever knight for ladyes sake
Soe tost in love, as I, Sir Guy,
For Phelis fayre, that lady bright
As ever man beheld with eye?

She gave me leave myself to try,
The valiant knight with sheeld and speare,
Ere that her love she would grant me;
Which made mee venture far and neare.

Then proved I a baron bold,¹
In deeds of armes the doughtyest knight
That in those dayes in England was,
With sworde and speare in feild to fight.

An English man I was by birthe:
In faith of Christ a christyan true:
The wicked lawes of infidells
I sought by prowesse to subdue.

¹ The proud Sir Guy, PC.

'Nine' hundred twenty yeere and odde'
After our Saviour Christ his birth,
When King Athelstone wore the crowne,
I lived heere upon the earth.

Sometime I was of Warwicke erle,
And, as I sayd, of very truth
A ladies love did me constraine
To seeke strange ventures in my youth ;

To win me fame by feates of armes
In strange and sundry heathen lands ;
Where I atchieved for her sake
Right dangerous conquests with my hands.

For first I sayled to Normandye,
And there I stoutlye wan in fight
The emperours daughter of Almaine,
From manye a vallyant worthye knight.

Then passed I the seas to Greece,
To helpe the emperour in his right,
Against the mightye souldans hoaste
Of puissant Persians for to fight :

Where I did slay of Sarazens,
And heathen pagans, manye a man ;
And slew the souldans cozen deere,
Who had to name doughtye Coldràn.

¹ Two hundred, MS. and PC.

Eskeldered, a famous knight,
To death likewise I did pursue :
And Elmayne, King of Tyre, alsoe,
Most terrible in fight to viewe.

I went into the souldans hoast,
Being thither on embassage sent,
And brought his head awaye with mee ;
I having slaine him in his tent.

There was a dragon in that land
Most fiercelye mett me by the waye,
As hee a lyon did pursue,
Which I myself did alsoe slay.

Then soon I past the seas from Greece,
And came to Pavye land aright ;
Where I the duke of Pavye killed,
His hainous treason to requite.

To England then I came with speede,
To wedd faire Phelis, lady bright ;
For love of whome I travelled farr
To try my manhood and my might.

But when I had espoused her,
I stayd with her but fortye dayes,
Ere that I left this lady faire,
And went from her beyond the seas.

All cladd in gray, in pilgrim sort,
My voyage from her I did take
Unto the blessed Holy-Land,
For Jesus Christ my Saviours sake.

Where I Erle Jonas did redeeme,
And all his sonnes, which were fifteene,
Who with the cruell Sarazens
In prison for long time had beene.

I slew the gyant Amarant
In battel fiercelye hand to hand,
And doughty Barknard killed I,
A treacherous knight of Pavye land.

Then I to England came againe,
And here with Colbronde fell I fought ;
An ugly gyant, which the Danes
Had for their champion hither brought.

I overcame him in the feild,
And slewe him soone right valliantlye ;
Wherebye this land I did redeeme
From Danish tribute utterlye.

And afterwards I offered upp
The use of weapons solemnye
At Winchester, whereas I fought,
In sight of manye farr and nye.

'But first,' neare Winsor, I did slaye
A bore of passing might and strength,
Whose like in England never was
For hugenessse both in bredth and length.

Some of his bones in Warwicke yett
Within the castle there doth lye;
One of his sheeld-bones to this day
Hangs in the citie of Coventrye.

On Dunsmore heath I alsoe slewe
A monstrous wyld and cruell beast,
Cald the Dun-cow of Dunsmore heath;
Which manye people had opprest.

Some of her bones in Warwicke yett
Still for a monument doth lye,
And there exposed to lookers viewe,
As wondrous strange, they may espye.

A dragon in Northumberland
I alsoe did in fight destroye,
Which did bothe man and beast oppresse
And all the countrie sore annoye.

At length to Warwicke I did come,
Like pilgrim poore, and was not knowne;
And there I lived a hermits life
A mile and more out of the towne.

Where with my hands I hewed a house
Out of a craggy rocke of stone,
And lived like a palmer poore
Within that cave myself alone :

And daylye came to begg my bread
Of Phelis att my castle gate ,
Not knowne unto my loved wiffe,
Who dailye mourned for her mate.

Till att the last I fell sore sicke,
Yea, sicke soe sore that I must dye ;
I sent to her a ring of golde,
By which shee knew me presentlye.

Then shee repairing to the cave,
Before that I gave up the ghost,
Herself closd up my dying eyes ;
My Phelis faire, whom I lov'd most.

Thus dreadful death did me arrest,
To bring my corpes unto the grave,
And like a palmer dyed I,
Wherby I sought my soule to save.

My body that endured this toyle,
Though now it be consumed to mold,
My statue, faire engraven in stone,
In Warwicke still you may behold.

ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON.

(From Percy's *Reliques*, iii. 278.)

The following rhymed legend, which, like several other pieces in this Book, can be called a ballad only by an objectionable, though common, extension of the term, was printed by Percy (with some alterations) from two "ancient" black-letter copies in the Pepys collection.

Real popular ballads on St. George's victory over the Dragon exist in several languages, though not in English*. Such a ballad is known to have been sung by the Swedes at the battle of Brunkeberg in 1471, and one is still sung by the people both of Denmark and Sweden. Grundtvig gives three copies of the Danish ballad, two of the 16th and 17th centuries, and one of the present. Four versions of the Swedish have been published, of various ages (e.g. *Scenska Folkevisor*, ii. 252). A German ballad is given by Mehnert, *Altdutsche Volkslieder*, p. 254; after him by Erlach, iv. 258; and Haupt and Schma-

* What follows is abridged from Grundtvig, *Danmarks Gamle Folkeviser*, ii. 554.

It was he that commanded the heavenly host that came to the help of the Crusaders against the Turks, under the walls of Antioch, in the year 1098, on which occasion he was seen on his white horse, bearing the white banner with the red cross. He manifested himself again at the storming of Jerusalem in the following year, and a hundred years later was seen to fight in the front rank against the Moors in Spain, and for Frederic Barbarossa, in his crusade in 1190. But though he had entered into the service of the German emperor, this did not prevent his aiding the orthodox William of Holland in taking Aix-la-Chapelle from the excommunicated Emperor Frederic in 1248. — The most various races have contended for his protection. His feast was in 1222 ordered to be kept as a holiday throughout all England from the beginning of the 14th century, or since the Mongol dominion was shaken off, he has been one of the guardian saints of Russia: in 1358, the Emperor Frederic III. founded the Austrian Order of St. George for the protection of the Empire against the Turks, and a few years later, in 1471, at the momentous battle of Bunsenbergh, his name was the war-cry of both parties, Swedes and Danes.

That the subjugation of the Dragon (a symbolical mode of representing the extinction of Evil common to all times and peoples) should be attributed to St. George, would seem to be sufficiently explained by his having become the Christian Hero of the Middle Ages. A special reason may, however, be alleged for his connection with such a legend. Long before the Crusades, he was depicted by the artists of the Oriental Church as the Great Martyr, with the Dragon (Anti-Christ or the Devil) at his feet, and a crowned virgin (the Church) at his side. In like manner had Constantine

When this the people understood,
They cryed out most piteous-lye,
The dragon's breath infects their blood,
That every day in heaps they dye ;
Among them such a plague is bred,
The living scarce could bury the dead.

No means there were, as they could hear,
For to appease the dragon's rage,
But to present some virgin clear,
Whose blood his fury might asswage ;
Each day he would a maiden eat,
For to allay his hunger great.

This thing by art the wise men found,
Which truly must observed be ;
Wherefore, throughout the city round,
A virgin pure of good degree
Was, by the king's commission, still
Taken up to serve the dragon's will.

Thus did the dragon every day
Untimely crop some virgin flowr,
Till all the maids were worn away,
And none were left him to devour ;
Saving the king's fair daughter bright,
Her father's only heart's delight.

Then came the officers to the king,
That heavy message to declare,

Which did his heart with sorrow sting ;
 " She is," quoth he, " my kingdom's heir :
O let us all be poisoned here,
Ere she should die, that is my dear."

Then rose the people presently,
 And to the king in rage they went ;
They said his daughter dear should dye,
 The dragon's fury to prevent :
" Our daughters all are dead," quoth they,
" And have been made the dragon's prey ;

" And by their blood we rescued were,
 And thou hast sav'd thy life thereby ;
And now in sooth it is but faire,
 For us thy daughter so should die."
" O save my daughter," said the king,
" And let ~~me~~ feel the dragon's sting."

Then fell fair Sabra on her knee,
 And to her father dear did say,
" O father, strive not thus for me,
 But let me be the dragon's prey ;
It may be, for my sake alone
This plague upon the land was thrown.

" 'Tis better I should dye," she said,
 " Than all your subjects perish quite ;
Perhaps the dragon here was laid,
 For my offence to work his spite,

And after he hath suckt my gore,
Your land shall feel the grief no more."

"What hast thou done, my daughter dear,
For to deserve this heavy scourge?
It is my fault, as may appear,
Which makes the gods our state to purge;
Then ought I die, to stint the strife,
And to preserve thy happy life."

Like mad-men, all the people cried,
"Thy death to us can do no good;
Our safety only doth abide
In making her the dragon's food."
"Lo! here I am, I come," quoth she,
"Therefore do what you will with me."

"Nay stay, dear daughter," quoth the queen,
"And as thou art a virgin bright,
That hast for vertue famous been,
So let me cloath thee all in white;
And crown thy head with flowers sweet,
An ornament for virgins meet."

And when she was attired so,
According to her mother's mind,
Unto the stake then did she go,
To which her tender limbs they bind;
And being bound to stake a thrall,
She bade farewell unto them all.

"Farewell, my father dear," quoth she,
"And my sweet mother, meek and mild;
Take you no thought nor weep for me,
For you may have another child;
Since for my country's good I dye,
Death I receive most willingly."

The king and queen and all their train
With weeping eyes went then their way,
And let their daughter there remain,
To be the hungry dragon's prey:
But as she did there weeping lye,
Behold St. George came riding by.

And seeing there a lady bright
So rudely tyed unto a stake,
As well became a valiant knight,
He straight to her his way did take:
"Tell me, sweet maiden," then quoth he,
"What caitif thus abuseth thee?"

"And, lo! by Christ his cross I vow,
Which here is figured on my breast,
I will revenge it on his brow,
And break my lance upon his chest:"
And speaking thus whereas he stood,
The dragon issued from the wood.

The lady, that did first espy
The dreadful dragon coming so,

Unto St. George aloud did cry,
And willed him away to go ;
“ Here comes that cursed fiend,” quoth she,
“ That soon will make an end of me.”

St. George then looking round about,
The fiery dragon soon espy'd,
And like a knight of courage stout,
Against him did most fiercely ride ;
And with such blows he did him greet,
He fell beneath his horse's feet.

For with his lance, that was so strong,
As he came gaping in his face,
In at his mouth he thrust along ;
For he could pierce no other place :
And thus within the lady's view
This mighty dragon straight he slew.

The savour of his poisoned breath
Could do this holy knight no harm ;
Thus he the lady sav'd from death,
And home he led her by the arm ;
Which when King Ptolemy did see,
There was great mirth and melody.

When as that valiant champion there
Had slain the dragon in the field,
To court he brought the lady fair,
Which to their hearts much joy did yield,

He in the court of Egypt staid
Till he most falsely was betray'd.

That lady dearly lov'd the knight,
He counted her his only joy ;
But when their love was brought to light,
It turn'd unto their great annoy.
Th' Morocco king was in the court,
Who to the orchard did resort ;

Dayly, to take the pleasant air ;
For pleasure sake he us'd to walk ;
Under a wall he oft did hear
St. George with Lady Sabra talk ;
Their love he shew'd unto the king,
Which to St. George great woe did bring.

Those kings together did devise
To make the Christian knight away :
With letters him in courteous wise
They straightway sent to Persia,
But wrote to the sophy him to kill,
And treacherously his blood to spill.

Thus they for good did him reward
With evil, and most subtilly,
By such vile meanes, they had regard
To work his death most cruelly ;
Who, as through Persia land he rode,
With zeal destroy'd each idol god.

For which offence he straight was thrown
Into a dungeon dark and deep ;
Where, when he thought his wrongs upon,
He bitterly did wail and weep :
Yet like a knight of courage stout,
At length his way he digged out.

Three grooms of the King of Persia
By night this valiant champion slew,
Though he had fasted many a day,
And then away from thence he flew
On the best steed the sophy had ;
Which when he knew he was full mad.

Towards Christendom he made his flight,
But met a gyant by the way,
With whom in combat he did fight
Most valiantly a summer's day :
Who yet, for all his bats of steel,
Was forc'd the sting of death to feel.

Back o'er the seas, with many bands
Of warlike souldiers soon he past,
Vowing upon those heathen lands
To work revenge ; which at the last,
Ere thrice three years were gone and spent,
He wrought unto his heart's content.

Save onely Egypt land he spar'd,
For Sabra bright her only sake,

And, ere for her he had regard,
He meant a tryal kind to make :
Meanwhile the king, overcome in field,
Unto Saint George did quickly yield.

Then straight Morocco's king he slew,
And took fair Sabra to his wife,
But meant to try if she were true,
Ere with her he would lead his life ;
And, tho' he had her in his train,
She did a virgin pure remain.

Toward England then that lovely dame
The brave St. George conducted strait,
An eunuch also with them came,
Who did upon the lady wait.
These three from Egypt went alone :
Now mark St. George's valour shown.

When as they in a forest were,
The lady did desire to rest :
Meanwhile St. George to kill a deer
For their repast did think it best :
Leaving her with the eunuch there,
Whilst he did go to kill the deer.

But lo ! all in his absence came
Two hungry lions, fierce and fell,
And tore the eunuch on the same
In pieces small, the truth to tell ;

Down by the lady then they laid,
Whereby they shew'd she was a maid.

But when he came from hunting back,
And did behold this heavy chance,
'Then for his lovely virgin's sake
His courage strait he did advance,
And came into the lions sight,
Who ran at him with all their might.

Their rage did him no whit dismay,
Who, like a stout and valiant knight,
Did both the hungry Lyons slay
Within the Lady Sabra's sight :
Who all this while, sad and demure,
There stood most like a virgin pure.

Now when St. George did surely know
This lady was a virgin true,
His heart was glad, that erst was woe,
And all his love did soon renew :
He set her on a palfrey steed,
And towards England came with speed.

Where being in short space arriv'd
Unto his native dwelling place,
Therein with his dear love he liv'd,
And fortune did his nuptials grace :
They many years of joy did see,
And led their lives at Coventry.

THE SEVEN CHAMPIONS OF CHRISTEN- DOM.

The Famous Historie of the Seven Champions of Christendom, is the work of Richard Johnson, a ballad maker of some note at the end of the 16th and beginning of the 17th century. All that is known of him may be seen in Chappel's Introduction to the *Crown Garland of Golden Roses*, of which Johnson was the compiler or the author. (Percy Society, vol. vi.) "The story of St. George and the Fair Sabra," says Percy, "is taken almost verbatim from the old poetical legend of Sir Bevis of Hampton."

The *Seven Champions* is twice entered on the Stationers' Registers in the year 1596. It is here reprinted from *A Collection of Old Ballads*, 1723, vol. i. 28. The same copy is in Evans's collection, i. 372.

Now of the Seven Champions here
My purpose is to write,
To show how they with sword and spear
Put many foes to flight;
Distressed ladies to release,
And captives bound in chains,
That Christian glory to increase
Which evermore remains.

First, I give you to understand
That great Saint George by name,
Was the true champion of our land;
And of his birth and fame,
And of his noble mother's dream,
Before that he was born,
The which to her did clearly seem
Her days would be forlorn.

This was her dream; that she did bear
A dragon in her womb;
Which griev'd this noble lady fair,
'Cause death must be her doom.
This sorrow she could not conceal,
So dismal was her fear,
So that she did the same reveal
Unto her husband dear;

Who went for to inquire straight
Of an enchanteress;
When, knocking at her iron gate,
Her answer it was this:
"The lady shall bring forth a son,
By whom, in tract of time,
Great noble actions shall be done;
He will to honour climb

"For he shall be in banners wore;
This truth I will maintain;
Your lady, she shall die before

You see her face again."

His leave he took, and home he went ;
His wife departed lay ;
But that which did his grief augment,
The child was stole away.

Then did he travel in despair,
Where soon with grief he died ;
While the young child, his son and heir,
Did constantly abide
With the wise lady of the grove,
In her enchanted cell ;
Amongst the woods he oft did rove,
His beauty pleased her well.

Blinded with love, she did impart,
Upon a certain day,
To him her cunning magic art,
And where six Champions lay
Within a brazen castle strong,
By an enchanted sleep,
And where they had continued long ;
She did the castle keep.

She taught and show'd him every thing
Through being free and fond ;
Which did her fatal ruin bring ;
For with a silver wand
He clos'd her up into a rock,
By giving one small stroke ;

So took possession of her stock,
And the enchantment broke.

Those Christian Champions being freed
From their enchanted state,
Each mounted on his prancing steed,
And took to travel straight;
Where we will leave them to pursue
Kind fortune's favours still,
To treat of our own champion, who
Did courts with wonders fill.

For as he came to understand,
At an old hermit's cell,
How, in the vast Egyptian land,
A dragon fierce and fell
Threatened the ruin of them all,
By his devouring jaws,
His sword releas'd them from that thrall,
And soon remov'd the cause.

This dreadful dragon must destroy
A virgin every day,
Or else with stinks he'll them annoy,
And many thousands slay.
At length the king's own daughter dear,
For whom the court did mourn,
Was brought to be devoured here,
For she must take her turn.

The king by proclamation said,
If any hardy knight
Could free this fair young royal maid.
And slay the dragon quite,
Then should he have her for his bride,
And, after death, likewise
His crown and kingdom too beside :
Saint George he won the prize.

When many hardy strokes he'd dealt,
And could not pierce his hide,
He run his sword up to the hilt
In at the dragon's side ;
By which he did his life destroy,
Which cheer'd the drooping king ;
This caused an universal joy,
Sweet peals of bells did ring.

The daughter of a king, for pride
Transformed into a tree
Of mulberries, Saint Denis' spied,
And being hungry,
Of that fair fruit he ate a part,
And was transformed likewise
Into the fashion of a hart,
For seven years precise.

At which he long bewail'd the loss
Of manly shape : then goes
To him his true and trusty horse,

¹ which Dennis.

And brings a blushing rose,
By which the magic spell was broke,
And both were fairly freed
From the enchanted heavy yoke :
They then in love agreed.

Now we come to Saint James of Spain,
Who slew a mighty boar,
In hopes that he might honour gain,
But he must die therefore :
Who was allow'd his death to choose,
Which was by virgins' darts,
But they the same did all refuse,
So tender were their hearts.

The king's daughter at length, by lot,
Was doomed to work his woe ;
From her fair hands a fatal shot,
Out of a golden bow,
Must put a period to the strife ;
At which grief did her seize.
She of her father begg'd his life
Upon her bended knees ;

Saying, " my gracious sovereign Lord,
As I laboured rather dear,
He well deserves a large reward :
Then be not so severe.
Give me his life ! " He grants the boon,
And then without delay,

This Spanish champion, ere 'twas noon,
Rid with her quite away.

Now come we to Saint Anthony,
A man with valour fraught,
The champion of fair Italy,
Who many wonders wrought.
First, he a mighty giant slew,
The terror of mankind :
Young ladies fair, pure virgins too,
This giant kept confined

Within his castle walls of stone,
And gates of solid brass,
Where seven ladies made their moan,
But out they could not pass.
Many brave lords, and knights likewise,
To free them did engage,
Who fell a bleeding sacrifice
To this fierce giant's rage.

Fair daughters to a royal king !
Yet fortune, after all,
Did our renowned champion bring
To free them from their thrall.
Assisted by the hand of heaven,
He ventured life and limb :
Behold the fairest of the seven,
She fell in love with him.

That champion good, bold Saint Andrew,
 The famous Scottish knight,
 Dark gloomy deserts travelled through,
 Where Phoebus gave no light.
 Haunted with spirits, for a while
 His weary course he steers,
 Till fortune blessed him with a smile,
 And shook off all his fears.

This Christian champion travell'd long,
 Till at the length he came
 Unto the giant's castle strong,
 Great Blanderon by name,
 Where the king's daughters were transform'd
 Into the shape of swans :
 Though them he freed, their father storm'd,
 But he his malice shuns.

For though five hundred armed knights
 Did straight beset him round,
 Our Christian champion with them fights,
 Till on the leathen ground
 Most of those Pagans bleeding lay ;
 Which much perplexed the king ;
 The Scottish champion clears the way,
 Which was a glorious thing.

Saint Patrick too, of Ireland,
 That noble knight of fame,
 He travelled, as we understand,

Till at the length he came
Into a grove where satyrs dwell,
Where ladies he beheld,
Who had their raged fury felt,
And were with sorrow fill'd.

He drew his sword, and did maintain
A sharp and bloody fray,
Till the ring-leader he had slain ;
The rest soon fled away.
This done, he asked the ladies fair,
Who were in silks array'd,
From whence they came, and who they were.
They answered him and said :

" We are all daughters to a king,
Whom a brave Scottish knight
Did out of tribulation bring :
He having took his flight,
Now after him we are in quest."
Saint Patrick then replies,
" He is my friend, I cannot rest
Till I find him likewise.

" So, ladies, if you do intend
To take your lot with me,
This sword of mine shall you defend
From savage cruelty."
The ladies freely gave consent
To travel many miles ;

Through shady groves and woods they went,
In search of fortune's smiles.

The Christian champion David, went
To the Tartarian court,
Where at their tilt and tournament,
And such like royal sport,
He overthrew the only son
Of the Count Palatine ;
This noble action being done
His fame began to shine.

The young Count's sad and sudden death
Turn'd all their joys to grief ;
He bleeding lay, bereaved of breath,
The father's son in chief ;
But lords and ladies blazed the fame
Of our brave champion bold ;
Saying, they ought to write his name
In characters of gold.

Here have I writ a fair account
Of each heroic deed,
Done by these knights, which will surmount
All those that shall succeed.
The ancient chronicles of kings,
Ere since the world begun,
Can't boast of such renowned things
As these brave knights have done.

Saint George he was for England,
Saint Dennis was for France,
Saint James for Spain, whose valiant hand
Did Christian fame advance :
Saint Anthony for Italy,
Andrew for Scots ne'er fails,
Patrick too stands for Ireland,
Saint David was for Wales.

Thus have you those stout champions names
In this renowned song :
Young captive ladies bound in chains,
Confined in castles strong,
They did by knightly prowess free,
True honour to maintain :
Then let their lasting memory
From age to age remain.



THOMAS OF ERSSELDOUNE.

THIS beautiful tale is transferred to these pages from Mr. Laing's *Select Remains of the Ancient Popular Poetry of Scotland*. The two "fytts" of prophecies which accompany it in the manuscripts, are omitted here, as being probably the work of another, and an inferior, hand. From the exordium by which the story is introduced, it might be concluded that the author was an Englishman. Indeed, all the poems and prophecies attributed to Thomas the Rhimer which remain to us, are preserved in English manuscript and an English dress; but, in the judgment of Mr. Jameson, the internal evidence still almost amounts to proof that the romance itself was of Scottish origin, although no indubitably Scottish copy is now known to be in existence.

The hero of this legend is believed to have lived through nearly the whole of the 13th century. He derived his territorial appellation from the village of Erseldoune, in the county of Berwick, lying on the river Leader, about two miles above its junction with the Tweed. The Hurdly bank on which the meeting of Thomas with the Queen of Fairy took place, is situated, according to Mr. Laing, on one of the Eldoun hills, but the same distinction is claimed for another place of like name, which, together with an adjoining ravine, called from time immemorial the *Rymer's Glen*.

was included in the domain of Abbotsford. (See *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, iv. 110, v. 1.)

"During the 14th, 15th, and 16th centuries, to get up a prophecy in the name of Thomas the Rhymer appears to have been found a good stroke of policy on many occasions. Thus was his authority employed to countenance the views of Edward III. against Scottish independence, to favor the ambitious views of the Duke of Albany in the minority of James V., and to sustain the spirits of the nation under the harassing invasions of Henry VIII. A small volume containing a collection of the rhymes thus put into circulation was published by Andro Hart in Edinburgh, in 1615." — CHAMBERS, *Pop. Rhymes of Scotland*, p. 6

"This poem," says Mr. Laing, "is preserved in three ancient manuscripts, each of them in a state more or less mutilated, and varying in no inconsiderable degree from the others. A portion of it was first printed in the *Border Minstrelsy*, [iv. 122,] from the fragment in the British Museum, among the Cotton MSS.; and the one which Mr. Jamieson adopted in his collection of *Popular Ballads and Songs* [ii. 11.] was carefully deciphered from a volume of no ordinary curiosity, in the University Library, Cambridge, written in a very illegible hand, about the middle of the 15th century. It is now printed from the other copy, as it occurs in a volume, compiled at a still earlier period, which is preserved in the Cathedral Library of Lincoln. On comparison, it will be readily perceived that the text is in every respect preferable to that of either of the other manuscripts. . . . An endeavor has been made to fill up the defective parts from the Cambridge copy, though in some instances, as will be seen, without

success." — Mr. Halliwell has republished the Cambridge text in his *Fairy Mythology*, (p. 58,) and he cites a fourth manuscript, which, however, appears to be of slight importance.

THOMAS OF ERSSELDOUNE.

Lystnys, lordyngs, bothe grete and smale,
And takis gade tente what I will say :
I sall yow telle als trewe a tale,
Als euer was herde by nyghte or daye :

And the maste meruelle fforowttyn naye,
That euer was herde byfore or syen,
And therfore pristly I yow praye,
That ye will of youre talkyng blyn.

It es an harde thyng for to saye,
Of doghety dedis that hase bene done ;
Of felle feghtyngs and batells sere ;
And how that knyghtis hase wonne thair schone.

Bot Jhesu Christ, that syttis in trone,
Safe Ynglysche men bothe ferre and nere ;
And I sall telle yow tyte and sone,
Of battells done sythen many a yere ;

And of batells that done sall bee ;
In whate place, and howe and whare ;
And wha sall hafe the heghere gree ;
And whe hir partye sall hafe the werre :

Wha sall take the flyghte and flee;
 And wha sall dye and byleue 'thare
 Bot Jhesu Christ, that dyed on tre,
 Saue Inglysche men whare so thay fare

Als I me wente this endres-daye,
 Full faste in mynd makane my mone,
 In a mery mornynge of May,
 By Huntle bankkes my selfe allone,

I herde the jaye, and the 'throstelle,'
 The mawys menyde of hir songe,
 The wodewale beryde als a belle,
 That all the wode abowte me ronge.

Allone in longynge, thus als I laye,
 Vndre nethe a sonely tre,
 'Saw I' whare a lady gaye,
 'Came ridand' ouer a longe lee.

If I suld sytt to Domes-daye,
 With my tonge, to wrebbe and wrye,
 Certanely that lady gaye,
 Neuer bese scho askryede for mee.

Hir palfraye was a dappill graye;
 Swilke one I sighe ne neuer none:
 Als dose the sonne on someres daye,
 That faire lady hir selfe scho schone.

¹ Laing, by tone. ² Line MS, throsty le cokke

Hir selle it was of reele bone,
Full semely was that syghte to see !
Stetly sett with precyous stones,
And compaste all with crapotee,

Stones of Oryence, grete plente.
Hir hare abowte hir hede it hange ;
Scho rode ouer that lange lee ;
A whylle scho blewe, a nother scho sange.

Hir garthes of nobyll sylke they were ;
The bukylls were of berelle stone ;
Hir steraps were of crystalle clere,
And all with perelle ouer bygone.

Hir payetrelle was of irulle fyne ;
Hir cropoure was of orfaré ;
And als clere golde hir brydill it schone ;
One aythir syde hange bellys three.

‘ Scho led seuen grew houndis in a leeshe ;’
And seuen raches by hir they rone ;
Scho bare a horne abowte hir halse ;
And vnder hir belte full many a flone.

Thomas laye and sawe that syghte,
Vnder n-the ane semly tree ;
He sayd, “ yone es Marye most of myghte,
That bare that childe that dyede for mee.

" But if I speke with yone lady bryghte,
I hope myn herte will bryste in three ;
Now sall I go with all my myghte,
Hir for to mete at Eldoun tree."

Thomas rathely vpe he rase,
And he rane ouer that mountayne hye ;
Gyff it be als the storye sayes,
He hir mette at Eldone tree.

He knelyde down appon his knee,
Vndir nethe that grenwode spraye : —
And sayd, " lufly ladye ! rewe one mee ;
Qwene of heuen, als thu wele maye ! "

Then spake that lady milde of thoghte : —
" Thomas, late swyke wordes bee ;
Qwene of heuene, am I noghte,
For I take neuer so beghe degre.

" Bot I ame of ane other contree,
If I be payrelde moste of prysse ;
I ryde aftyre this wyhle fee ;
My raches rynnys at my devyse."

" If thu be parelde moste of prysse,
And here rydis thus in thy folye,
Of life, lady, als thu art wysse,
Thou gyffe me leue to lye the bye."

Scho sayde, "thū man, that ware folye :
I praye the, Thomas, thū lat me bee ;
Ffor I saye the full sekiriye,
That synne will fordoo all my beaute."

"Now luffy ladye rewe on mee,
And I will euer more with the duelle ;
Here my trouthe I 'plyghte to thee,'
Wethir thū will in heuen or helle."

"Mane of molde, thū will me marre,
But yitt thū sall hafe all thy will ;
And trowe it wele, thū chewys the werre.
Ffor alle my beaute will thū spylle."

Down than lyghte that lady bryghte,
Vndir nethe that grene wode spraye ;
And, als the storiye tellis full ryghte,
Seuen sythis by hir he laye.

Scho sayd, "man, the lykes thi playe :
What byrde in boure maye delle with the ?
Thou merrys me all this longe daye ;
I pray the, Thomas, late me bee."

Thomas stode wpe in that stede,
And he byhelde that lady gaye ;
Hir hare it hange all ouer hir hede,
Hir eghne semede owte, that are were graye

And all the riche clothyng was awaye,
That he byfore sawe in that stede ;
Hir a schanke blake, hir other graye,
And all hir body lyke the lede ;

Thomas laye, and sawe that syghte,
Vndir nethe that grenewod tree.

Than sayd Thomas, "allas ! alas !
In faythe this es a dullfull syghte ;
How arte thu fadyde thus in the face,
That schane byfore als the sonne so bryght ! "

Scho sayd, " Thomas, take leve at sone and
mone,
And als at lefe that grewes on tree ;
This twelmoneth sall thu with me gone,
And medill-erthe thu sall non see."

He knelyd downe appon his knee,
Vndir nethe that grenewod spraye ;
And sayd, " Lufly lady !¹ rowe on mee,
Myldre qwene of heuen, als thu beste maye."

" Allas ! " he sayd, " and wa es mee,
I trewe my dedis will wirke me care ;
My saulle, Jhesu, byteche I the,
Whedir come that euer my banes sall fare."

¹ Lufly lady, i. e. Mary.

Scho ledde hym in at Eldone hill,
Vndir nethe a derne lee ;
Whare it was dirk as mydnyght myrke,
And euer the water till his knee.

The montenans of dayes three,
He herd bot swoghyne of the flode ;
At the laste, he sayde, "full wa es mee!
Almaste I dye, for fawte of fude."

Scho lede hym in till a faire herbere,
Whare frwte was 'growyng in gret plentee ;'
Pers and appill, bothe rype thay were,
The date, and als the damasee ;

The fygge, and als so the wyne-berye ;
The nyghtyngales lyggande on thair neste ;
The papeioyes faste abowte gan flye ;
And throstylls sange, wolde hafe no reste.

He pressede to pulle frowte with his hande,
Als man for fude that was nere faynt ;
Scho sayd, "Thomas, thu late tham stande,
Or ells the fende the will atteynt.

"If thu it plockk, sothely to say,
Thi saule gose to the fyre of helle ;
It comes neuer owte or Domesdaye,
Bet ther in payne ay for to duelle.

"Thomas, sothely, I the hyghte,
Come lygge thyn hede down on my knee,
And 'thou' sall se the fayreste syghte,
That euer sawe man of thi contree."

He did in hye als scho hym badde ;
Appone hir knee his hede he layde,
Ffor hir to paye he was full glade,
And than that lady to him sayde—

"Seese thu nowe yone faire waye,
That lyggis ouer yone heghe montayne?—
Yone es the waye to heuen for aye,
When synfull sawles are passed ther payne.

"Seese thu nowe yone other waye,
That lygges lawe by nethe yone rysse?
Yone es the waye, the sothe to saye,
Vnto the joye of paradyse.

"Seese thu yitt yone third waye,
That ligges vnder yone grene playne?
Yone es the waye, with tene and traye,
Whare synfull saulis suffiris thare payne.

"Bot seese thu nowe yone forthe waye,
That lygges ouer yone depe delle?
Yone es the way, so waylawaye,
Vnto the byrnande fyre of hell.

- "Seese thu yitt yone faire castelle,
That standes vpone yone heghe hill?
Of towne and towre, it beris the belle;
In erthe es none lyk it vntill.
- "Ffor sothe, Thomas, yone es myn awenn,
And the kyuges of this countree;
Bot me ware leuer hanged and drawen,
Or that he wyste thou laye me by.
- "When thu commes to yone castelle gay,
I pray the curtase man to bee;
And whate so any man to the saye,
Luke thu answeere none bott mee.
- "My lorde es seruede at ylk a mese,
With thritty knyghttis faire and free;
I sall saye, syttande at the dalle,
I take thi speche byyonde the see."

Thomas still als stane he stude,
And he byhelde that lady gaye;
Scho come agayne als faire and gude,
And al so ryche one hir palfraye.

Hir grewe hundis fillide with dere blode;
Hir rachis couplede, by my faye;
Scho blewe hir horne with mayno and mode,
Vnto the castelle scho tuk the waye.

In to the haulte sothely scho went ;
Thomas foloued at hir hande ;
Than ladyes come, bothe faire and gent,
With curtassye to hir knelande.

Harpe and fethill bothe thay funde,
Getterne, and als so the sawtrye ;
Lutte and rybybe, bothe gangande,
And all manere of mynstralsye.

The most meruelle that Thomas thoghte,
When that he stode appon the flore ;
Ffor feifty lertes in were broghte,
That were bothe ' largely ' grete and store.

Raches laye lapande in the blode,
Cokes come with dryssynge knyfe ;
They brittened thann als thay were wode ;
Beuelle amanges thame was full ryfe.

Knyghtis dawnsede by three and three,
Thare was revelle, gamen, and playe,
Lutly ladyes, faire and free,
That satte and sange one riche araye.

Thomas duellide in that solace
More than I yowe saye, perde ;
Till one a daye, so hafe I grace,
My lufly lady sayde to mee :

"Do busk the, Thomas,—the busk agayne,¹
Ffor thu may here no lengare be;
Hye the faste, with myghte and mayne;
I sall the brynge tili Eldone tree."

Thomas sayde than with heuy chere;
"Lutly lady, nowe late me bee;
Ffor certis, lady, I hate bene here
Noghte bot the space of dayes three.

"Ffor sothe, Thomas, als I the telle,
Thou has bene here thre yere and more;
Bot langere here thu may noghte dwelle;
The skylle I sall the telle wherefore.

"To morne, of helle the foulle fende
Amange this folke will feche his fee;
And thu arte mekill man and hende,
I trowe full wele he wolde chese the.

"Ffor all the gold that euer may bee,
Ffro bethyn unto the worldis ende,
Thou bese neuer betrayede for mee;
Therefore with me I rede thou wende."

Scho broghte hym agayne to Eldone tree,
Vndir nethe that grenewode spraye;
In Huntlee bannkes es mery to bee,
Whare sowles synges bothe nyght and daye.

¹ busse agayne.

" Fferre owtt in yone mountane graye,
Thomas, my fawkon byggis a neste ; —
A fawcoun is an eglis praye ;
Fforthi in na place may he reste.

" Ffare well, Thomas ; I wend my waye ;
Ffor me byhouys ouer thir benttis brown."
—Loo here a fytt : more es to saye,
All of Thomas of Erselldown.—

THOMAS THE RHYMER.

TRADITIONAL VERSION.

Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, (iv. 117.) "Given from a copy obtained from a lady residing not far from Erscildoune, corrected and enlarged by one in Mrs. Brown's MSS."

TRUE THOMAS lay on Huntlie bank ;
A ferlie he spied wi' his ee ;
And there he saw a ladye bright,
Come riding down by the Eildon Tree.

Her shirt was o' the grass-green silk,
Her mantle o' the velvet fyne ;
At ilka tett of her horse's mane,
Hung fifty siller bells and nine.

True Thomas, he pull'd aff his cap,
And louted low down to his knee :
"All hail, thou mighty Queen of Heaven !
For thy peer on earth I never did see."—

"O no, O no, Thomas," she said,
"That name does not belong to me ;
I am but the Queen of fair Elfland,
That am hither come to visit thee.

"Harp and carp, Thomas," she said ;
"Harp and carp along wi' me ;
And if ye dare to kiss my lips,
Sure of your bodie I will be."—

"Betide me weal, betide me woe,
That weird shall never daunton me."—
Synce he has kissed her rosy lips,
All underneath the Eildon Tree.

"Now, ye maun go wi' me," she said ;¹
"True Thomas, ye maun go wi' me ;
And ye maun serve me seven years,
Thro' weal or woe as may chance to be."

She mounted on her milk-white steed ;
She's ta'en true Thomas up behind :
And aye, whene'er her bridle rung,
The steed flew swifter than the wind.

O they rade on, and farther on ;
The steed gaed swifter than the wind ;
Until they reach'd a desert wide,
And living land was left behind.

¹ Compare Tommaseo's *Canti Popolari*, i. 26

" Light down, light down, now, true Thomas,
And lean your head upon my knee ;
Abide and rest a little space,
And I will shew you ferlies three.

" O see ye not yon narrow road,
So thick beset with thorns and briers ?
That is the path of righteousness,
Though after it but few enquires.

" And see ye not that braid braid road,
That lies across that lily leven ?
That is the path of wickedness,
Though some call it the road to heaven.

" And see not ye that bonny road,
That winds about the fernie brae ?
That is the road to fair Elfland,
Where thou and I this night maun gae.

" But, Thomas, ye maun hold your tongue,
Whatever ye may hear or see :
For, if you speak word in Elfyn land,
Ye'll ne'er get back to your ain countrie."

O they rade on, and farther on, [knee,
And they waded through rivers aboon the
And they saw neither sun nor moon,
But they heard the roaring of the sea.

It was mirk mirk night, and there was nae
stern light,
And they waded through red blude to the
knee;
For a' the blude that's shed on earth
Rins through the springs o' that countrie.

Syne they came on to a garden green,
And she pu'd an apple frae a tree—
"Take this for thy wages, true Thomas;
It will give thee the tongue that can never
lie."—

"My tongue is mine ain," true Thomas said;
"A gudely gift ye wad gie to me!"
I neither dought to buy nor sell,
At fair or tryst where I may be.

"I dought neither speak to prince or peer,
Nor ask of grace from fair ladye."—
"Now hold thy peace!" the lady said,
"For as I say, so must it be."—

The traditional commentary upon this ballad informs us, that the apple was the produce of the fatal Tree of Knowledge, and that the garden was the terrestrial paradise. The repugnance of Thomas to be deceived the use of falsehood, when he might find it convenient, has a comic effect.

SCOTT.

**He has gotten a coat of the even cloth,
And a pair of shoes of velvet green ;
And till seven years were gane and past,
True Thomas on earth was never seen.**

THE YOUNG TAMLANE.

THE *Tayl of the Yong Tamlane* is mentioned in the *Complaynt of Scotland*, (1548,) and the dance of *Thom of Lyn* is noticed in the same work. A considerable fragment of this ballad was printed by Herd, (vol. i. 215,) under the title of *Kertanhar*, a corruption of Carterhaugh, another is furnished in Maidment's *New Book of Old Ballads*, (p. 54,) and a nearly complete version in Johnson's *Museum*, (p. 423,) which, with some alterations, was inserted in the *Tales of Wonder*, (No. 58.) The present edition, prepared by Sir Walter Scott from a collation of various copies, is longer than any other, but was originally disfigured by several supposititious stanzas here omitted. Another version, with Maidment's fragment, will be found in the Appendix to this volume.

"Carterhaugh is a plain, at the conflux of the Ettrick and Yarrow in Selkirkshire, about a mile above Selkirk, and two miles below Newark Castle; a romantic run, which overhangs the Yarrow, and which is said to have been the habitation of our heroine's father, though others place his residence in the tower of Oakwood. The peasants point out, upon the plain, those electrical rings which vulgar credulity supposes to be traces of the Fairy revels. Here, they say, were placed

the stands of milk, and of water, in which *Tamlane* was dipped in order to effect the disenchantment; and upon these spots, according to their mode of expressing themselves, the grass will never grow. Miles Cross, (perhaps a corruption of Mary's Cross,) where fair Janet awaited the arrival of the Fairy train, is said to have stood near the Duke of Buccleuch's seat at Bow-hill, about half a mile from Carterhaugh."—(SCOTT'S *Minstrelsy*, II. 334, at the end of a most interesting essay, introductory to this tale, on the Fairies of Popular Superstition.)

“O I forbid ye, maidens a’,
That wear gowd on your hair,
To come or gae by Carterhaugh,
For young Tamlane is there.

‘There’s nane that gaes by Carterhaugh,
But maun leave him a wad,
Either gowd rings, or green mantles,
Or else their maidenheid.

“Now gowd rings ye may buy, maidens,
Green mantles ye may spin;
But, gin ye lose your maidenheid,
Ye’ll ne’er get that agen.”—

But up then spak her, fair Janet,
The fairest o’ a’ her kin;
“I’ll cum and gang to Carterhaugh,
And ask nae leave o’ him.”—

Janet has killed her green kirtle,
A little abune her knee ;
And she has braided her yellow hair,
A little abune her bree.

And when she came to Carterhaugh,
She gaed beside the well ;
And there she fand his steed standing,
But away was himsell.

She hadna pu'd a red red rose,
A rose but barely three ;
Till up and starts a wee wee man,
At lady Janet's knee.

Says — " Why pu' ye the rose, Janet ?
What gars ye break the tree ?
Or why come ye to Carterhaugh,
Withouten leave o' me ? " —

Says — " Carterhaugh it is mine ain ;
My daddie gave it me ;
I'll come and gang to Carterhaugh,
And ask nae leave o' thee."

He's ta'en her by the milk-white hand,
Among the leaves sae green ;
And what they did, I cannot tell —
The green leaves were between.

He's ta'en her by the milk-white hand,
Among the roses red;
And what they did, I cannot say —
She ne'er return'd a maid.

When she cam to her father's ha',
She looked pale and wan;
They thought she'd dreed some sair sickness,
Or been with some leman.

She didna comb her yellow hair,
Nor make meikle o'er her head;
And ilka thing that lady took,
Was like to be her deid.

It's four and twenty ladies fair
Were playing at the ba';
Janet, the wightest of them anes,
Was faintest o' them a'.

Four and twenty ladies fair
Were playing at the chess;
And out there came the fair Janet,
As green as any grass.

Out and spak an auld grey-headed knight,
Lay o'er the castle wa',—
“And ever, alas! for thee, Janet,
But we'll be blamed a'!” —

"Now hand your tongue, ye auld grey knight !
And an ill deid may ye die ;
Father my bairn on whom I will,
I'll father nane on thee."—

Out then spak her father dear,
And he spak meek and mild —
"And ever, alas ! my sweet Janet,
I fear ye gae with child."—

"And if I be with child, father,
Mysell maun bear the blame ;
'There's ne'er a knight about your ha'
Shall hae the bairnie's name.

"And if I be with child, father,
'Twill prove a wondrous birth ;
For weel I swear I'm not wi' bairn
To any man on earth.

"If my love were an earthly knight,
As he's an elfin grey,
I wadna gie my ain true love
For nae lord that ye hae."—

She prink'd hersell and prinn'd her-sell,
By the ae light of the moon,
And she's away to Carterhaugh,
To speak wi' young Tamlane.

And when she came to Carterhaugh,
She gaed beside the well ;
And there she saw the steed standing,
But away was himsell.

She hadna pu'd a double rose,
A rose but only twae,
When up and started young Tamlane,
Says—" Lady, thou pu's nae mae !

' Why pu' ye the rose, Janet,
Within this garden grene,
And a' to kill the bonny babe,
That we got us between ? "

" The truth ye'll tell to me, Tamlane ;
A word ye mauna lie ;
Gin e'er ye was in haly chapel,
Or sained in Christentie ?"—

" The truth I'll tell to thee, Janet,
A word I winna lie ;
A knight me got, and a lady me bore,
As well as they did thee.

" Randolph, Earl Murray, was my sire,
Dunbar, Earl March, is thine ;
We loved when we were children small,
Which yet you well may mind.

" When I was a boy just turn'd of nine,
My uncle sent for me,
To hunt, and hawk, and ride with him,
And keep him companie.

" There came a wind out of the north,
A sharp wind and a snell;
And a deep sleep came over me,
And frae my horse I fell.

" The Queen of Fairies keppit me,
In yon green hill to dwell;
And I'm a fairy, lyth and limb;
Fair ladye, view me well.

" Then would I never tire, Janet,
In Elfish land to dwell;
But aye, at every seven years,
They pay the teind to hell;
And I am sae fat and fair of flesh,
I fear 'twill be mysell.¹

" This night is Hallowe'en, Janet,
The morn is Hallowday;
And, gin ye dare your true love win,
Ye hae nae time to stay.

" The night it is good Hallowe'en,
When fairy folk will ride;

¹ See *Thomas of Erskeldoune*, p. 17.

And they that wad their true-love win,
At Miles Cross they maun bide."

"But how shall I thee ken, Tamlane?
Or how shall I thee knaw,
Amang so many unearthly knights,
The like I never saw?"

"The first company that passes by,
Say na, and let them gae;
The next company that passes by,
Sae na, and do right sae;
The third company that passes by,
Then I'll be ane o' thae.

"First let pass the black, Janet,
And syne let pass the brown;
But grip ye to the milk-white steed,
And pu' the rider down.

"For I ride on the milk-white steed,
And aye nearest the town;
Because I was a christen'd knight,
They gave me that renown.

"My right hand will be gloved, Janet,
My left hand will be bare;
And these the tokens I gie thee,
Nae doubt I will be there.

"They'll turn me in your arms, Janet,
An adder and a snake ;
But had me fast, let me not pass,
Gin ye wad buy me maik.

"They'll turn me in your arms, Janet,
An adder and an ask ;
They'll turn me in your arms, Janet,
A bale that burns fast.

"They'll turn me in your arms, Janet,
A red-hot gad o' airn ;
But hand me fast, let me not pass,
For I'll do you no harm.

"First dip me in a stand o' milk,
And then in a stand o' water ;
But had me fast, let me not pass—
I'll be your bairn's father.

"And, next, they'll shape me in your arms,
A tod, but and an eel ;
But had me fast, nor let me gang,
As you do love me weel.

"They'll shape me in your arms, Janet,
A dove, but and a swan ;
And, last, they'll shape me in your arms
A mother-naked man :

Cast your green mantle over me —
I'll be myself again."—

Gloomy, gloomy, was the night,
And eiry was the way,
As fair Janet, in her green mantle,
To Miles Cross she did gae.

Betwixt the hours of twelve and one,
A north wind tore the bent ;
And straight she heard strange elritch sounds
Upon that wind which went.

About the dead hour o' the night,
She heard the bridles ring ;
And Janet was as glad o' that
As any earthly thing.

Will o' Wisp before them went,
Sent forth a twinkling light ;
And soon she saw the Fairy bands
All riding in her sight.

And first gaed by the black black steed,
And then gaed by the brown ;
But fast she gript the milk-white steed,
And pu'd the rider down.

She pu'd him frae the milk-white steed,
And loot the bridle fa' :

And up there raise an erlish cry —
“ He’s won amang us a’ ! ” —

They shaped him in fair Janet’s arms,
An esk, but and an adder ;
She held him fast in every shape —
To be her bairn’s father.

They shaped him in her arms at last,
A mother-naked man :
She wrapt him in her green mantle,
And sae her true love wan !

Up then spake the Queen o’ Fairies,
Out o’ a bush o’ broom —
“ She that has borrow’d young Tamlane,
Has gotten a stately groom. ” —

Up then spake the Queen o’ Fairies,
Out o’ a bush o’ rye —
“ She’s ta’en awa the bonniest knight
In a’ my companie.

“ But had I kenn’d, Tamlane,” she says,
“ A lady wad borrow’d thee —
I wad ta’en out thy twa grey een,
Put in twa een o’ tree.

“ Had I but kenn’d, Tamlane,” she says,
“ Before ye came frae hame —

I wad ta'en out your heart o' flesh,
Put in a heart o' stane.

"Had I but had the wit yestreen
That I hae coft the day —
I'd paid my kane seven times to hell
Ere you'd been won away!"

See p. 122, l. 1. p. 124, l. 5. The same process of disenchantment is found in the Danish ballad *Nattergalen*, st. 20-22 GrunDTVig, No. 57 (also *Scenska Folk-vison*, No. 41). The comparison with the transformations of Proteus is curious.

ἀμφὶ δὲ χεῖρας

βάλλομεν· οὐδ' ὁ γέρον ὁδότης ἐπεληθeto τεχνης·
οὐδ' ἦτοι πρωτιστα λέων γένετ' ἡγεμείας,
αἶταρ ἔπειτα δράκων καὶ περὶ δαλὺς ἦδε μέγας σὺς·
γιγνeto δ' ἐγρὸν ἰδὼν καὶ δένδρεοι ἐκπετῆλον.
ἡμεῖς δ' ἀστεμφέως ἔχομεν τετληοτὶ θυμῳ.

Odyssey, iv. 454-68.

Verum ubi correptum manibus vinculaque tenebris,
Tum variae eludent species atque ora ferarum:
Fiet enim subito sus horridas atque tigris,
Squamosusque draco, et fulva cervæ leona,
Aut aerem flammæ sonitum labit, atque ita vinculis
Exodet, aut in aquas tenes dilapsus abit.
Sed quanto ille magis formas se vertet in omnes,
Tanto, nato, magis contende tenacis vincula.

Georgica, iv. 405-12

THE WEE WEE MAN.

THIS ballad will be found, in forms slightly varying, in Herd (i. 156;) Caw's *Poetical Museum*, (p. 348;) Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, (p. 343;) and Buchan's *Ancient Ballads*, (i. 263.) It bears some resemblance to the beginning of the remarkable poem, *His Y Yod on ay Mounday*, (see Appendix). The present version is from the *Poetical Museum*.

As I was walking by my lane,
Atween a water and a wa,
There sune I spied a wee wee man,
He was the least that eir I saw.

His legs were scant a shathmont's length,
And sina and limber was his thie;
¹Atween his shoulders was ae span,
About his middle war but three.

He has tane up a meikle stane,
And flang't as far as I coud see;
Ein though I had been Wallace wicht,
I dought na lift it to my knie.

¹ Much better in Motherwell.

Between his een there was a span,
Betwixt his shoulders there were aye three.

"O wee wee man, but ye be strang!
Tell me whar may thy dwelling be?"
"I dwell beneth that bonnie bouir,
O will ye gae wi me and see?"

On we lap, and awa we rade,
Till we cam to a bonny green;
We lichted syne to bait our steid,
And out there cam a lady sheen;

Wi four and twentie at her back,
A' comely cled in glistering green;
Though there the King of Scots had stude,
The warst micht weil hae been his queen.

On syne we past wi wondering cheir,
Till we cam to a bonny ha;
The roof was o the beaten gowd,
The flure was o the crystal a.

When we cam there, wi wee wee knights
War ladies dancing, jimp and sma;
But in the twinkling o' an eie,
Baith green and ha war clein awa.¹

¹ There were pipers playing in every neuk,
And ladies dancing, jimp and sma';
And aye the owreturn o' their tune
Was, "Our wee wee man has been lang awa!"—

THE ELFIN KNIGHT.

REPRINTED from *A Collection of Curious Old Ballads and Miscellaneous Poetry*. Edinburgh. David Webster, 1824.

Other versions are given in Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, (see the Appendix to this volume.) Kinloch's *Ancient Scottish Ballads*, (p. 145.) Buchan's *Ancient Ballads*, (ii. 296.)

Similar collections of impossibilities in *The Trooper and Fair Maid*, Buchan, i. 230; *Robin's Testament*, id., i. 273, or Aytoun, 2d ed. ii. 197; *As I was walking under a grove*, *Pills to purge Melancholy*, v. 370. See also *post*, vol. ii. 224, 352, vol. iv. 132, 287; and in German, *Von eitel unmöglichen Dingen*, Erk's *Liederhort*, p. 334-37; Uhland, *Eitle Dinge*, No. 4, A, B; *Wunderhorn*, ii. 410.

The Elfin knight sits on yon hill,
Ba, ba, ba, lillie ba.
He blaws his horn baith loud and shrill.
The wind hath blawn my plaid awa.

He blaws it east, he blaws it west,
He blaws it where he liketh best.

"I wish that horn were in my kist,
Yea, and the knight in my arms niest."

She had no sooner these words said,
Than the knight came to her bed.

"Thou art o'er young a maid," quoth he,
"Married with me, that thou would'st be."

"I have a sister, younger than I,
And she was married yesterday."

"Married with me if thou would'st be,
A curtisie thou must do to me.

"It's ye maun mak a sark to me,
Without any cut or seam," quoth he;

"And ye maun shape it, knife-, sheerless,
And also sew it needle-, threedless."

"If that piece of courtesie I do to thee,
Another thou must do to me.

"I have an aiker of good ley land,
Which lyeth low by yon sea strand;

"It's ye maun till't wi' your touting horn,
And ye maun saw't wi' the pepper corn;

"And ye maun harrow't wi' a thorn,
And hae your wark done ere the morn;

"And ye maun shear it wi' your knife,
And no lose a stack o't for your life;

"And ye maun stack it in a mouse hole,
And ye maun thrash it in your shoe sole ;

"And ye maun dight it in your loof,
And also sack it in your glove ;

"And ye maun¹ bring it over the sea,
Fair, and clean, and dry to me ;

"And when that ye have done your wark,
Come back to me, and ye'll get your sark."

"I'll not quite my plaid for my life ;
It haps my seven bairnes and my wife."

"My maidenhead I'll then keep still,
Let the Elfin knight do what he will.

"My plaid awa, my plaid away,
And owre the hills and far awa,
And far awa to Norowa',
My plaid shall not be blawn awa."

¹ thou must.

THE BROOMFIELD HILL.

A fragment of this ballad was printed in Herd's Collection, ("I'll wager, I'll wager," i. 226.) The present version is from the *Border Minstrelsy*, (iii. 38,) and we have added another from Kinloch's *Ancient Scottish Ballads*. A somewhat longer copy is given in Buchan's *Ballads*, (ii. 291,) and a modernized English one, of no value, (*The West Country Wager*,) in *Ancient Poems*, &c., Percy Society, vol. xvii. p. 116.

Brume, brume on hil, is mentioned in the *Complaynt of Scotland*, and formed part of Captain Cox's well-known collection.

A Danish ballad exhibits the same theme, though differently treated: *Sönerunerne*, Grundtvig, No. 81.

THERE was a knight and a lady bright,
Had a true tryst at the broom;
The ane ga'ed early in the morning,
The other in the afternoon.

And aye she sat in her mother's bower door,
And aye she made her mane,
"O whether should I gang to the Broomfield huilt,
Or should I stay at hame?"

"For if I gang to the Broomfield hill,
My maidenhead is gone ;
And if I chance to stay at hame,
My love will ca' me mansworn."—

Up then spake a witch woman,
Aye from the room aboon ;
"O, ye may gang to Broomfield hill,
And yet come maiden hame.

"For when ye come to the Broomfield hill,
Ye'll find your love asleep,
With a silver belt about his head,
And a broom-cow at his feet.

"Take ye the blossom of the broom,
The blossom it smells sweet,
And strew it at your true love's head,
And likewise at his feet.

"Take ye the rings off your fingers,
Put them on his right hand,
To let him know, when he doth awake,
His love was at his command."—

She pu'd the broom flower on Hive-hill,
And strew'd on's white hals bane,
And that was to be wittering true,
That maiden she had gane.

"O where were ye, my milk-white steed,
That I hae coft sae dear,
That wadna watch and waken me,
When there was maiden here?" —

"I stamped wi' my foot, master,
And gar'd my bridle ring;
But nae kin' thing wald waken ye,
Till she was past and gane." —

"And wae betide ye, my gay goss hawk,
That I did love sae dear,
That wadna watch and waken me,
When there was maiden here." —

"I clapped wi' my wings, master,
And aye my bells I rang,
And aye cry'd, Waken, waken, master,
Before the ladye gang." —

"But haste and haste, my gude white steed,
To come the maiden till,
Or a' the birds of gude green wood
Of your flesh shall have their fill." —

"Ye needna bur-t your gude white steed,
Wi' racing o'er the howm;
Nae bird flies faster through the wood,
Than she fled through the broom."

LORD JOHN.

From Kintoch's *Ancient Scottish Ballads*, (p. 196.)

I'LL wager, I'll wager," says Lord John,
"A hundred merks and ten,
That ye winna gae to the bonnie broom-field,
And a maid return again."—

"But I'll lay a wager wi' you, Lord John,
A' your merks oure again,
That I'll gae alane to the bonnie broom-field,
And a maid return again."

Then Lord John mounted his grey steed,
And his hound wi' his bells sae bricht,
And swiftly he rade to the bonny broom-fields,
Wi' his hawks, like a lord or knight.

"Now rest, now rest, my bonnie grey steed,
My lady will soon be here;
And I'll lay my head aneath this rose sae red,
And the bonnie burn sae near."

But sound, sound, was the sleep he took,
For he slept till it was noon;

And his holy cam at day, left a taiken and away,
Gae'd as licht as a glint o' the moon.

She straw'd the roses on the ground,
Threw her mantle on the bier,
And the belt around her middle sae jimp,
As a taiken that she'd been there.

The rustling leaves thw round his head,
And rous'd him frae his dream;
He saw by the roses, and mantle sae green,
That his love had been there and was gane.

"O whare was ye, my gude grey steed,
That I coft ye sae dear;
That ye didna waken your master,
Whan ye ken'd that his love was here." —

"I pautit wi' my foot, master,
Garr'd a' my bridles ring;
And still I cried, Waken, gude master,
For now is the hour and time." —

"Then whare was ye, my bonnie grey hound,
That I coft ye sae dear,
That ye didna waken your master,
Whan ye kend that his love was here." —

"I pautit wi' my foot, master,
Garr'd a' my bells to ring;

And still I cried, Waken, gude master,
For now is the hour and time." —

"But whare was ye, my hawks, my hawks,
That I coft ye sae dear,
That ye didna waken your master,
Whan ye ken'd that his love was here." —

"O wyte na me, now, my master dear,
I garr'd a' my young hawks sing,
And still I cried, Waken, gude master,
For now is the hour and time." —

"Then be it sae, my wager gane!
'T will skaith frae meikle ill:
For gif I had found her in bonnie broom-field,
O' her heart's blude ye'd drunken your fill."

The stanzas below are from an American version of this ballad called *The Green Broomfield*, printed in a cheap song-book. (*Graham's Illustrated Magazine*, Sept. 1868.)

"Then when she went to the green broom field,
Where her love was fast asleep,
With a gray goose-hawk and a green laurel bough,
And a green broom under his feet.

"And when he awoke from out his sleep,
An angry man was he;
He looked to the East, and he looked to the West,
And he wept for his sweetheart to see.

"Oh! where was you, my gray goose-hawk,
The hawk that I loved so dear,
That you did not awake me from out my sleep,
When my sweetheart was so near!"

KEMPION.

This ballad was first printed in the *Border Minstrelsy*, (vol. iii. p. 230,) "chiefly from Mrs. Brown's MS. with corrections from a recited fragment." Motherwell furnishes a different version, from recitation, (*Minstrelsy*, p. 374,) which is subjoined to the present, and the well-known ditty of the *Laidley Worm of Spindleston-Heugh*, upon the same theme, will be found in the Appendix to this volume.

"Such transformations as the song narrates," remarks Sir Walter Scott, "are common in the annals of chivalry. In the 25th and 26th cantos of the second book of the *Orlando Innamorato*, the Paladin, Brandimarte, after surmounting many obstacles, penetrates into the recesses of an enchanted palace. Here he finds a fair damsel, seated upon a tomb, who announces to him, that, in order to achieve her deliverance, he must raise the lid of the sepulchre, and kiss whatever being should issue forth. The knight, having pledged his faith, proceeds to open the tomb out of which a monstrous snake issues forth, with a tremendous hiss. Brandimarte, with much reluctance, fulfils the *hizarre* conditions of the adventure; and the monster is instantly changed into a beautiful Fairy, who loads her deliverer with benefits."

Jomfruen i Ormeham, in Grundtvig's *Danmarks Gamle Folkeviser*, ii. 177, is essentially the same ballad as *Kempion*. The characteristic incident of the story (a maiden who has been transformed by her step-mother into a snake or other monster, being restored to her proper shape by the kiss of a knight) is as common in the proper fiction of the North as Scott asserts it to be in chivalrous romance. For instances, see Grundtvig, l. l., and under the closely related *Lindormen*, i. 211.

The name *Kempion* is itself a monument of the relation of our ballads to the *Kæmperiser*. Pollard of Pollard Hall, who slew "a venomous serpent which did much harm to man and beast," is called in the modern legend a *Champion Knight*.

"Cum heir, cum heir, ye freely feed,
And lay your head low on my knee;
The heaviest weird I will you read,
That ever was read to gay ladye.

"O meikle dolour sall ye dree,
And nye the salt seas o'er ye'se swim;
And far mair dolour sall ye dree
On Estmere crags,¹ when ye them climb.

¹ If by Estmere Crags we are to understand the rocky

"I weird ye to a fiery beast,
And relieved sall ye never be,
Till Kempion, the kingis son,
Cum to the crag, and thrice kias thee."—

O meikle dolour did she dree,
And aye the salt seas o'er she swam ;
And far mair dolour did she dree
On Eastmere crags, when she them clamb.

And aye she cried for Kempion,
Gin he would but come to her hand :
Now word has gane to Kempion,
That sicken a beast was in his land.

"Now, by my sooth," said Kempion,
"This fiery beast I'll gang and see."—
"And by my sooth," said Segramour,
"My ae brother, I'll gang wi' thee."

Then bigged hae they a bonny boat,
And they hae set her to the sea ;
But a mile before they reach'd the shore,
Around them she gar'd the red fire flee.

cliffs of Northumberland, in opposition to Westmoreland, we may bring our scene of action near Bamborough, and thereby almost identify the tale of *Kempion* with that of the *Laidley Worm of Spindleston*, to which it bears so strong a resemblance.—SCOTT. But why should we seek to do this?

"O Segramour, keep the boat afloat,
And let her na the land o'er near;
For this wicked beast will sure gae mad,
And set fire to a' the land and mair."—

Syne has he bent an arblast bow,
And aim'd an arrow at her head;
And swore if she durna quit the land,
Wi' that same shaft to shoot her dead.

"O out of my stythe I winna rise,
(And it is not for the awe o' thee.)
Till Kempion, the king's son,
Cum to the crag, and thrice kiss me."—

He has louted him o'er the dizzy crag,
And gien the monster kisses ane;
Awa she gaed, and again she cam,
The fieriest beast that ever was seen.

"O out o' my stythe I winna rise,
(And not for a' thy bow nor thee.)
Till Kempion, the king's son,
Cum to the crag, and thrice kiss me."—

He's louted him o'er the Estmere crags,
And he has gien her kisses twa:
Awa she gaed, and again she cam,
The fieriest beast that ever you saw.

" O out of my den I winna rise,
Nor dee it for the fear o' thee,
Till Kempion, that courteous knight,
Com to the crag, and thrice kiss me."—

He's louted him o'er the lofty crag,
And he ha' gien her kisses three :
Awa she gied, and agan she cam,
The loveliest lady e'er could be !

" And by my sooth," says Kempion,
" My ain true love, (for this is she,)
They surely had a heart o' stane,
Could put thee to such misery.

" O was it warwolf in the wood ?
Or was it mermaid in the sea ?
Or was it man or vile woman,
My ain true love, that misshaped thee ?"—

" It wasna warwolf in the wood,
Nor was it mermaid in the sea :
But it was my wicked step-mother,
And wae and weary may she be !"—

" O, a heavier weird shall light her on,
Than ever fell on vile woman ;
Her hair shall grow rough, and her teeth
grow lang,
And on her four feet shall she gang.

"None shall take pity her upon;
In Wormeswood she aye shall won;
And relieved shall she never be,
Till St. Mungo come over the sea."—
And sighing said that weary wight,
"I doubt that day I'll never see!"

KEMP OWYNE.

Kemp Owyne, says Motherwell, "was, no doubt, the same Ewe n or Owain, ap Uren the king of Reged, who is celebrated by the bards, Taliesin and Llywarch-Hen, as well as in the Welsh historical triads. In a poem of G'ruffydd Idrwyd, A. D. 1100, addressed to Owain Glyndwr, is the following allusion to this warrior. 'Thou hast travelled by land and by sea in the conduct of thine affairs, like Owain ap Uren in days of yore, when with activity he encountered the black knight of the water.*' His mistress had a ring esteemed one of the thirteen rarities of Britain, which, (like the wondrous ring of Gyges) would render the wearer invisible." *Mindrelsy*, p. lxxxiii.

The copy of Kemp Owyne printed in Buchan's *Ancient Ballads*, (v. 18,) is the same as the following.

Her mother died when she was young,
Which gave her cause to make great moan :

* " On sea, on land, thou still didst brave
The dangerous cliff and rapid wave;
Like Uren, who subdu'd the knight,
And the fell dragon put to flight,
You moss-grown fount beside;
The grim, black warrior of the flood,
The dragon, gorged with human blood,
The waters' scaly pride."

Jones's *Welsh Bards*, .. 41.

Her father married the warst woman
That ever lived in Christendom.

She served her with foot and hand,
In every thing that she could dee ;
Till once, in an unlucky time,
She threw her in ower Craigy's sea.

Says, " Lie you there, dove Isabel,
And all my sorrows lie with thee ;
Till Kemp Owyne come ower the sea,
And borrow you with kisses three,
Let all the world do what they will,
Oh borrowed shall you never be."

Her breath grew strang, her hair grew lang,
And twisted thrice about the tree,
And all the people, far and near,
Thought that a savage beast was she ;
This news did come to Kemp Owyne,
Where he lived far beyond the sea.

He hasted him to Craigy's sea,
And on the savage beast look'd he ;
Her breath was strung, her hair was lang,
And twisted was about the tree,
And with a swing she came about :
" Come to Craigy's sea, and kiss with me.

" Here is a royal belt," she cried,
" That I have found in the green sea ;

And while your body it is on,
Drawn shall your blood never be ;
But if you touch me, tail or fin,
I vow my belt your death shall be."

He stepped in, gave her a kiss,
The royal belt he brought him wi' ;
Her breath was strang, her hair was lang,
And twisted twice about the tree,
And with a swing she came about :
" Come to Craigy's sea, and kiss with me.

" Here is a royal ring," she said,
" That I have found in the green sea ;
And while your finger it is on,
Drawn shall your blood never be ;
But if you touch me, tail or fin,
I swear my ring your death shall be."

He stepped in, gave her a kiss,
The royal ring he brought him wi' ;
Her breath was strang, her hair was lang,
And twisted ance around the tree,
And with a swing she came about
" Come to Craigy's sea, and kiss with me.

" Here is a royal brand," she said,
" That I have found in the green sea ;
And while your body it is on,
Drawn shall your blood never be :

But if you touch me, tail or fin,
I swear my brand your death shall be."

He stepped in, gave her a kiss,
The royal brand he brought him wi' ;
Her breath was sweet, her hair grew short,
And twisted nane about the tree ;
And smilingly she came about,
As fair a woman as fair could be.

KING HENRY.

A modernized copy of King Henry was published in the *Tales of Wonder*, (No 57,) under the title of *Courteous King Janac*. It first appeared in an ancient dress in the *Border Minstrelsy*, (iii. 274,) but a version preferable in some respects was given by Jamieson in his *Popular Ballads*, (ii. 194,) which is here printed, without the editor's interpolations. For a notice of similar legends, see the *Marriage of Sir Gairne*, at page 23 of this volume.

Lat never a man a wooing wend,
That lacketh things three;
A routh o' gould, an open heart,
Ay fu' o' charity.

As this I speak of King Henry,
For he lay burd-alane;
And he's doen him to a jelly hunt's la',
Was far frae ony town.

He chas'd the deer now him before,
And the roe down by the den,
Till the fattest buck in a' the flock
King Henry he has slain.

O he has doon him to his ha',
To mak him bierly cheer,
And in it cam a grisly ghost,
Staed -stappin' i' the floor.

Her head hat the roof-tree o' the house,
Her middle ye mat weel span; —
He's thrown to her his gay mantle;
Says, — "Ladie, hap your lingeun."

Her teeth was a' like teather stakes,
Her nose like club or mell;
And I ken nae thing she 'pear'd to be,
But the fiend that wons in hell.

"Some meat, some meat, ye King Henry;
Some meat ye gie to me."
"And what meat's in this house, Ladie?
And what ha'e I to gie?"
"Its ye do kill your berry-brown steed,
And ye bring him here to me."

O whan he slew his berry-brown steed,
Wow but his heart was sair!
She ate him a' up, flesh and bane,
Left naething but lude and hair.

"Mair meat, mair meat, ye King Henry,
Mair meat ye bring to me."
"And what meat's in this house, Ladie?"

And what hae I to gie?"

"O ye lo kill your good grey hounds,
And ye bring them in to me."

O whan he killed his good grey hounds,
Wow but his heart was sair!
She ate them a' up, flesh and bane,
Left naething but hide and hair.

"Mair meat, mair meat, ye King Henry,
Mair meat ye bring to me"

"And what meat's in this house, Ladie?
And what hae I to gie?"

"O ye do kill your gay goss hawks,
And ye bring them here to me."

O whan he kill'd his gay goss hawks,
Wow but his heart was sair!
She ate them a' up, skin and bane,
Left naething but feathers bare.

"Some drink, some drink, now, King Henry;
Some drink ye bring to me."

"O what drink's in this house, Ladie,
That ye're nae welcome tee?"

"O ye sew up your horse's hide,
And bring in a drink to me."

And he's sew'd up the bloody hide,
A puncheon o' wine put in;

She drank it a' up at a waught,
Left na ae drap ahin'.

"A bed, a bed, now, King Henry,
A bed ye mak to me;
For ye maun pu' the heather green,
And mak a bed to me."

And pu'd has he the heather green,
And made to her a bed;
And up he's ta'en his gay mantle,
And o'er it has he spread.

"Tak aff your claiiths, now, King Henry,
And lye down by my side;"
"O God forbid," says King Henry,
"That ever the like betide;
That ever the fiend that wons in hell,
Should streek down by my side."

• • • • •

Whan nicht was gane, and day was come,
And the sun shone thro' the ha',
The fairest lady that ever was seen
Lay atween him and the wa'.

"O weel is me!" says King Henry:
"How lang'll this last wi' me?"
Then out it spake that fair lady, —
"E'en till the day you die."

**“For I’ve met wi’ mony a gentle knight,
That gae me sic a fill;
But never before wi’ a curteis knight,
That gae me a’ my will.”**

COSPATRICK

(*Border Minstrelsy*, iii. 263.)

This ballad, which is still very popular, is known under various other names, as *Bothwell*, *Child Brenton*, *Lord Dingwall*, *We were Sisters, we were Seven*, &c. Scott's version was derived principally from recitation, but some of the concluding stanzas were taken from Herd's. Herd's copy, which must be regarded as a fragment, is given in connection with the present, and Buchan's in the Appendix to this volume. Another edition, of a suspicious character, may be seen in Cromek's *Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song*, (p. 295.) All the principal incidents of the story are to be met in *Ingefred og Gudrune*, *Danske Viser*, No. 194, translated by Jameson, *Illustrations*, p. 340. More or less imperfect versions of the same are *Riddar Olle*, *Svenska Folk-Visor*, ii. p. 217, 59, 56, 213, and *Herr Aster och Präken Sissa*, p. 59. The substitution of the maid servant for the bride, occurs also in *Torkud Trundeson*, *Danske V.*, No. 200, or *Thorkil Troneson*, *Arvidsson*, No. 56. This idea was perhaps derived from *Tristan and Isold*: see Scott's *Sir Tristrem*, ll. 54, 55.

COSPATRICK has sent o'er the sea;
Cospatrick brought his ladye hame;
And fourscore ships have come her wi',
The ladye by the grene-wood tree.

There were twal' and twal' wi' baken bread,
And twal' and twal' wi' gowd sae reid,
And twal' and twal' wi' bouted flour,
And twal' and twal' wi' the paramour.

Sweet Willy was a widow's son,
And at her stirrup he did run;
And she was clad in the finest pall,
But aye she let the tears down fall.

"O is your saddle set awrye?
Or rides your steed for you ower high?
Or are you mourning, in your tide,
That you suld be Cospatrick's bride?"

"I am not mourning, at this tide,
That I suld be Cospatrick's bride;
But I am sorrowing in my mood,
That I suld leave my mother good.

"But, gentle boy, come tell to me,
What is the custom of thy countrie?"—
"The custom thereof, my dame," he says,
"Will ill a gentle laydye please.

"Seven king's daughters has our lord wedded,
And seven king's daughters has our lord
bedded;
But he's cutted their breasts frae their breast-
bane,
And sent them mourning hame again.

"Yet, gin you're sure that you're a maid,
Ye may gae safely to his bed;

But gif o' that ye be na sure,
Then hire some damsell o' your bour."—

The ladye's call'd her bour maiden,
That waiting was into her train ;
" Five thousand merks I'll gie to thee,
To sleep this night with my lord for me."—

When bells were rung, and mass was sayne,
And a' men unto bed were gane,
Cospatrick and the bonny maid,
Into a chamber they were laid.

" Now, speak to me, blankets, and speak to me.
bed,
And speak, thou sheet, enchanted web ;
And speak up, my bonny brown sword, that
winna lie,
Is this a true maiden that lies by me ? "—

" It is not a maid that you hae wedded,
But it is a maid that you hae bedded ;
It is a leal maiden that lies by thee,
But not the maiden that it should be."—

O wrathfully he left the bed,
And wrathfully his claes on did ;
And he has ta'en him through the ha',
And on his mother he did ca'.

"I am the most unhappy man,
That ever was in Christen land!
I courted a maiden, meik and mild,
And I hae gotten naething but a woman wi'
child."—

"O stay, my son, into this ha',
And sport ye wi' your merry men a';
And I will to the secret bower,
To see how it fares wi' your paramour."—

The carline she was stark and sture,
She aff the hinges dang the dure;
"O is your hairn to laird or loun,
Or is it to your father's groom?"—

"O hear me, mother, on my knee,
Till my sad story I tell to thee:
O we were sisters, sisters seven,
We were the fairest under heaven.

"It fell on a summer's afternoon,
When a' our toilsome task was done,
We cast the kevels us amang,
To see which suld to the grene-wood gang.

"Ohon! alas, for I was youngest,
And aye my wierd it was the hardest!
The kevil it on me did fa',
Whilk was the cause of a' my woe.

" For to the grene-wood I maun gae,
To pu' the red rose and the slae;
To pu' the red rose and the thyme,
To deck my mother's bower and mine.

" I hadna pu'd a flower but ane,
When by there came a gallant hende,
Wi' high-coll'd hose and laigh-coll'd shoon,
And he seem'd to be sum king's son.

" And be I a maid, or be I nae,
He kept me there till the close o' day;
And be I a maid, or be I nane,
He kept me there till the day was done.

" He gae me a lock o' his yellow hair,
And bade me keep it ever mair;
He gae me a carknet o' bonny beads,
And bade me keep it against my needs.

" He gae to me a gay gold ring,
And bade me keep it abune a' thing."—

" What did ye wi' the tokens rare,
That ye gat frae that gallant there? "—

" O bring that coffer unto me,
And a' the tokens ye sall see."—

" Now stay, daughter, your bower within,
While I gae parley wi' my son."—

O she has ta'en her thro' the ha',
And on her son began to ca' ;

" What did ye wi' the bonny beads
I bade you keep against your needs ?

" What did you wi' the gay gold ring
I bade you keep alune a' thing ? "—

" I gae them to a ladye gay,
I met on grene-wood on a day.

" But I wad gie a' my halls and tours,
I had that ladye within my bours ;
But I wad gie my very life,
I had that ladye to my wife."—

" Now keep, my son, your ha's and tours,
Ye have the bright burd in your bours ;
And keep, my son, your very life,
Ye have that ladye to your wife."—

Now, or a month was come and gane,
The ladye bare a bonny son ;
And 'twas weel written on his breast-bane,

" Cospatriek ' is my father's name."

" O row my lady in satin and silk,
And wash my son in the morning milk."

¹ Cospatriek, *Comes Patricius*, was the designation of the Earl of Dunbar, in the days of Wallace and Bruce. — Scott.

BOTHWELL.

From Herd's *Scottish Songs*, (l. 143.)

As Bothwell was walking in the lowlands *alan*—

Hey down, and a down,

He met six ladies *sae* gallant and fine,

Hey down, and a down.

He cast his lot among them *a'*,

And on the youngest his lot did fa'.

He's brought her frae her mother's bower,

Unto his strongest castle and tower.

But ay she cry'd and made great moan,

And ay the tear came trickling down.

'Come up, come up,' said the foremost man,

'I think our bride comes slowly on.'

"O lady, sits your saddle awry,

Or is your steed for you owre high?"

"My saddle is not set awry,

Nor carries me my steed owre high;

"But I am weary of my life,
Since I maun be Lord Bothwell's wife."

He's blawn his horn sae sharp and shrill,
Up start the deer on every hill ;

He's blawn his horn sae lang and loud,
Up start the deer in gude green wood.

His lady mother lookit owre the castle wa',
And she saw them riding ane and a'.

She's called upon her maids by seven,
To mak his bed baith saft and even:

She's called upon her cooks by nine,
To make their dinner fair and fine.

When day was gane and night was come,
"What ails my love on me to frown ?

"Or does the wind blow in your glove,
Or runs your mind on another love ?"

"Nor blows the wind within my glove,
Nor runs my mind on another love ;"

"But I not maid nor maiden am,
For I'm wi' bairn to another man."

"I thought I'd a maiden sae meek and sae mild,
But I've nought but a woman wi' child."

His mother's taen her up to a tower,
And lockit her in her secret bower:

"Now doughter mine, come tell to me,
Wha's bairn this is that you are wi'."

"O mother dear, I canna learn
Wha is the father of my bairn."

"But as I walk'd in the lowlands my lane,
I met a gentleman gallant and fine:

"He keepit me there sae late and sae long,
Frae the evening late till the morning dawn;

"And a' that he gied me to my propine,
Was a pair of green gloves and a gay gold ring."

"Thine lauchters of his yellow hair,
In case that we should meet nae mair."

His lady mother went down the stair:

"Now son, now son, come tell to me,
Wha's the green gloves I gave to thee?"

"I gied to a lady sae fair and so fine,
The green gloves and a gay gold ring."

“ But I wad gie my castles and towers,
I had that lady within my bowers :

“ But I wad gie my very life,
I had that lady to be my wife.”

“ Now keep, now keep your castles and towers.
You have that lady within your bowers :

“ Now keep, now keep your very life,
You have that lady to be your wife.”

“ O row my lady in sattin and silk,
And wash my sou in the morning milk.”

WILLIE'S LADYE.

PRINTED from Mrs. Brown's MS., in the *Border Minstrelsy*, vol. vi. p. 170. Another copy is given in Jamieson's *Popular Ballads*, (i. 367,) as 1 version, enlarged and altered from the ancient, in the same work, (ii. 179,) and in *Tales of Wonder*, No. 56. This ballad bears a striking resemblance to *Sir Stig and Lady Toreldid*, translated from the Danish by Jamieson, *Illustrations of Northern Antiquities*, p. 344. This is the eighth (marked II) of nine Danish ballads given by Grundtvig, under the title *Hætra og Mand Moder*, vol. ii. 404. Three Swedish versions have been printed: two in Arwidsson's *Fornsånger, Litteræ Keratens Fortællning*, ii. 252, and another (Grundtvig) in Cavallius and Stephens's *Svenska Folksågor*.

"Those who wish to know how an incantation, or charm, of the distressing nature here described, was performed in classic days, may consult the story of Galanthus's Metamorphosis, in Ovid, or the following passage in Apuleius:—'Eadem (scilicet, solum, quædam) amatois uxorem, quod in eam diacole probrum fixerat, jam in sarcinam prægnationis, obsepto utero, et repigrato fetu, perpetua prægnatione damnavit. Et ut cuncti narrant, octo annorum onere, misella illa, velut elephantum paritura, distenditur.' APUL. *Metam.* lib. i.

"There is a curious tale about a Count of Westervisa, whom a deserted concubine bewitched upon his marriage, so as to preclude all hopes of his becoming a father. The spell continued to operate for three years, till one day, the Count happening to meet with

his former mistress, she maliciously asked him about the increase of his family. The Count, conceiving some suspicion from her manner, craftily answered, that God had blessed him with three fine children, on which she exclaimed, like Willie's mother in the ballad, "May heaven confound the owl hag by whose counsel I throw an enchanted pitcher into the draw-well of your palace!" The spell, being found, and destroyed, the Count became the father of a numerous family. *Hierarchy of the Dissected Angels* p. 474." SCOTT.

WILLIE'S ta'en him o'er the faem,
He's wooed a wife, and brought her hame;
He's wooed her for her yellow hair,
But his mother wrought her meikle care;

And meikle dolour gar'd her dree,
For lighter she can never be;
But in her bower she sits wi' pain,
And Willie mourns o'er her in vain.

And to his mother he has gane,
That vile rank witch, o' vilest kind!
He says — "My ludie has a cup,
Wi' gowd and silver set about;
This gudely gift sall be your ain,
And let her be lighter o' her young bairn."—

"Of her young bairn she's never be lighter,
Nor in her bower to shone the brighter:
But she sall die, and turn to clay,
And you sall wed another may."—

"Another may I'll never wed,
Another may I'll never bring hame :"—
But, sighing, said that weary wight—
"I wish my life were at an end !

"Yet gae ye to your mother again,
That vile rank witch, o' vilest kind !
And say, your ladye has a steed,
The like o' him's no in the land o' Leed.

"For he is silver shod before,
And he is gowden shod behind ;
At every tuft of that horse mane,
There's a golden chess, and a bell to ring.
This gadelly gift sall be her ain,
And let me be lighter o' my young bairn."—

"Of her young bairn she's ne'er be lighter,
Nor in her hour to shine the brighter ;
But she sall die, and turn to clay,
And ye sall wed another may."—

"Another may I'll never wed,
Another may I'll never bring hame :"—
But, sighing, said that weary wight—
"I wish my life were at an end !—

"Yet gae ye to your mother again,
That vile rank witch, o' ruckest kind !
And say your ladye has a girdle,
It's a red gowd to the middle ;

“ And aye, at ilka siller hem
Hang my siller bells and ten ;
This guidely gift sall be her ain,
And let me be lighter o' my young bairn.”—

“ Of her young bairn she's ne'er be lighter,
Nor in your hour to shine the brighter ;
For she sall die, and turn to clay,
And thou sall wed another may.”—

“ Another may I'll never wed,
Another may I'll never bring hame : ”—
But, sighing, said that weary wight—
“ I wish my days were at an end ! ”—

Then out and spak the Billy Blind,¹
(He spak aye in good time :)—

“ Yet gie ye to the market-place,
And there do buy a loaf of wae ;
Do shape it bairn and bairnly like,
And in it twa glassen een you'll put ;

“ And bid her your boy's christening to,
Then notice weel what she shall do ;
And do you stand a little away,
To notice weel what she may say.”

¹ *Billy Blind*—A faun our genius, or propitious spirit, somewhat similar to the *Brounie*.

He did him to the market-place,
 And there he bought a loaf¹ o' wax;
 He shaped it bairn and bairnly like,
 And in twa glazen een he pat;

He did him till his mither then,
 And bade her to his boy's christnin;
 And he did stand a little forbye,
 And noticed well what she did say.

"O wha has loosed the nine witch knots,
 That were amang that ladye's locks?
 And wha's ta'en out the kaims o' care,
 That were amang that ladye's hair?"

"And wha has ta'en down that bush o' woodbine,
 That hung between her bower and mine?
 And wha has kill'd the master kid,²
 That ran beneath that ladye's bed?
 And wha has loosed her left foot slee,
 And let that ladye lighter be?"

Syne, Willy's loosed the nine witch knots,
 That were amang that ladye's locks;
 And Willie's ta'en out the kaims o' care,
 That were into that ladye's hair;

¹ loaf, Jamieson.

² These two stanzas are inserted from Jamieson's copy.

³ The witch's chief servant, placed in the chamber of the sick woman in the form of a kid.

And he's ta'en down the bush o' woodbine,
Hung atween her bour and the witch carline ;
And he has kill'd the master kid,
That ran beneath that ladye's bed ;

And he has loosed her left foot shee,
And latten that ladye lighter be ;
And now he has gotten a bonny son,
And meikie grace be him upon.

And ay, on ilka Saturday's night,
My sister Maisry came to me,

Wi' silver bason, and silver kemb,
To kemb my headie upon her knee;
But or I had kiss'd her ugly mouth,
I'd rather hae toddled about the tree.

But as it fell out on last Hallowe'en,
When the Seely Court¹ was ridin' by,
The queen lighted down on a gowan bank,
Nae far frae the tree where I went to lye.

She took me up in her milk-white hand,
And she straike'd me three times o'er her
knee;
She changed me again to my ain proper shape,
And I nae mair maun toddle about the tree.

¹ *Seely Court*, i. e. "pleasant or happy court," or "court of the pleasant and happy people." This agrees with the ancient and more legitimate idea of *Faires*. JAMIESON. See p. 126.

THE EARL OF MAR'S DAUGHTER.

From Buchanan's *Ancient Ballads and Songs of the North of Scotland*, (i. 49.)

It is much to be regretted that this piece has not come down to us in a purer and more ancient form. Similar ballads are found in Danish, Swedish, and Finnish. Several forms of the Danish are given by Grundtvig (*Hvide, en i Fuglehaan*, No. 68), who also cites many popular tales which have the same basis, e.g. the Countess d'Aulnoy's fairy story of *The Blue Bird*.

It was intill a pleasant time,
Upon a simmer's day;
The noble Earl of Mar's daughter
Went forth to sport and play.

As thus she did amuse hersell,
Below a green aik tree,
There she saw a sprightly doo
Set on a tower sae hie.

"O Cow-mo-doo, my love sae true,
If ye'll come down to me,
Ye'se hae a cage o' guid red gowd
Instead o' simple tree :

"I'll put gowd lingers roun' your cage,
And siller roun' your wa' ;
I'll gar ye shine as fair a bird
As ony o' them a'."

But she had nae these words well spoke,
Nor yet these words well said,
Till Cow-me-doo flew frae the tower,
And lighted on her head.

Then she has brought this pretty bird
Hame to her bowers and ha' ;
And made him shine as fair a bird
As ony o' them a'.

When day was gane, and night was come,
About the evening tide,
This lady spied a sprightly youth
Stand straight up by her side.

" From whence came ye, young man ? " she
said,

" That does surprise me sair ;
My door was bolted right secure ;
What way ha'e ye come here ? "

" O had your tongue, ye lady fair,
Lat a' your folly be ;
Mind ye not on your turtle doo
Last day ye brought wi' thee ? "

" O tell me mair, young man," she said,
" This does surprise me now ;
What country ha'e ye come frae ?
What pedigree are you ? "

" My mither lives on foreign isles,
She has nae mair but me ;
She is a queen o' wealth and state,
And birth and high degree ;

" Likewise well skill'd in magic spells,
As ye may plainly see ;
And she transform'd me to yon shape,
To charm such maids as thee.

" I am a doo the live lang day,
A sprightly youth at night ;
This aye gars me appear mair fair
In a fair maiden's sight.

" And it was but this verra day
That I came ower the sea ;
Your lovely face did me enchant,—
I'll live and dee wi' thee."

" O Cow-me-doo, my luvæ sæ true,
Næ mair fræ me ye'se gæe."

" That's never my intent, my luvæ,
As ye said, it shall be sæe."

" O Cow-me-doo, my luvæ sæ true,
It's time to gæe to bed."

" Wi' a' my heart, my dear marrow,
It's be as ye hæ'e said."

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Then he has staid in bower wi' her
For sax lang years and ane,
Till sax young sons to him she bare,
And the seventh she's brought hame.

But aye as ever a child was born,
He carried them away,
And brought them to his mither's care,
As fast as he cou'd fly.

Thus he has staid in bower wi' her
For twenty years and three ;
There came a lord o' high renown
To court this fair ladie.

But still his proffer she refused,
And a' his presents too ;
Says, " I'm content to live alane
Wi' my bird, Cow-me-doo."

Her father sware a solemn oath
Among the nobles all,
" 'Tis morn, or ere I eat or drink,
'This bird I will gar kill."

The bird was sitting in his cage,
And heard what they did say ;
And when he found they were dismiss,
Says, " Waes me for this day !

"Before that I do langer stay,
And thus to be forlorn,
I'll gang unto my mither's bower,
Where I was bred and born."

Then Cow-me-doo took flight and flew
Beyond the raging sea;
And lighted near his mither's castle
On a tower o' gowd sae hie.

As his mither was wauking out,
To see what she could see,
And there she saw her little son
Set on the tower sae hie.

"Get dancers here to dance," she said,
"And minstrells for to play;
For here's my young son, Florentine,
Come here wi' me to stay."

"Get nae dancers to dance, mither,
Nor minstrells for to play;
For the mither o' my seven sons,
The morn's her wedding-day."

"O tell me, tell me, Florentine,
Tell me, and tell me true,
Tell me this day without a flaw,
What I will do for you."

"Instead of dancers to dance, mither,
Or minstrells for to play,
Turn four-and-twenty wall-wight men,
Like storks, in feathers gray ;

' My seven sons in seven swans,
Aboon their heads to flee ;
And I, mysel, a gay gos-hawk,
A bird o' high degree."

Then siehin' said the queen hersell,
" That thing's too high for me ;"
But she applied to an auld woman,
Who had mair skill than she.

Instead o' dancers to dance a dance,
Or minstrells for to play,
Four-and-twenty wall-wight men
Turn'd birds o' feathers gray ;

Her seven sons in seven swans,
Aboon their heads to flee ;
And he, himsel, a gay gos-hawk,
A bird o' high degree.

This flock o' birds took flight and flew
Beyond the raging sea ;
And landed near the Earl Mar's castle,
Took shelter in every tree.

They were a flock o' pretty birds,
 Right comely to be seen ;
 The people view'd them wi' surprise,
 As they danc'd on the green.

These birds ascended frae the tree,
 And lighted on the ha' ;
 And at the last wi' force did flee
 Among the nobles a'.

The storks there seized some o' the men,
 They cou'd neither fight nor flee ;
 The swans they bound the bride's best man,
 Below a green aik tree.

They lighted next on maidens fair,
 The 1 on the bride's own head ;
 And wi' the twinkling o' an e'e,
 The bride and them were fled.

There's ancient men at weddings been,
 For sixty years or more ;
 But sic a curious wedding-day
 They never saw before.

For naething cou'd the companie do,
 Ncr naething cou'd they say ;
 But they saw a flock o' pretty birds
 That took their bride away.

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When that Earl Mar he came to know
Where his dochter did stay,
He sign'd a bond o' unity,
And visits now they pay.

YOUNG AKIN.

Mr Kinloch printed a fragment of this ballad under the title of *Hynde Elin*. (See Appendix.) The story was afterwards given complete by Buchan, (*Ballads of the North of Scotland*, i. 6.) as here follows. Buchan had previously communicated to Motherwell a modernized version of the same tale, in which the Elin is changed to a Groom. (See *post*.)

This ancient ballad has suffered severely in the course of its transmission to our times. Still there can be no doubt that it was originally the same as *The Maid and the Dwarf King*, which is still sung in Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and the Farøe Islands. Numerous copies of the Scandinavian ballad have been given to the world—seven Danish versions, more or less complete, four Norse, nine Swedish, one Faroish, and some other fragments (Grundtvig ii 37 and note, p. 655). One of the Swedish ballads (*Bergkonungen*, Afzelius, No. 35) is translated in Keightley's *Fairy Mythology*, 103, under the title of *Proud Margaret*. Closely related is *Agnete og Hucmanden*, Grundtvig, R. 48, 656, which is found in several forms in German (e. g. *Die schöne Hannele* in Hoffmann von Fallersleben's *Schlesische Volkslieder*, No. 1), and two in Slavic.

LADY MARGARET sits in her bower door,
Sewing at her silken seam;
She heard a note in Elmond's-wood,
And wish'd she there had been.

She loot the seam fa' frae her side,
And the needle to her tae;
And she is on to Elmond-wood
As fast as she cou'd gae.

She hadna pu'd a nut, a nut,
Nor broken a branch but ane,
'Till by it came a young hind chiel,
Says, "Lady, lat alane."

"O why pu' ye the nut, the nut,
Or why brake ye the tree?
For I am forester o' this wood:
Ye shou'd spier leave at me."

"I'll ask leave at no living man,
Nor yet will I at thee;
My father is king o'er a' this realm,
This wood belongs to me."

She hadna pu'd a nut, a nut,
Nor broken a branch but three,
'Till by it came him Young Akin,
And gar'd her lat them be.

The highest tree in Elmond's-wood,
He's pu'd it by the root;
And he has built for her a bower
Near by a hallow seat.

He's built a bower, made it secure
Wi' carbuncle and stane;
Tho' travellers were never sae nigh,
Appearance it had nane.

He's kept her there in Elmond's-wood,
For six long years and one ;
Till six pretty sons to him she bear,
And the seventh she's brought home.

It fell ance upon a day,
This guid lord went from home ;
And he is to the hunting gane,
Took wi' him his eldest son.

And when they were on a guid way,
Wi' slowly pace did walk,
The boy's heart being something wae,
He thus began to talk : —

"A question I wou'd ask, father,
Gin ye wou'dna angry be ?"
"Say on, say on, my bonny boy,
Ye'se nae be quarrell'd by me."

"I see my mither's cheeks aye weet,
I never can see them dry ;
And I wonder what aileth my mither,
To mourn continually."

"Your mither was a king's daughter,
Spring frae a high degree ;
And she m'ight hae wed some worthy prince,
Had she nae been stown by me.

" I was her father's cup-bearer,
Just at that fatal time ;
I catch'd her on a masty night,
Whan summer was in prime.

" My lave to her was most sincere,
Her lave was great for me ;
But when she hardships doth endure,
Her folly she does see."

" I'll shoot the buntin' o' the bush,
The linnet o' the tree,
And bring them to my dear mither,
See if she'll merrier be."

It fell upo' another day,
This guid lord he thought lang,
And he is to the hunting gane,
Took wi' him his dog and gun.

Wi' bow and arrow by his side,
He's aff, single, alane ;
And left his seven children to stay
Wi' their mither at hame

" O, I will tell to you, mither,
Gin ye wadna angry be :"
" Speak on, speak on, my little wee boy,
Ye'ae nae be quarrell'd by me."

"As we came frae the hynd hunting,
 We heard fine music ring :"
 "My blessings on you, my bonny boy,
 I wish I'd been there my lane."

He's ta'en his mither by the hand,
 His six brithers al-o,
 And they are on thro' Elmond's-wood,
 As fast as they could go.

They wistna weel where they were gaen,
 Wi' the strathins o' their feet ;
 They wistna weel where they were gaen,
 Till at her father's yate.

"I hae nae money in my pocket,
 But royal rings hae three ;
 I'll gie them you, my little young son,
 And ye'll walk there for me.

"Ye'll gie the first to the proud porter,¹
 And he will lat you in ;
 Ye'll gie the next to the butler boy,
 And he will show you ben ;

¹ The regular propitiation for the "proud porter" of ballad poetry. See, e. g. *King Arthur and the King of Cornwall*, in the Appendix, v. 49. and the note to *King Estmere*, vol. iii. p. 172.

"Ye'll gi'e the third to the minstrel
That plays before the king;
He'll play success to the bonny boy
Came thro' the wood him lane."

He ga'e the first to the proud porter,
And he open'd an' let him in;
He ga'e the next to the butler boy,
And he has shown him ben;

He ga'e the third to the minstrel
That play'd before the king;
And he play'd success to the bonny boy
Came thro' the wood him lane.

Now when he came before the king,
Fell low down on his knee:
The king he turned round about,
And the saut tear blinded his ee.

"Win up, win up, my bonny boy,
Gang frae my companie;
Ye look sae like my dear daughter,
My heart will burst in three."

"If I look like your dear daughter,
A wonder it is none;
If I look like your dear daughter,
I am her eldest son."

"Will ye tell me, ye little wee boy,
Where may my Margaret be?"
"She's just now standing at your yates,
And my six brithers her wi'."

"O where are all my porter boys
That I pay meat and fee,
To open my yates baith wide and braid?
Let her come in to me."

When she came in before the king,
Fell low down on her knee:
"Win up, win up, my daughter dear,
This day ye'll dine wi me"

"Ae bit I canno' eat, father,
Nor ae drop can I drink,
Till I see my mither and sister dear,
For lang for them I think."

When she came before the queen,
Fell low down on her knee:
"Win up, win up, my daughter dear,
This day ye'se dine wi me."

"Ae bit I canno' eat, mither,
Nor ae drop can I drink,
Until I see my dear sister,
For lang for her I think."

When that these two sisters met,
She hail'd her courteousie :
" Come ben, come ben, my sister dear,
This day ye'ae dine wi' me."

" Ae bit I canno' eat, sister,
Nor ae drop can I drink,
Until I see my dear husband,
For lang for him I think."

" O where are all my rangers bold
That I pay meat and fee,
To search the forest far an' wide,
And bring Akin to me ? "

Out it speaks the wee little boy,—
" Na, na, this maunna be ;
Without ye grant a free pardon,
I hope ye'll nae him see."

" O here I grant a free pardon,
Well seal'd by my own han' ;
Ye may make search for young Akin,
As soon as ever you can."

They search'd the country wide and braid,
The forests far and near,
And found him into Elmond's-wood,
Tearing his yellow hair.

"Win up, win up, now young Akin,
Win up, and boun wi' me ;
We're messengers come from the court ;
The king wants you to see."

"O lat him take frae me my head,
Or hang me on a tree ;
For since I've lost my dear lady,
Life's no pleasure to me."

"Your head will nae be touch'd, Akin,
Nor hang'd upon a tree :
Your lady's in her father's court,
And all he wants is thee."

When he came in before the king,
Fell low down on his knee :

"Win up, win up now, young Akin,
This day ye'ae dine wi' me."

But as they were at dinner set,
The boy asked a boun ;

"I wish we were in the good church,
For to get christendoun."

"We ha'e lived in guid green wood
This seven years and ane ;
But a' this time since e'er I mind,
Was never a church within."

"Your asking 's nae sae great, my boy,
But granted it shall be ;
This day to guid church ye shall gang,
And your mither shall gang you wi'."

When unto the guid church she came,
She at the door did stan' ;
She was sae sair sunk down wi' shame,
She couldna come farer ben.

Then out it speaks the parish priest,
And a sweet smile gae he ; —
"Come ben, come ben, my hly flower,
Present your babes to me."

Charles, Vincent, Sam, and Dick,
And likewise James and John ;
They call'd the eldest Young Akin,
Which was his father's name.

Then they staid in the royal court,
And liv'd wi' mirth and glee ;
And when her father was deceas'd,
Heir of the crown was she.

YOUNG HASTINGS THE GROOM

(Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, p. 287.)

"O WELL love I to ride in a mist,
And shoot in a northern wind;
And far better a lady to steal,
That 's come of a noble kind."

Four-and-twenty fair ladies
Put on that lady's sheen;
And as many young gentlemen
Did lead her o'er the green.

Yet she preferred before them all
Him, young Hastings the Groom;
He 's coosten a mist before them all,
And away this lady has ta'en.

He 's taken the lady on him behind,
Spared neither the grass nor corn,
Till they came to the wood of Amonshaw,
Where again their loves were sworn.

And they have lived in that wood
 Full many a year and day,
 And were supported from time to time,
 By what he made of prey.

And seven bairns, fair and fine,
 There she has born to him,
 And never was in good church door,
 Nor never gat good kirking.

Once she took harp into her hand,
 And harped them asleep;
 Then she sat down at their couch side,
 And bitterly did weep.

Said, "Seven bairns have I born now
 To my lord in the ha';
 I wish they were seven greedy rats,
 To run upon the wa',
 And I mysel' a great grey cat,
 To eat them ane an' a'.

"For ten long years now I have lived
 Within this cave of stane,
 And never was at good church door,
 Nor got no good churching."

O then outspak her eldest child,
 And a fine boy was he,—

"O hold your tongue, my mother dear ;
I'll tell you what to dee.

"Take you the youngest in your lap,
The next youngest by the hand ;
Put all the rest of us you before,
As you learnt us to gang.

"And go with us into some good kirk,—
You say they are built of stane,—
And let us all be christened,
And you get good kirking."

She took the youngest in her lap,
The next youngest by the hand ;
Set all the rest of them her before,
As she learnt them to gang.

And she has left the wood with them,
And to a kirk has gaue ;
Where the good priest them christened,
And gave her good kirking.

CLERK COLVILL, OR THE MERMAID.

This ballad exemplifies a superstition deeply rooted in the belief of all the northern nations,—the desire of the Elves and Waterspirits for the love of Christians, and the danger of being exposed to their fascination. The object of their fatal passion is generally a bridegroom, or a bride, on the eve of marriage. See, in the Appendix, *Sir Oran and the Elf-King's Daughter*, for further illustrations, also the two succeeding pieces.

Clerk Colvill was first printed in Herd's *Scottish Songs*, (i. 217,) and was inserted, in an altered shape, in Lewis's *Fables of Wonder*, (No. 56.)

CLERK COLVILL and his lusty dame
Were walking in the garden green ;
The belt around her stately waist
Cost Clerk Colvill of pounds fifteen.

“ O promise me now, Clerk Colvill,
Or it will cost ye muckle strife,
Ride never by the wells of Slane,
If ye wad live and brook your life.”

" Now speak nae mair, my lusty dame,
Now speak nae mair of that to me :
Did I ne'er see a fair woman,
But I wad sin with her fair body ? "

He's ta'en leave o' his gay lady,
No ight minding what his lady said,
And he's rode by the wells of Slane,
Where washing was a bonny maid.

" Wash on, wash on, my bonny maid,
That wash sae clean your sark¹ of silk ; "
" And weel fa' you, fair gentleman,
Your body's whiter than the milk."

• • • • •

Then loud, loud cry'd the Clerk Colvill,
" O my head it pains me sair ; "
" Then take, then take," the maiden said,
" And frae my sark you'll cut a gare."

Then she's gi'd him a little bane-knife,
And frae her sark he cut a share ;
She's ty'd it round his whey-white face,
But ay his head it aaked mair.

Then louder cry'd the Clerk Colvill,
" O sairer, sairer akes my head ; "
" And sairer, sairer ever will,"
The maiden crys, " till you be dead."

¹ his sark.

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Out then he drew his shining blade,
Thinking to stick her where she stood;
But she was vanish'd to a fish,
And swam far off, a fair mermaid.

"O mother, mother, braid my hair;
My lusty lady, make my bed;
O brother, take my sword and spear,
For I have seen the false mermaid."

* * * * *

LADY ISABEL AND THE ELF-KNIGHT.

From Buchan's *Ballads of the North of Scotland*, i. 32, where it is entitled *The Gowans are gay*, from the burden.

THE hero of the first of the two following ballads would seem to be an Elf, that of the second a Nix, or Merman, though the punishment awarded to each of them in the catastrophe, as the ballads now exist, is not consistent with their supernatural character. It is possible that in both instances two independent stories have been blended, but it is curious that the same intermixture should occur in Norse and German also. See Grundtvig's preface to *Noekkens Sang*, ii. p. 57. The conclusion in all these cases is derived from a ballad resembling *May Colrin*, vol. ii. p. 272.

We have had the Elf-Knight introduced under the same circumstances at page 128; indeed, the first three or four stanzas are common to both pieces.

FAIR lady Isabel sits in her bower sewing,
Aye as the gowans grow gay;
There she heard an elf-knight blawing his horn,
The first morning in May.

"If I had yon horn that I hear blawing,"
Aye as the gowans grow gay :
 "And yon elf-knight to sleep in my bosom,"
The first morning in May.

This maiden had scarcely these words spoken.
Aye as the gowans grow gay ;
 Till in at her window the elf knight has luppen,
The first morning in May.

"It's a very strange matter, fair maiden," said he,
Aye as the gowans grow gay,
 "I canna' haw my horn, but ye call on me,"
The first morning in May.

"But will ye go to yon greenwood side,"
Aye as the gowans grow gay ?
 "If ye canna' gang, I wil cause you to ride,"
The first morning in May.

He leapt on a horse, and she on another,
Aye as the gowans grow gay ;
 And they rode on to the greenwood together,
The first morning in May.

"Light down, light down, lady Isabel," said he,
Aye as the gowans grow gay ;
 "We are come to the place where ye are to die,"
The first morning in May.

“ Ha’e mercy, ha’e mercy, kind sir, on me.”

Aye as the gowans grow gay :

“ Till ance my dear father and mother I see,”

The first morning in May.

“ Seven king’s-daughters here hae I slain.”

Aye as the gowans grow gay :

“ And ye shall be the eight o’ them.”

The first morning in May.

“ O sit down a while, lay your head on my knee,”

Aye as the gowans grow gay :

“ That we may hae some rest before that I die.”

The first morning in May.

She stroak’d him sae fast, the nearer he did creep,

Aye as the gowans grow gay :

Wi’ a sma’ charm she lull’d him fast asleep,

The first morning in May.

Wi’ his ain sword belt sae fast as she ban’ him,

Aye as the gowans grow gay :

With his ain dag-durk sae sair as she dang him,

The first morning in May.

“ If seven kings’ daughters here ye ha’e slain,”

Aye as the gowans grow gay,

“ Lye ye here, a husband to them a’,”

The first morning in May.

THE WATER O' WEARIE'S WELL.

FROM Buchan's *Ballads of the North of Scotland*,
ii. 201. Repeated in *Scottish Traditional Versions of
Ancient Ballads*, Percy Society, xvii 63

The three ballads which follow, diverse as they may now appear, after undergoing successive corruptions, were primarily of the same type. In the first (which may be a compound of two ballads, like the preceding the conclusion being taken from a story of the character of *May Colvin* in the next volume) the Merman or Nix may be easily recognized: in the second he is metamorphosed into the Devil; and in the third, into a ghost. Full details upon the corresponding Scandinavian, German, and Slavic legends, are given by Grundtvig, in the preface to *Noekkens Sagn, Danmarks G. Folkevise*, ii. 57: translated by Jamieson, i. 210, and by Monk Lewis, *Tales of Wonder*, No. 11.

THERE came a bird out o' a bush,
On water for to dine;
And sighing sair, says the king's daughter,
"O waes this heart o' mine!"

He's taen a harp into his hand,
He's harped them all asleep;
Except it was the king's daughter
Who ae wink cou'dna get.

He's lappen on his berry-brown steed,
Taen her on behind himsell;
Then baith rade down to that water,
That they ca' Wearie's well.

"Wide in, wide in, my lady fair,
Nae harm shall thee befall;
Aft times hae I water'd my steed,
Wi' the water o' Wearie's well."

The first step that she stepped in,
She stepped to the knee;
And sighing sair, says this lady fair,
"This water's nae for me."

"Wide in, wide in, my lady fair,
Nae harm shall thee befall;
Aft times hae I water'd my steed,
Wi' the water o' Wearie's well."

The next step that she stepped in,
She stepped to the middle;
And sighing, says, this lady fair,
"I've wat my gowden girdle."

"Wide in, wide in, my lady fair,
Nae harm shall thee befall;
Aft times hae I water'd my steed,
Wi' the water o' Wearie's well."

'The niest step that she stepped in,
 She stepped to the chin ;
 And sighing, says, this lady fair,
 " They shou'd gar twa loves twine."

"Seven king's-daughters I've drown'd there,
 In the water o' Wearie's well ;
 And I'll make you the eight o' them,
 And ring the common bell."

"Sin' I am standing here," she says,
 " This dowie death to die ;
 Ae kiss o' your comely mouth
 I'm sure wou'd comfort me."

He louted him ower his saddle bow,
 To kiss her cheek and chin ;
 She's taen him in her arms twa,
 And thrown him headlang in.

" Sin' seven king's daughters ye've drown'd
 there,
 In the water o' Wearie's well,
 I'll make you bridegroom to them a',
 An' ring the bell mysell."

And aye she warsled, and aye she swam,
 Till she swam to dry land ;
 Then thanked God most cheerfully,
 The dangers she'd ower came.

THE DEMON LOVER.

This ballad was communicated to Sir Walter Scott, (*Minstrelsy*, iii. 198) by Mr. William Lindsay, who took it down from recitation. A fragment of the same legend, preserved by *Mac-tuig*, is given in the Appendix to this volume and another version, in which the hero is not a demon, but the ghost of an injured lover, is placed directly after the present.

The Devil (*Vold-Nick*) here takes the place of the Mermaid (*Nix*) of the ancient ballad. See p. 198. and the same natural substitution noted in *K. u. H. — Märchen*, 3d ed. iii. 253.

"O WHERE have you been, my long, long love,
This long seven years and more?"—

"O I'm come to seek my former vows
Ye granted me before."—

"O hold your tongue of your former vows,
For they will breed sad strife;
O hold your tongue of your former vows,
For I am become a wife."

He turn'd him right and round about,
And the tear blinded his ee;
"I wad never hae trodden on Irish ground,
If it had not been for thee."

" I might hae had a king's daughter,
Far, far beyond the sea ;
I might have had a king's daughter,
Had it not been for love o' thee."—

" If ye might have had a king's daughter,
Yer sell ye had to blame ;
Ye might have taken the king's daughter,
For ye kend that I was nane."—

" O faulse are the vows of womankind,
But fair is their faulse bodie ;
I never wad hae trodden on Irish ground,
Had it not been for love o' thee."—

" If I was to leave my husband dear,
And my two babes also,
O what have you to take me to,
If with you I should go ?"—

" I hae seven ships upon the sea,
The eighth brought me to land ;
With four-and-twenty bold mariners,
And music on every hand."

She has taken up her two little babes,
Kiss'd them bauh cheek and chin ;

" O fair ye weel, my ain two babes,
For I'll never see you again."

She set her foot upon the ship,
No mariners could she behold ;
But the sails were o' the taffetie,
And the masts o' the beaten gold.

She had not sail'd a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
When dismal grew his countenance,
And drumlie grew his ee.

The masts that were like the beaten gold,
Bent not on the leaving seas ;
But the sails, that were o' the taffetie,
Fill'd not in the east land breeze.—

They had not sailed a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
Until she espied his cloven foot,
And she wept right bitterlie.

"O hold your tongue of your weeping," says he,
"Of your weeping now let me be ;
I will show you how the lilies grow
On the banks of Italy."—

"O what hills are yon, yon pleasant hills,
That the sun shines sweetly on ?"—
"O yon are the hills of heaven," he said,
"Where you will never win."—

"O whaten a mountain is yon," she said,
"All so dreary wi' frost and snow?"—
"O yon is the mountain of hell," he cried,
"Where you and I will go."

And aye when she turn'd her round about,
Aye taller he seem'd for to be ;
Until that the tops o' that gallant ship
Nae taller were than he.

The clouds grew dark, and the wind grew loud.
And the levin fill'd her ee ;
And waesome wail'd the snaw-white sprites
Upon the gurlie sea.

He strack the tap-mast wi' his hand,
The fore-mast wi' his knee ;
And he brake that gallant ship in twain,
And sank her in the sea.

JAMES HERRIES.

From Buchan's *Ballads of the North of Scotland*, (i. 214

(See the preface to the last ballad but one.)

"O ARE ye my father, or are ye my mother?
Or are ye my brother John?
Or are ye James Herries, my first true love,
Come back to Scotland again?"

"I am not your father, I am not your mother,
Nor am I your brother John;
But I'm James Herries, your first true love,
Come back to Scotland again."

"Awa', awa', ye former lovers,
Had far awa' frae me;
For now I am another man's wife,
Ye'll ne'er see joy o' me."

"Had I kent that ere I came here,
I ne'er had come to thee;
For I might hae married the king's daughter,
Sae fain she wou'd had me.

"I despised the crown o' gold,
The yellow silk al-o ;
And I am come to my true love,
But with me she'll not go."

"My husband he is a carpenter,
Makes his bread on dry land,
And I hae born him a young son,—
Wi' you I will not gang."

"You must forsake your dear husband,
Your little young son also,
Wi' me to sail the raging seas,
Where the stormy winds do blow."

"O what hae you to keep me wi',
If I should with you go ?
If I'd forsake my dear husband,
My little young son also ?"

"See ye not yon seven pretty ships,
The eighth brought me to land ;
With merchandize and mariners,
And wealth in every hand ?"

She turn'd her round upon the shore,
Her love's ships to behold ;
Their topmasts and their mainyards
Were cover'd o'er wi' gold.

Then she's gane to her little young son,
And kiss'd him cheek and chin ;
Sae has she to her sleeping husband,
And dune the same to him.

"O sleep ye, wake ye, my husband,
I wi-h ye wake in time ;
I woudna for ten thousand pounds,
This night ye knew my mind."

She's drawn the slippers on her feet,
Were cover'd o'er wi' gold ;
Well lined within wi' velvet fine,
To had her frae the cold.

She hadna sailed upon the sea
A league but barely three,
'Till she minded on her dear husband.
Her little young son tee.

"O gin I were at land again,
At land where I won'd be,
The woman ne'er shou'd bear the son,
Shou'd gar me sail the sea."

"O hold your tongue, my sprightly flower,
Let a' your mourning be ;
I'll show you how the lilies grow
On the banks o' Italy."

She hadna sailed on the sea
A day but barely ane,
Till the thoughts o' grief came in her mind,
And she lang'd for to be hame.

"O gentle death, come cut my breath,
I may be dead ere morn ;
I may be buried in Scottish ground,
Where I was bred and born."

"O hold your tongue, my lily leesome thing,
Let a' your mourning be ;
But for a while we'll stay at Rose Isle,
Then see a far countrie.

"Ye'se ne'er be buried in Scottish ground,
Nor land ye's nae mair see ;
I brought you away to punish you,
For the breaking your vows to me.

"I said ye shou'd see the lilies grow
On the banks o' Italy ;
But I'll let you see the fishes swim,
In the bottom o' the sea."

He reached his hand to the topmast,
Made a' the sails gae down ;
And in the twinkling o' an e'e,
Baith ship and crew did drown.

The fatal flight o' this wretched maid
Did reach her ain countrie ;
Her husband then distracted ran,
And this lament made he : —

“ O wae be to the ship, the ship,
And wae be to the sea,
And wae be to the mariners,
Took Jeanie Douglas frae me !

“ O bonny, bonny was my love,
A pleasure to behold ;
The very hair o' my love's head
Was like the threads o' gold.

“ O bonny was her cheek, her cheek,
And bonny was her chin ;
And bonny was the bride she was,
The day she was made mine ! ”

*** The following stanzas from a version of this ballad printed at Philadelphia (and called *The House Carpenter*) are given in *Graham's Illustrated Magazine*, Sept. 1858.

“ I might have married the king's daughter dear ; ”
“ You might have married her,” cried she,
“ For I am married to a House Carpenter,
And a fine young man is he.”

“ Oh dry up your tears, my own true love,
And cease your weeping,” cried he ;
“ For soon you'll see your own happy home,
On the banks of old Tennessee.”

THE KNIGHT'S GHOST.

From Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, (i. 237.)

"THERE is a fashion in this land,
And even come to this country,
That every lady should meet her lord,
When he is newly come frae sea :

"Some wi' hawks, and some wi' hounds,
And other some wi' gay mome ;
But I will gae my self alone,
And set his young son on his knee."

She's ta'en her young son in her arms,
And nimbly walk'd by yon sea strand ;
And there she spy'd her father's ship,
As she was sailing to dry land.

"Where hae ye put my ain gude lord,
This day he stays sae far frae me ?"
"If ye be wanting your ain gude lord,
A sight o' him ye'll never see."

"Was he brunt, or was he shot?
Or was he drowned in the sea?
Or what's become o' my ain gude lord,
That he will ne'er appear to me?"

"He wasna brunt, nor was he shot,
Nor was he drowned in the sea;
He was slain in Dumfermling,
A fatal day to you and me."

"Come in, come in, my merry young men,
Come in and drink the wine wi' me;
And a' the better ye shall fare,
For this gude news ye tell to me."

She's brought them down to yon cellar,
She brought them fifty steps and three;
She birl'd wi' them the beer and wine,
Till they were as drunk as drunk could be.

Then she has lock'd her cellar door,
For there were fifty steps and three;
Lie there wi' my sad malison,
For this bad news ye've tauld to me."

She's ta'en the keys intill her hand,
And threw them deep, deep in the sea:
Lie there wi' my sad malison,
Till my gude lord return to me."

Then she sat down in her own room,
And sorrow lull'd her fast asleep;
And up it starts her own gude lord,
And even at that lady's feet.

"Take here the keys, Janet," he says,
"That ye threw deep, deep in the sea;
And ye'll relieve my merry young men,
For they've nane o' the swick o' me.

"They shot the shot, and drew the stroke,
And wad in red bluid to the knee;
Nae sailors mair for their lord coud do,
Nor my young men they did for me."

"I hae a question at you to ask,
Before that ye depart frae me;
You'll tell to me what day I'll die,
And what day will my burial be?"

"I hae nae mair o' God's power
Than he has granted unto me;
But come to heaven when ye will,
There porter to you I will be.

"But ye'll be wed to a finer knight
Than ever was in my degree;
Unto him ye'll lae children nine,
And six o' them will be ladies free.

"The other three will be bold young men,
To fight for king and countrie;
The ane a duke, the second a knight,
And third a laird o' lands sae free."

THE WIFE OF USHER'S WELL.

Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, iii. 258.

That the repose of the dead is disturbed by the immoderate grief of those they have left behind them, is a belief which finds frequent expression in popular ballads. Obstinate sorrow rouses them from their grateful slumber; every tear that is shed for them wets their shroud; they can get no rest, and are compelled to revisit the world they would fain forget, to rebuke and forbid the mourning that destroys their peace.

"Ice-cold and bloody, a lead-weight of sorrow, falls on my breast each tear that you shed,"

says the ghost of Helgi in the *Edda* to his lamenting wife (*Helgak. Hundingsb. II.*) The same idea is found in the German ballad, *Der Forwirth*, Erk's *Liederhort*, No. 46, 46 a, and in various tales as *Das Todtenhemdchen*, (*K. u. H. Märchen*, No. 109, and note), etc. In like manner Sir Aage, in a well-known Danish ballad (*Grundtvig*, No. 90), and the corresponding *Sorgens Magt*, *Scenska F. V.*, No. 6.

"Every time thou weepest for me,
Thy heart makest sad,
Then all within, my coffin stands full
Of clotted blood."

Rarely is the silence of the grave broken for purposes of consolation. Yet some cases there are, as in a Lithuanian ballad cited by Wackernagel, *Altde. Blätter*, i. 176, and a Spanish ballad noticed by Talvj, *Versuch*, p. 141. The present ballad seems to belong to the latter class rather than the former, but it is so imperfect that its true character cannot be determined.

Chambers maintains, we think erroneously, that this ballad is a fragment of *The Clerk's Two Sons o' Ouseford*. See the second volume of this collection, page 68.

THERE lived a wife at Usher's Well,
And a wealthy wife was she,
She had three stout and stalwart sons,
And sent them o'er the sea.

They hadna been a week from her,
A week but barely ane,
When word came to the carline wife,
That her three sons were gane.

They hadna been a week from her,
A week but barely three,
When word came to the carline wife,
That her sons she'd never see.

"I wish the wind may never cease,
Nor fishes¹ in the flood,
Till my three sons come hame to me,
In earthly flesh and blood." —

It fell about the Martinmas,
When nights are lang and mirk,
The carline wife's three sons came hame,
And their hats were o' the birk.

It neither grew in syke nor ditch,
Nor yet in ony shough;
But at the gates o' Paradise,
That birk grew fair enough.

• • • • •

"Blow up the fire, my maidens!
Bring water from the well!
For a' my house shall feast this night,
Since my three sons are well." —

And she has made to them a bed,
She's made it large and wide;
And she's ta'en her mantle her about,
Sat down at the bed-side.

¹ Should we not read, for *fishes* here, *fashes* — i. e. troubles?
— LOCKHART.

• • • • • •
Up then crew the red red cock,
And up and crew the gray ;
The eldest to the youngest said,
" 'Tis time we were away." —

The cock he hadna craw'd but once,
And clapp'd his wings at a',
Whan the youngest to the eldest said,
" Brother, we must awa. —

" The cock doth craw, the day doth daw,
The channerin' worm doth chide ;
Gin we be mist out o' our place,
A sair pain we maun bide.

" Fare ye weel, my mother dear !
Fareweel to barn and byre !
And fare ye weel, the bonny lass,
That kindles my mother's fire."

THE SUFFOLK MIRACLE:

Or, a relation of a young man, who, a month after his death, appeared to his sweetheart, and carried her on horseback behind him for forty miles in two hours, and was never seen after but in his grave.

FROM *A Collection of Old Ballads*, i. 266. In Moore's *Pictorial Book of Ancient Ballad Poetry* (p. 463) is a copy from a broadside in the Roxburghe collection.

The Suffolk Miracle has an external resemblance to several noble ballads, but the likeness does not extend below the surface. It is possible that we have here the residuum of an old poem, from which all the beauty and spirit have been exhaled in the course of tradition, but as the ballad now exists, it is a vulgar ghost story, without any motive. Regarding the external form alone, we may place by its side the Breton ballad, *Le Frère de Lau*, in Villemarqué's *Chants Populaires de la Bretagne*, vol. i. No. 22 (translated by Miss Costello, *Quart. Review*, vol. 68, p. 75), the Romaic ballad of *Constantine and Arete*, in Fauriel's *Chants Populaires de la Grèce Moderne*, p. 406 (see Appendix), and the Servian ballad (related to the Romaic, and perhaps derived from it), *Jeluzza and her Brothers*, Talvj, *Volkslieder der Serben*, i. 160, translated in Bowring's *Servian Popular Poetry* p. 45, all of them among the most beautiful specimens in this kind of literature; and also Bürger's *Lenore*. It has been

once or twice most absurdly suggested that *Lenore* owed its existence to this *Suffolk Miracle*. The difference, indeed, is not greater than between a "Chronicle History" and *Macbeth*; it is however certain that Burger's ballad is all his own, except the hint of the ghostly horseman and one or two phrases, which he took from the description of a Low German ballad. The editors of the *Wunderhorn* claim to give this ballad, vol. ii. p. 19. An equivalent prose tradition is well known in Germany. Most of the ballads relating to the return of departed spirits are brought together in an excellent article by Wackernagel in the *Alldeutsche Blätter*, i. 174.

A WONDER stranger ne'er was known
Than what I now shall treat upon.
In Suffolk there did lately dwell
A farmer rich and known full well.

He had a daughter fair and bright,
On whom he placed his chief delight;
Her beauty was beyond compare,
She was both virtuous and fair.

There was a young man living by,
Who was so charmed with her eye,
That he could never be at rest;
He was by love so much possess'd.

He made address to her, and she
Did grant him love immediately;
But when her father came to hear,
He parted her and her poor dear.

Forty miles distant was she sent,
Unto his brother's, with intent
That she should there so long remain,
Till she had changed her mind again.

Hervat this young man sadly grieved,
But knew not how to be relieved;
He sighed and sobbed continually
That his true love he could not see.

She by no means could to him send,
Who was her heart's espoused friend,
He sighed, he grieved, but all in vain,
For she confined must still remain.

He mourned so much, that doctor's art
Could give no ease unto his heart,
Who was so strangely terrified,
That in short time for love he died.

She that from him was sent away
Knew nothing of his dying day,
But constant still she did remain,
And loved the dead, although in vain.

After he had in grave been laid
A month or more, unto this maid
He came in middle of the night,
Who joyed to see her heart's delight.

Her father's horse, which well she knew,
Her mother's hood and safe-guard too,
He brought with him to testify
Her parents order he came by.

Which, when her uncle understood,
He hoped it would be for her good,
And gave consent to her straightway,
That with him she should come away.

When she was got her love behind,
They passed as swift as any wind,
That in two hours, or little more,
He brought her to her father's door.

But as they did this great haste make,
He did complain his head did ake ;
Her handkerchief she then took out,
And tied the same his head about.

And unto him she thus did say :
" Thou art as cold as any clay ;
When we come home a fire we'll have ; "
But little dreamed he went to grave.

Soon were they at her father's door,
And after she ne'er saw him more ;
" I'll set the horse up," then he said,
And there he left this harmless maid.

She knocked, and straight a man he cried,
"Who's there?" " 'Tis I," she then replied;
Who wondred much her voice to hear,
And was possessed with dread and fear.

Her father he did tell, and then
He stared like an affrighted man:
Down stairs he ran, and when he see her,
Cried out, "My child, how cam'st thou here?"

"Pray, sir, did you not send for me,"
By such a messenger? said she:
Which made his hair stare on his head,
As knowing well that he was dead.

"Where is he?" then to her he said;
"He's in the stable," quoth the maid.
"Go in," said he, "and go to bed;
"I'll see the horse well littered."

He stared about, and there could he
No shape of any mankind see,
But found his horse all on a sweat;
Which made him in a deadly fret.

His daughter he said nothing to,
Nor none else, (though full well they knew
That he was dead a month before,)
For fear of grieving her full sore.

Her father to the father went
Of the deceased, with full intent
To tell him what his daughter said ;
So both came back unto this maid.

They ask'd her, and she still did say
'Twas he that then brought her away ;
Which when they heard they were amazed,
And on each other strangely gazed.

A handkerchief she said she tied
About his head, and that they tried ;
The sexton they did speak unto,
That he the grave would then undo.

Affrighted then they did behold
His body turning into mould,
And though he had a month been dead,
This handkerchief was about his head.

This thing unto her then they told,
And the whole truth they did unfold ;
She was thereat so terrified
And grieved, that she quickly died.

Part not true love, you rich men, then ;
But, if they be right honest men
Your daughters love, give them their way,
For force oft breeds their lives decay.

SIR ROLAND.

From Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, p. 124

THIS fragment, Motherwell tells us, was communicated to him by an ingenious friend, who remembered having heard it sung in his youth. He does not vouch for its antiquity, and we have little or no hesitation in pronouncing it a modern composition.

WHAN he cam to his ain luv's bouir,
He tirl'd at the pin,
And sae ready was his fair fause luv
To rise and let him in.

"O welcome, welcome, Sir Roland," she says,
"Thrice welcome thou art to me ;
For this night thou wilt feast in my secret
bouir,
And to-morrow we'll wedded be."

"This night is hallow-eve," he said,
"And to-morrow is hallow-day ;
And I dreamed a drearie dream yestreen,
That has made my heart fu' wae.

"I dreamed a drearie dream yestreen,
And I wish it may cum to gude :
I dreamed that ye slew my best *graw*
hound,
And gied me his lappered blude."

• • • • •

"Unbuckle your belt, Sir Roland," she said,
"And set you safely down."
"O your chamber is very dark, fair maid,
And the night is wondrous lown."

"Yes, dark, dark is my secret bowir,
And lown the midnight may be ;
For there is none waking in a' this tower,
But thou, my true love, and me."

• • • • •

She has mounted on her true love's steed,
By the ae light o' the moon ;
She has whipped him and spurred him,
And roundly she rade frae the toun.

She hadna ridden a mile o' gate,
Never a mile but aye.
Whan she was aware of a tall young man,
Slow riding o'er the plain.

She turned her to the right about,
Then to the left turn'd she ;
But aye, 'tween her and the wan moonlight,
That tall knight did she see.

And he was riding burd alane,
On a horse as black as jet ;
But tho' she followed him fast and fell,
No nearer could she get.

"O stop ! O stop ! young man," she said,
"For I in dule am dight ;
O stop, and win a fair lady's luv,
If you be a leal true knight."

But nothing did the tall knight say,
And nothing did he blin ;
Still slowly rode he on before,
And fast she rade behind.

She whipped her steed, she spurred her steed,
Till his breast was all a foam ;
But nearer unto that tall young knight,
By Our Ladye, she could not come.

"O if you be a gay young knight,
As well I trow you be,
Pull tight your bridle reins, and stay
Till I come up to thee."

But nothing did that tall knight say,
And no whit did he blin,
Until he reached a broad river's side,
And there he drew his rein.

"O is this water deep," he said,
"As it is wondrous dun?
Or it is sic as a saikless maid
And a leal true knight may swim?"

"The water it is deep," she said,
"As it is wondrous dun;
But it is sic as a saikless maid
And a leal true knight may swim."

The knight spurred on his tall black steed,
The lady spurred on her brown;
And fast they rade unto the flood,
And fast they baith swam down.

"The water weets my tae," she said,
"The water weets my knee;
And hold up my bridle reins, sir knight,
For the sake of Our Ladye."

“ If I would help thee now,” he said,
“ It were a deadly sin ;
For I’ve sworn neir to trust a fair may s word,
Till the water weets her chin.”

“ O the water weets my waist,” she said,
“ Sae does it weet my skin ;
And my aching heart rins round about,
The burn maks sic a din.

“ The water is waxing deeper still,
Sae does it wax mair wide ;
And aye the farther that we ride on,
Farther off is the other side.

“ O help me now, thou false, false knight,
Have pity on my youth ;
For now the water jawes owre my head,
And it gurgles in my mouth.”

The knight turned right and round about,
All in the middle stream,
And he stretched out his head to that lady,
But loudly she did scream.

“ O this is hallow-morn,” he said,
“ And it is your bridal day ;
But sad would be that gay wedding,
If bridegroom and bride were away.

“And ride on, ride on, proud Margaret !
Till the water comes o’er your bree :
For the bride maun ride deep, and deeper yet,
Wha rides this ford wi’ me.

“Turn round, turn round, proud Margaret !
Turn ye round, and look on me ;
’Thou hast killed a true knight under trust,
And his ghost now links on with thee.”

APPENDIX.



FRAGMENT OF THE BALLAD OF KING AR
THUR AND THE KING OF CORNWALL.

PRINTED from the celebrated Percy MS. in Madden's *Syr Gawayne*, p. 275. The editor has added the following note.

“It has no title, and the first line has been cut away by the ignorant binder to whom the volume was intrusted, but both are supplied from the notice given of the ballad in the Dissertation prefixed to vol. iii. of the *Reliques*, p. xxxvii. Dr. Percy has added in the margin of the MS. these words: “To the best of my remembrance, this was the first line, before the binder cut it.” The poem is very imperfect, owing to the leaves having been half torn away to light fires (!) as the Bishop tells us, but I am bound to add, previous to its coming into his possession. The story is so singular, that it is to be hoped an earlier and complete copy of it may yet be recovered. On no account perhaps is it more remarkable, than the fact of its close imitation of the famous *gabs* made by Charlemagne and his companions at the court of King Hugon, which are first met with in a romance of the twelfth century, published by M. Michel from a MS. in the British Museum, 12mo., London, 1836, and transferred at a later period to the prose romance of *Galien Rethoré*, printed by Verard, fol., 1500, and often afterwards. In the

absence of other evidence, it is to be presumed that the author of the ballad borrowed from the printed work, substituting Arthur for Charlemagne, Gawayne for Oliver, Tristram for Roland, etc., and embellishing his story by converting King Hugon's spy into a "lody feend," by whose agency the *gabs* are accomplished. It is farther worthy of notice, that the writer seems to regard Arthur as the sovereign of Little Britain, and alludes to an intrigue between the King of Cornwall and Queen Guenever, which is nowhere, as far as I recollect, hinted at in the romances of the Round Table "

"COME here my cozen, Gawain, so gay ;
My sisters sonne be yee ;
For you shall see one of the fairest Round Tables,
That ever you see with your eye "

Then bespake [the] Lady Queen Guenever,
And these were the words said shee
"I know where a Round Table is, thou noble king,
Is worth thy Round Table and other such three.

"The trestle that stands under this Round Table,"
she said,
"Lowe downe to the mould,
It is worth thy Round Table, thou worthy king,
Thy halla, and all thy gold.

"The place where this Round Table stands in,
It is worth thy castle, thy gold, thy fee ;
And all good Litle Britaine,"—

"Where may that table be, lady ? " quoth hee,

"Or where may all that goodly building be?"
 "You shall it seeke," shee sayd, "till you it find,
 For you shall never gett more of me."

Then bespake him noble King Arthur,
 These were the words said hee;
 "He make mine avow to God,
 And alsoe to the Trinity,

"He never sleepe one night, there as I doe another,
 Till that Round Table I see;
 Sir Mirramiles and Sir Tristeram.
 Fellowes that ye shall bee.

"Weele be clad in palners weede,
 Five palners we will bee;
 There is noe outlandish man will us abide,
 Nor will us come nye."
 Then they rived east and they rived west,¹
 In many a strange country.

Then they travelled² a litle further,
 They saw a battell new sett;
 "Now, by my faith," saies noble King Arthur,

[*Half a page is here torn away.*]

But when he came that castle to,
 And to the palace gate,
 Soe ready was ther a proud porter,
 And met him soone therat.

MS. ¹ the rived west.

² tranckled

Shoes of gold the porter had on,
 And all his other rayment was unto the same;
 "Now, by my faith," saies noble King Arthur,
 "Yonder is a minion swaine."

Then bespake noble King Arthur,
 These were the words says hee.
 "Come hither, thou proud porter,
 I pray thee come hither to me.

"I have two poor rings of my finger,
 The better¹ of them he give to thee;
 [To] tell who may be lord of this castle," he saies,
 "Or who is lord in this cuntry?"

"Cornewall King," the porter sayes,
 "There is none soe rich as hee;
 Neither in Christendome, nor yet in heathennest,
 None hath soe much gold as he."

And then bespake him noble King Arthur,
 These were the words sayes hee.
 "I have two poore rings of my finger,
 The better of them he give thee,
 If thou wilt greete him well, Cornewall King,
 And greete him well from me.

"Pray him for one nights lodging, and two meales
 meate,

For his love that dyed uppon a tree;
 A bue² ghosting, and two meales meate,
 For his love that dyed uppon a tree

MS. ¹ They better ² bue, sic.

And in the morning that we may scape away,
 Either without seath or scorne."

Then forth is gone² this proud porter,
 As fast as he cold hye ;
 And when he came befor Cornewall King,
 He kneeled downe on his knee.

Sayes, " I have beene porter, man, at thy gate,

[*Half a page is wanting.*]

..... our Lady was borne,
 Then thought Cornewall King these palmers had
 beene in Britt.

Then bespake him Cornewall King,
 These were the words he said there :
 " Did you ever know a comely King,
 His name was King Arthur ? "

And then bespake him noble King Arthur,
 These were the words said hee .
 " I doe not know that comly King,
 But once my selfe I did him see."
 Then bespake Cornwall King againe,
 These were the words said he.

MS. ¹ bue, *sic*; of two.

² his gone.

Sayes, "Seven yeere I was clad and fed,
 In Litle Britayne, in a bower;
 I had a daughter by King Arthurs wife,
 It now is called my flower,
 For King Arthur, that kindly cockward,
 Hath none such in his bower.

"For I durst sweare, and save my othe,
 That same lady soe bright,
 That a man that were lull on his leath-bed
 Wold open his eyes on her to have sight."
 "Now by my taitl," sayes noble King Arthur.
 "And thats a full faire wight!"

And then bespake Cornewall [King] againe,
 And these were the words he said:¹
 "Come hitler, five or three of my knights,
 And fet h me downe my steed;
 King Arthur, that foule cockward,
 Hath none such, if he had need.

"For I can ryde him as far on a day,
 As King Arthur can doe any of his on three
 And is it not a pleasure for a King,
 When he shall ryde forth on his journey?

"For the eyes that beere in his head,
 They glister as doth the greed,"
 "Now, by my faith," sayes noble King Arthur,

[Half a page is wanting.]

¹ said he.

² The.

No body
But one thats learned to speake.

Then King Arthur to his bed was brought,
A greeived man was hee ;
And soe were all his fellowes with him,
From him they¹ thought never to flee.

Then take they did that lodly boome,²
And under thrubchandler³ closed was hee ;
And he was set by King Arthurs bed-side,
To heere their talke, and their com'nye ;

That he might come forth, and make proclamation,
Long before it was day ;
It was more for King Cornwalls pleasure,
Then it was for King Arthurs pay.

And when King Arthur on his bed was laid,
These were the words said hee :
" Ile make mine avow to God,
And alsoe to the Trinity,
That Ile be the bane of Cornwall Kinge
Litle Brittain or ever I see ! "

" It is an unadvised vow," saies Gawaine the gay,
" As ever king hard make I ;
But wee that beene five christian men,
Of the christen faith are wee ;
And we shall fight against anoynted King,
And all his armorie."

MS. 1 the. 2 goome? 3 thrudchabler.

And then he spake him noble Arthur,
 And these were the words said he :
 " Why, if thou be afraid, Sir Gawaine the gay,
 Goe home, and drinke wine in thine owne country "

THE THIRD PARTE.

AND then bespake Sir Gawaine the gay,
 And these were the words said hee :
 " Nay, seeing you have made such a hearty vow,
 Heere another vow make will I.

" Ile make mine avow to God,
 And alsoe to the Trinity,
 That I will have yonder faire lady
 To Little Brittainne with mee.

" Ile bose her hourly to my hart,¹
 And with her Ile worke my will ;

[*Half a page is wanting.*]

These were the words sayd hee :
 " Betwixt I wold wrestle with yonder feend,
 It is better be drowned in the sea."

And then bespake Sir Bredbeddle,
 And these were the words said he :
 " Why, I will wrestle with yon lodly feend,
 God ! my governor thou shalt bee."

¹ hurt.

Then bespake him noble Arthur,
And these were his words¹ said he:
"What weapons wilt thou have, thou gentle knight?
I pray thee tell to me."

He saide, "Collen brand he have in my hand,
And a Milane knif fast to my knee,
And a Danish axe fast in my hands,
That a sure weapon I thinke wilbe."

Then with his Collen brand, that he had in his hand,
The hilt of the trils hiltur he burst in three,
What that start out a louty reend,
With seven heads, and one body

The flyer towards the element flew,
Out of his mouth, where was great plentie;
The knight stode in the middle, and fought,
That it was great joy to see.

Till his Collane brand brake in his hand,
And his Milane knif burst on his knee;
And then the Danish axe burst in his hand **first**,
That a sur weapon he thought shold be.

But now is the knight left without any weapone,
And alake! it was the more pitty;
But a surer weapon then had he one,
Had never Lord in Christentye:
And all was but one hille booke,
He found it by the side of the sea.

He found it at the sea-side,
 Wrucked upp in a floode ;
 Our Lord had written it with his hands,
 And sealed it with his bloode.

[*Half a page is wanting.*]

"That thou doe
 But ly still in that wall of stone ,
 Till I have beene with noble King Arthur,
 And told him what I have done "

And when he came to the King's chamber,
 He told of his curtesie
 Saye, " Sleep you, wake you, noble King Arthur ?
 And ever Jesus watch yee ! "

" Nay, I am not sleeping, I am waking,"
 These were the words said hee :
 " For thee I have car'd, how hast thou fared ?
 O gentle knight, let me see."

The knight wrought the King his booke,
 Bad him behold, reede, and see ;
 And ever he found it on the backside of the
 leafe,
 As noble Arthur wold wish it to be

And then, bespake him King Arthur,
 " Alas ! thou gentle knight, how may this be,
 That I might see him in the same licknesse,
 That he stood unto thee ? "

And then bespake him the Greene Knight,¹
These were the words said hee :
“ If youle stand stifly in the battell stronge,
For I have won all the victory.”

Then bespake him the King againe,
And these were the words said hee :
“ If we stand not stifly in this battell strong,
Wee are worthy to be hanged all on a tree.”

Then bespake him the Greene Knight,
These were the words said hee :
Saies, “ I doe coniure thee, thou fowle feend,
In the same licknesse thou stood unto me.”

With that start out a lodly feend,
With seven heads, and one body ;
The fier towarde the element flaugh,
Out of his mouth, where was great plenty.

The knight stood in the middle

[*Half a page is wanting.*]

. the space of an houre,
I know not what they did.

And then bespake him the Greene Knight,
And these were the words said he :
Saith, “ I coniure thee, thou fowle feend,
That thou feitch downe the steed that we see.”

And then forth is gone Burlow-beanie,
As fast as he cold hic ;

¹ The Greene Knight is Sir Bredbeddle,
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And feitch he did that faire steed,
And came againe by and by.

Then bespake him Sir Marramile,
And these were the words said hee:
"Riding of this steed, brother Bredbeddle,
The mastery belongs to me."

Marramiles tooke the steed to his hand,
To ryd him he was full hold;
He cold noe more make him goe,
Then a child of three yeere old.

He lud uppon him with heele and hand,¹
With yard that was soe fell;
"Helpe! brother Bredbeddle," says Marramile,
"For I thinke he be the d'will of hell.

"Helpe! brother Bredbeddle," says Marramile,
"Helpe! for Christ's putye,
For without thy help, brother Bredbeddle,
He will never be rydden for me."²

Then bespake him Sir Bredbeddle,
These were the words said he:
"I comare thee, thou Barlow-beane,³
Thou tell me how this steed was riddin in his
country."
He saith, "There is a gold wand,
Stands in King Cornwall's study windowe.

MS. 1 saved.

MS. 2 ~~comare~~, i. e. pro or per.

MS. 4 Barlow-beane.

“ Let him take that wand in that window,
 And strike three strokes on that steed ;
 And then he will spring forth of his hand,
 As sparke doth out of gleede.”

Then bespake him the Greene Knight,

[*Half a page is wanting.*]

A lowd blast

And then bespake Sir Bredbeddle,
 To the feend these words said hee :
 Says, “ I coniure thee, thou Burlow-beanie,
 The powder-box thou feitch me.”

Then forth is gone Burlow-beanie,
 As fast as he cold hie ;
 And feich he did the powder-box,
 And came againe by and by.

Then Sir Tristeram tooke powder forth of that box,
 And blent it with warme sweet milke ;
 And there put it unto the horne,
 And swilled it about in that ilke.

Then he tooke the horne in his hand,
 And a lowd blast he blew ;
 He rent the horne up to the midst,
 All his fellowes this they knew.¹

MS. ¹ the knew.

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Then bespake him the Greene Knight,
These were the words said he:
Saxes "I comare thee, thou BurLOW-beanie,
That thou feitch me the sword that I see."

Then forth is gone BurLOW-beanie,
As fast as he cold hie,
And he feitch he did that faire sword,
And came againe by and by

Then bespake him Sir Bredbeddie,
To the king these words said he:
"Take this sword in thy hand, thou noble King,
For the vowes sake that thou made he give it thee
And goe strike off King Cornwalls head,
In bed where he doth lye"

Then forth is gone noble King Arthur,
As fast as he cold lye,
And stricken he hath King Cornwalls head,
And came againe by and by.

He put the head upon a sword's point,

[*The poem terminates here abruptly.*]

FRAGMENT OF CHILD ROWLAND AND BURD ELLEN.

It is not impossible that this ballad should be the one quoted by Edgar in *King Lear*, (Act iii. sc. 4 :)

“ Child Rowland to the dark tower came.”

We have extracted the fragment given by Jamieson, with the breaks in the story filled out, from *Illustrations of Northern Antiquities*, p. 397 ; and we have added his translation of the Danish ballad of *Rosmer Hafmand*, which exhibits a striking similarity to *Child Rowland*, from *Popular Ballads and Songs*, ii. 202. The tale of the *Red Etin*, as given in Chambers's *Pop. Rhymes of Scotland*, p. 56, has much resemblance to Jamieson's story, and, like it, is interspersed with verse.

The occurrence of the name Merlin is by no means a sufficient ground for connecting this tale, as Jamieson would do, with the cycle of King Arthur. For Merlin, as Grundtvig has remarked (*Folkeriser*, ii. 79), did not originally belong to that cycle, and again, his name seems to have been given in Scotland to any sort of wizard or prophet.

* * * * *

[“ KING Arthur's sons o' merry Carlisle]
Were playing at the ba' ;
And there was their sister Burd Ellen,
I' the mids amang them a'.

“ Child Rowland kick'd it wi' his foot,
And keppit it wi' his knee ;
And ay, as he play'd out o'er them a',
O'er the kirk he gar'd it flee.

"Burd Ellen round about the isle
To seek the ba' is gane;
But they bade lang and ay langer,
And she camena back again.

"They sought her east, they sought her west,
They sought her up and down;
And wae were the hearts [in merry Carlsle,]
For she was nae gait found!"

At last her eldest brother went to the Warluck Merlin, (*Myrddin Wyldt*), and asked if he knew where his sister, the fair Burd Ellen, was. "The fair Burd Ellen," said the Warluck Merlin, "is carried away by the fairies, and is now in the castle of the king of Elfland; and it were too bold an undertaking for the stoutest knight in Christendom to bring her back." "Is it possible to bring her back?" said her brother, "and I wil. do it, or perish in the attempt." "Possible indeed it is," said the Warluck Merlin; "but woe to the man or mother's son who attempts it, if he is not well instructed beforehand of what he is to do."

Influenced no less by the glory of such an enterprise, than by the desire of rescuing his sister, the brother of the fair Burd Ellen resolved to undertake the adventure, and after proper instructions from Merlin, (which he failed in observing,) he set out on his perilous expedition.

"But they bade lang and ay langer,
Wi' dout and mickle maen;
And wae were the hearts [in merry Carlsle,]
For he camena back again."

The second brother in like manner set out, but failed in observing the instructions of the Warluck Merlin, and

“They rode lang and ay langer,
Wi’ muckle dout and maen;
And wae were the hearts [in merry Carlisle,]
For he camena back again.”

Child Rowland, the youngest brother of the fair Burd Ellen, then resolved to go, but was strenuously opposed by the good queen, [Gwenevra,] who was afraid of losing all her children.

At last the good queen [Gwenevra] gave him her consent and her blessing, he girt on (in great form, and with all due solemnity of sacerdotal consecration,) his father’s good *claymore*, [Excalibar,] that never struck in vain, and repaired to the cave of the Warluck Merlin. The Warluck Merlin gave him all necessary instructions for his journey and conduct, the most important of which were, that he should kill every person he met with after entering the land of Fairy, and should neither eat nor drink of what was offered him in that country, whatever his hunger or thirst might be; for if he tasted or touched in Elf-land, he must remain in the power of the Elves, and never see *mut he eird* again.

So Child Rowland set out on his journey, and travelled “on and ay farther on,” till he came to where (as he had been forewarned by the Warluck Merlin,) he found the king of Elf-land’s horse-herd feeding his horses.

“Canst thou tell me,” said Child Rowland to the

horse-herd, "where the king of Elfland's castle is?"—"I cannot tell thee," said the horse-herd; "but go on a little farther, and thou wilt come to the cow-herd, and he, perhaps, may tell thee." So Child Rowland drew the good claymore, [Excalibar,] that never struck in vain, and hewed off the head of the horse-herd. Child Rowland then went on a little farther, till he came to the king of Elfland's cow-herd, who was feeding his cows. "Canst thou tell me," said Child Rowland to the cow-herd, "where the king of Elfland's castle is?"—"I cannot tell thee," said the cow-herd; "but go on a little farther, and thou wilt come to the sheep-herd, and he perhaps may tell thee." So Child Rowland drew the good claymore, [Excalibar,] that never struck in vain, and hewed off the head of the cow-herd. He then went on a little farther, till he came to the sheep-herd. * * * * [*The sheep-herd, goat-herd, and swine-herd are all, each in his turn, served in the same manner; and lastly he is referred to the hen-wife*]

"Go on yet a little farther," said the hen-wife, till thou come to a round green hill surrounded with rings (*terraces*) from the bottom to the top; go round it three times *undershins*, and every time say, "Open, door! open, door! and let me come in; and the third time the door will open, and you may go in." So Child Rowland drew the good claymore, [Excalibar,] that never struck in vain, and hewed off the head of the hen-wife. Then went he three times *undershins* round the green hill, crying, "Open, door! open, door! and let me come in;" and the third time the door opened, and he went in.

It immediately closed behind him; and he proceeded through a long passage, where the air was soft and

agreeably warm like a May evening, as is all the air of Elfland. The light was a sort of twilight or gloaming; but there were neither windows nor candles, and he knew not whence it came, if it was not from the walls and roof, which were rough, and arched like a grotto, and composed of a clear transparent rock, incrustated with *sheeps-silver* and spar, and various bright stones. At last he came to two wide and lofty folding-doors, which stood a-jar. He opened them, and entered a large and spacious hall, whose richness and brilliance no tongue can tell. It seemed to extend the whole length and height of the hill. The superb Gothic pillars by which the roof was supported, were so large and so lofty, (said my seannachy,) that the pillars of the Chanry Kirk,* or of Pluscardin Abbey, are no more to be compared to them, than the Knock of Alves is to be compared to Balrinnies or Ben-a-chi. They were of gold and silver, and were fretted like the west window of the Chanry Kirk, with wreaths of flowers composed of diamonds and precious stones of all manner of beautiful colors. The key-stones of the arches above, instead of coats of arms and other devices, were ornamented with clusters of diamonds in the same manner. And from the middle of the roof, where the principal arches met, was hung by a gold chain, an immense lamp of one hollowed pearl, perfectly transparent, in the midst of which was suspended a large carbuncle, that by the power of magic continually turned round, and shed over all the hall a clear and mild light like the setting sun; but the hall was so large, and these dazzling objects so far removed,

* The cathedral of Elgin naturally enough furnished similes to a man who had never in his life been twenty miles distant from it.

that their blended radiance cast no more than a pleasing lustre, and excited no more than agreeable sensations in the eyes of Child Rowland.

The furniture of the hall was suitable to its architecture; and at the farther end, under a splendid canopy, seated on a gorgeous sofa of velvet, silk, and gold, and "kenning her yellow hair wi' a silver kemb,"

"There was his sister baird Ellen;
She stood up him before."

Says,

"God rue on thee, poor luckless fode!
What has thou to do here?"

"And hear ye this, my youngest brither,
Why badena ye at hame?
Had ye a hunder and thousand lives,
Ye canna brook ane o' them."

"And sit thou down; and wae, O wae
That ever thou was born;
For come the King o' Elfland in,
Thy leccam is forlorn!"

A long conversation then takes place; Child Rowland tells her the news [of merry Carlisle,] and of his own expedition; and concludes with the observation, that, after this long and fatiguing journey to the castle of the king of Elfland, he is *very hungry*.

Baird Ellen looked wistfully and mournfully at him, and shook her head but said nothing. Acting under the influence of a magic which she could not resist, she arose, and brought him a golden bowl full of bread and milk, which she presented to him with the same timid, tender, and anxious expression of solicitude.

Remembering the instructions of the Warlock Merlin, "Burd Ellen," said Child Rowland, "I will neither taste nor touch till I have set thee free!" Immediately the folding-doors burst open with tremendous violence, and in came the king of Elfland,

"With '*fi, fi, fo, and fum!*
 I smell the blood of a Christian man!
 Be he dead, be he living, wi' my brand
 I'll clash his harns frae his harn-pan!'"

"Strike, then, Bogle of Hell, if thou darest!" exclaimed the undaunted Child Rowland, starting up, and drawing the good claymore, [Excalibar,] that never struck in vain.

A furious combat ensued, and the king of Elfland was felled to the ground; but Child Rowland spared him on condition that he should restore to him his two brothers, who lay in a trance in a corner of the hall, and his sister, the fair burd Ellen. The king of Elfland then produced a small crystal phial, containing a bright red liquor, with which he anointed the lips, nostrils, eye-lids, ears, and finger-ends of the two young men, who immediately awoke as from a profound sleep, during which their souls had quitted their bodies, and they had seen, &c., &c., &c. So they all four returned in triumph to [merry Carlisle.]

Such was the rude outline of the romance of Child Rowland, as it was told to me when I was about seven or eight years old, by a country tailor then at work in my father's house. He was an ignorant and dull good sort of honest man, who seemed never to have questioned the truth of what he related. Where the *et*

cæteras are put down, many curious particulars have been omitted, because I was afraid of being deceived by my memory, and substituting one thing for another. It is right also to admonish the reader, that the Warlock Merlin, Child Rowland, and Bard Ellen, were the only *names* introduced in *his* recitation, and that the others, inclosed within brackets, are assumed upon the authority of the locality given to the story by the mention of *Merlin*. In every other respect I have been as faithful as possible.

ROSMER HAFMAND.

OR,

THE MER-MAN ROSMER.

The ballad of *Rosmer* is found in Danish, Swedish, Faroish, and Norse. All the questions bearing upon its origin, and the relations of the various forms in which the story exists, are amply discussed by Grundtvig, vol. ii p. 72. Three versions of the Danish ballad are given by Vedel, all of which Jamieson has translated. The following is No. 31 in Abrahamson.

THERE dwalls a lady in Danmarck,
Lady Hillers lyle men her ca';
And she's gar'd bigg a new castell,
That shines o'er Danmarck a'.

Her dochter was stown awa frae her;
She sought for her wide-whare;
But the mair she sought, and the less she fand,—
That wirks her sorrow and care.

And she's gar'd bigg a new ship,
Wi' vanes o' flaming goud,
Wi' mony a knight and mariner,
Sae stark in need bestow'd.

She's followed her sons down to the strand,
That chaste and noble fre;
And wull and wait for eight lang years
They sail'd upon the sea.

And eight years wull and waif they sail'd,
O' months that seem'd sae lang;
Syna they sail'd afore a high castell,
And to the land can gang

And the young lady Svanè lyle,
In the bower that was the best,
Says, "Wharfrae cam thir frem swains,
Wi' us this night to guest?"

Then up and spak her youngest brither,
Sae wisely ay spak he;
"We are a wulow's three poor sons,
Lang wilder'd on the sea.

"In Danmarck were we born and bred,
Lady Hillers lyle was our mither,
Our sister frae us was stown awa,
We findna whare or whither."

"In Danmarck were ye born and bred?
Was Lady Hillers your muther?
I can nae langer heal frae thee,
Thou art my youngest brither.

"And hear ye this, my youngest brither.
Wly bade na ye at hame?
Had ye a hunder and thousand lives,
Ye canna brook ane o' them."

She's set him in the weiest nook
She in the house can meet;
She's bidden him for the high God's sake
Nouther to laugh ne greet.

- Rosmer hame frae Zealand came,
And he took on to bann :
" I smell fu' weel, by my right hand,
'That here is a Christian man."
- " There flew a bird out o'er the house,
Wi' a man's bane in his mouth ;
He coost it in, and I cast it out,
As fast as e'er I couth."
- But wilyly she can Rosmer win ;
And clapping him tenderly,
" It's here is come my sister-son ; —
Gin I lose him, I'll die.
- " It's here is come, my sister-son,
Frae baith our fathers' land ;
And I ha'e pledged him faith and troth,
That ye will not him bann."
- " And is he come, thy sister-son,
Frae thy father's land to thee ?
Then I will swear my highest aith,
He's dree nae skaith frae me."
- 'Twas then the high king Rosmer,
He ca'd on younkers twae :
" Ye oud proud Svanè lyle's sister-son
To the chalmer afore me gae."

It was Svanè lyle's sister-son,
Whan afore Rosmer he wan,
His heart it quook, and his body shook,
Sae fley'd, he scarce dow stand.

Sae Rosner took her sister-son,
Set him upon his knee ;
He clappit him sae lufsomely,
He turned baith blue and blae.

And up and spak she, Svanè lyle ;
" Sir Rosner, ye're nae to learn
That your ten fingers arena sma,
To clap sae little a bairn."

There was he till, the fiftthen year,
He green'd for hame and land :
" Help me now, sister Svanè lyle,
To be set on the white sand."

It was proud Lady Svanè lyle,
Afore Rosner can stand :
" This younker sae lang in the sea has been,
He greens for hame and land."

" Gin the younker sae lang in the sea has been,
And greens for hame and land,
Then I'll gie him a kist wi' goud,
Sae fitting till his hand."

" And will ye gi'e him a kist wi' goud,
Sae fitting till his hand ?
Then hear ye, my noble heartus dear,
Ye bear them baith to land."

Then wrought proud Lady Svanè lyle
What Rosner little wist ;
For she's tane out the goud sae red,
And laid hersel i' the kist.

He's ta'en the man upon his back ;
 The kist in his mouth took he ;
 And he has gane the lang way up
 Frae the bottom o' the sea.

" Now I ha'e borne thee to the land ;
 Thou seest baith sun and moon ;
 Namena Lady Svanè for thy highest God,
 I beg thee as a boon."

Rosmer sprang i' the saut sea out,
 And jawp'd it up i' the sky ;
 But whan he cam till the castell in,
 Nae Svanè lyle could he spy.

Whan he came till the castell in,
 His dearest awa was gane ;
 Like wood he sprang the castell about,
 On the rock o' the black flintstane.

Glad they were in proud Hillers lyle's house,
 Wi' welcome joy and glee ;
 Hame to their friends her bairns were come,
 That had lang been in the sea.

TAM A-LINE, THE ELFIN KNIGHT. (See page 114.)

From *Scottish Traditional Versions of Ancient Ballads*, Percy Society, xvii. p. 11.

TAKE warnin', a' ye ladyes fair,
That wear gowd on your hair;
Come never unto Charter-woods,
For 'Tam a-line he's there.

Even about that knight's middle
O' siller bells are nine;
Nae ane comes to Charter-woods,
And a may returns agen.

Ladye Margaret sits in her bouir door,
Sewing at her silken seam,
And she lang'd to gang to Charter woods,
To pou the roses green

She hadna pou'd a rose, a rose,
Nor braken a branch but ane,
Till by it came him true Tam-a-line,
Says, " Layde, lat alane.

" O why pou ye the rose, the rose?
Or why brake ye the tree?
Or why come ye to Charter-woods,
Without leave ask'd of me?"

- I will poon the rose, the rose,
And I will beake the tree;
Charter-woods are a' my ain,
I'll ask nae leave o' thee."

He's taen her by the milk-white hand,
And by the grass-green sleeve,
And laid her low on gule green wood,
At her he spier'd nae leave.

When he had got his will o' her,
His will as he had ta'en,
He's ta'en her by the middle sma',
Set her to feet again.

She turn'd her richt and round about,
To spier her true love's name,
But naething heard she, nor naething saw,
As a' the woods grew dim.

Seven days she tarried there,
Saw neither sun nor muin;
At length, by a sma' glimmerin' licht,
Came thro' the wood her lane

When she came to her father's court,
Was fine as ony queen;
But when eight months were past and gane,
Got on the gown o' green.

Then out it speaks an eldren knight,
As he stood at the yett;
Our king's dochter, she gaes wi' bairn,
And we'll get a' the wyte."

" O haud your tongue, ye eldren man,
And bring me not to shame ;
Although that I do gang wi' bairn,
Yese naeways get the blame.

" Were my love but an earthly man,
As he's an elfin knight,
I wadna gie my ain true luvie,
For a' that's in my sight."

Then out it speaks her brither dear,
He meant to do her harm,
" There is an herb in Charter-woods
Will twine you an' the bairn."

She's taen her mantle her about,
Her coiffer by the band ;
And she is on to Charter-woods,
As fast as she coud gang.

She hadna poud a rose, a rose,
Nor braken a branch but ane,
Till by it came him, Tam-a-Line,
Says, " Ladye, lat alane."

" O! why pou ye the pile, Margaret,
The pile o' the gravil green,
For to destroy the bonny bairn
That we got us between ?

" O! why pou ye the pile, Margaret,
The pile o' the gravil gray,
For to destroy the bonny bairn
That we got in our play ?

“ For if it be a knave bairn,
He’s heir o’ a’ my land ;
But if it be a lass bairn,
In red gowd she shall gang.”

“ If my luve were an earthly man,
As he’s an elfin grey,
I coud gang bound, luve, for your sake,
A twalmonth and a day.”

“ Indeed your luve’s an earthly man,
The same as well as thee ;
And lang I’ve haunted Charter-woods,
A’ for your fair bodie.”

“ O ! tell me, tell me, ‘Tam-a-Line,
O ! tell, an’ tell me true ;
Tell me this nicht, an’ mak’ nae lee,
What pedigree are you ?”

“ O ! I hae been at gude church-door,
An’ I’ve got christendom ;
I’m the Earl o’ Forbes’ eldest son,
An’ heir ower a’ his land.

“ When I was young, o’ three years old,
Muckle was made o’ me ;
My stepmither put on my claithes,
An’ ill, ill, sained she me.

“ Ae fatal morning I gaed out,
Dreading nae injurie ;
And thinking lang, fell soun asleep,
Beneath an apple tree.

" Then by it came the Elfin Queen,
And laid her hand on me ;
And from that time since e'er I mind,
I've been in her companie.

" O Elfin it's a bonny place,
In it fain wad I dwell;
But aye at ilka seven years' end,
They pay a tiend to heil,
And I'm sae fou o' flesh an blude,
I'm sair fear'd for mysell."

" O tell me, tell me, Tam-a-Line,
O tell, an' tell me true ;
Tell me this nicht, an' mak' nae lee,
What way I'll borrow you ? "

" The morn is Hallowe'en nicht,
The Elfin court will ride,
Through England, and thro' a' Scotland,
And through the world wide.

" O they begin at sky sett in,
Ride a' the evenin' tide ;
And she that will her true love borrow,
At Miles-cross will him bide.

" Ye'll do ye down to Miles-cross,
Between twall hours and aye ;
And full your hands o' holie water,
And cast your compass roun'.

" Then the first ane court that comes you till,
Is published king and queen ;

The neist ane court that comes you till,
It is maidens mony ane.

" The neist ane court that comes you till,
Is footmen, grooms, and squires ;
The neist ane court that comes you till,
Is knights ; and I'll be there.

" I Tam-a-Line, on milk-white steed,
A gowd star on my crown ;
Because I was an earthly knight,
Got that for a renown.

" And out at my steed's right nostril,
He'll breathe a fiery flame ;
Ye'll loot you low, and saun yoursel,
And ye'll be busy then.

" Ye'll tak my horse then by the head,
And lat the bridal fa' ;
The Queen o' Elfin she'll cry out,
' True Tam-a-Line's awa'.

" Then I'll appear into your arms
Like the woad that ne'er wad taine :
Ye'll haud me fast, lat me not gae,
Case we ne'er meet again.

" Then I'll appear into your arms
Like fire that burns sae bauld ;
Ye'll haud me fast, lat me not gae,
I'll be as iron cauld.

" Then I'll appear into your arms
Like the adder an' the snake ;

Ye'll haud me fast, lat me not gae,
I am your warld's maikie.

"Then I'll appear into your arms
Like to the deer sae wild;
Ye'll haud me fast, lat me not gae,
And I'll father your child.

"And I'll appear into your arms
Like to a silken string;
Ye'll haud me fast, lat me not gae,
Till ye see the fair mornin'.

"And I'll appear into your arms
Like to a naked man;
Ye'll haud me fast, lat me not gae,
And wi' you I'll gae hame."

Then she has done her to Miles-cross,
Between twal hours an' ane;
And filled her hands o' holie water,
And kiest her compass roun'.

The first ane court that came her till,
Was published king and queen;
The niest ane court that came her till,
Was maidens mony ane.

The niest ane court that came her till,
Was footmen, grooms, and squires;
The mest ane court that came her till,
Was knights; and he was there!

True Tam-a-Line, on mulk-white steed,
A gowd star on his crown;

Because he was an earthy man,
Got that for a renown.

And out at the steed's right nostril,
He breath'd a fiery flame ;
She looks her low, an' sauns hersel,
And she was busy then.

She's taen the horse then by the head,
And loot the bridle sa' ;
The Queen o' Elfin she cried out,—
“ True Tam-a-Line's awa'.”

“ Stay still, true Tam-a-Line,” she says,
“ Till I pay you your fee ; ”
“ His father wants not lands nor rents,
He'll ask nae fee frae thee.”

“ Gin I had kent yestreen, yestreen,
What I ken weel the day,
I shou'd hae taen your fu' fause heart,
Gien you a heart o' clay.”

Then he appeared into her arms
Like the wolf that ne'er wad tame ;
She held him fast, lat him not gae,
Case they ne'er met again.

Then he appeared into her arms
Like the fire burning bauld ;
She held him fast, lat him not gae,
He was as iron cauld.

And he appeared into her arms
Like the adder an' the snake ;

She held him fast, lat him not gae,
He was her warld's maik.

And he appeared into her arms
Like to the deer sae wild;
She held him fast, lat him not gae,
He's father o' her child.

And he appeared into her arms
Like to a silken string;
She held him fast, lat him not gae,
Till she saw fair mornin'.

And he appeared into her arms
Like to a naked man;
She held him fast, lat him not gae,
And wi' her he's gane hame.

These news hae reach'd thro' a' Scotland,
And far ayont the Tay,
That ladye Margaret, our king's dochter,
That nicht had gan'd her prey.

She borrowed her love at mirk midnight,
Bare her young son ere day,
And though ye'd search the world wide,
Ye'll nae find sic a may.

TOM LINN. (See p. 114.)

THIS fragment was taken down from the recitation
of an old woman. Maidment's *New Book of Old Bal-
lads*, p. 54.

O ALL you ladies young and gay,
Who are so sweet and fair,
Do not go into Chaster's wood,
For Tomlinn will be there.

• • • • •

Fair Margaret sat in her bonny bower,
Sewing her silken seam,
And wished to be in Chaster's wood,
Among the leaves so green.

She let the seam fall to her foot,
The needle to her toe,
And she has gone to Chaster's wood,
As fast as she could go.

When she began to pull the flowers ;
She pull'd both red and green ;
Then by did come, and by did go,
Said, " Fair maid, let abene !

" O why pluck you the flowers, lady,
Or why climb you the tree ?
Or why come ye to Claster's wood,
Without the leave of me ? "

" O I will pull the flowers," she said,
" Or I will break the tree ;
For Claster's wood it is my own,
I'll ask no leave at thee."

He took her by the milk-white hand,
And by the grass-green sleeve ;
And laid her down upon the flowers,
At her he ask'd no leave.

The lady blush'd and sourly frown'd,
And she did think great shame ;
Says, " If you are a gentleman,
You will tell me your name."

" First they call me Jack," he said,
" And then they call'd me John ;
But since I liv'd in the Fairy court,
Tomhinn has always been my name

" So do not pluck that flower, lady,
That has these pimples gray ;
They would destroy the bonny babe
That we've gotten in our play."

" O tell to me, Touninn," she said,
" And tell it to me soon ;
Was you ever at a good church door,
Or got you christendom ? "

" O I have been at good church door,
And oft her yetts within ;
I was the Laird of Founis's son,
The heir of all his land.

" But it fell once upon a day,
As hunting I did ride,
As I rode east and west yon hill,
Then woe did me betide.

" O drowsy, drowsy as I was,
Dead sleep upon me fell ;
The Queen of Fairies she was there,
And took me to hersel.

" The morn at even is Hallowe'en,
Our Fairy court will ride,
Through England and through Scotland both,
Through all the world wide,
And if that ye would me borrow,
At Rides Cross ye may bide.

" You may go into the Miles Moss,
Between twelve hours and one ;
Take holy water in your hand,
And cast a compass round.

" The first court that comes along,
You'll let them all pass by ;

The next court that comes along,
Salute them reverently.

" The next court that comes along,
Is clad in robes of green;
And it's the head court of them all,
For in it rides the Queen.

" And I upon a milk-white steed,
With a gold star in my crown;
Because I am an earthly man,
I'm next the Queen in renown.

" Then seize upon me with a spring,
Then to the ground I'll fa';
And then you'll hear a rueful cry.
'That Tomlinn is awa'.

" Then I'll grow in your arms two,
Like to a savage wild;
But hold me fast, let me not go,
I'm father of your child.

" I'll grow into your arms two
Like an adder, or a snake;
But hold me fast, let me not go,
I'll be your earthly maik.

" I'll grow into your arms two
Like ice on frozen lake;
But hold me fast, let me not go,
Or from your gouden break.

BURD ELLEN AND YOUNG TAMLANE. 271

"I'll grow into your arms two,
Like iron in strong fire;
But hold me fast, let me not go,
Then you'll have your desire."

And its next night into Miles Moss,
Fair Margaret has gone;
When lo she stands beside Rides Cross,
Between twelve hours and one.

There's holy water in her hand,
She casts a compass round;
And presently a Fairy band
Comes riding o'er the mound.

• • • • •

THIS seems to be the most appropriate connection
for a short fragment from Maidment's *North Country
Garland*, (p. 21.) It was taken down from the recita-
tion of a lady who had heard it sung in her childhood.

BURD ELLEN AND YOUNG TAMLANE.

BURD Ellen sits in the bower windowe,
With a double laddy double, and for the double dow,
Twisting the red silk and the blue,
With the double rose and the May-hay.

272 BURD ELLEN AND YOUNG TAMLANE.

And whiles she twisted, and whiles she twam,
With a double, &c.

And whiles the tears fell down amang,
With the double, &c.

Till once there by cam young Tamlane,
With a double, &c.

"Come light, oh light, and rock your young son!"
With the double, &c.

"If you winna rock him, you may let him rair,
With a double, &c.

For I hae rockit my share and mair."
With the double, &c.

• • • • •

Young Tamlane to the seas he's gane,
With a double luddy double, and for the double dore,
And a' women's curse in his company's gane,
With the double rose and the May-hay.

ALS Y YOD ON AY MOUNDAY. (See p. 126.)

IN the manuscript from which these verses are taken, they form the preface to a long strain of incomprehensible prophecies of the same description as those which are appended to *Thomas of Ersyldoune*. Whether the two portions belong together, or not, (and it will be seen that they are ill enough joined,) the first alone requires to be cited here for the purpose of comparison with the *Wee Wee Man*. The whole piece has been twice printed, first by Finlay, in his *Scottish Ballads*, (ii. 163,) and afterwards, by a person who was not aware that he had been anticipated, in the *Retrospective Review*, Second Series, vol. ii. p. 326. Both texts are in places nearly unintelligible, and are evidently full of errors, part of which we must ascribe to the incompetency of the editors. Finlay's is here adopted as on the whole the best, but it has received a few corrections from the other, and one or two conjectural emendations.

ALS y yod on ay Mounday
Bytwene Wyltinden and Wall,
The ane after brade way,
Ay litel man y mette with alle,
The leste yat ever y, sathe to say,
Oither in bowr, oither in halle;
His robe was noither grene na gray,
Bot alle yt was of riche palle.

On me he cald, and bad me bide,
 Well stille y stode ay litel space;
 Fra Lan. hestre the paike syde
 Yeen he come, wel fair his pase.
 He hailed me with mykel pride;
 Ic haved wel mykel forly wat he was;
 I saide,—“ Wel mote the betyde,
 That litel man with large face.”

I beheld that litel man
 Bi the strete als we gon gae;
 His berd was syde ay large span,
 And glided als the fetther of pae;
 His heved was wyte als ony swan,
 His hegehen was gret and grai als so;
 Brues lange, wel I the can
 Merk it to fize inches and mae.

Armea scort, for sothe I saye,
 Ay span seemed thaem to bea:
 Handes brade vy touten nay,
 And fingeres lange, he schieued me.
 Ay stane he tok op thar it lay,
 And castit forth that I moth see;
 Ay merk soot of large way
 Bifore me strides he eastit three.

Wel stille I stod als did the stane,
 To loke him on thouth me nouth lang;
 His robe was alle gold begane,
 Wel craftlike¹ naked, I undrestand.

¹ Finlay, 'craftlike.

Botones asurd, everlk ane,
Fra his elbouth to ontill his hande;
' Erdelik man was he nane;
That in myn hert ich onderstande.

Til him I sayde ful sone on ane,
For forthurmar I wald him fraine,
"Gladh wald I wit thi name,
And I wist wat me monthle gaine;
Thou ert so litel of fleshe and bane,
And so mikel of mith and mayne,
War vones thou, litel man, at hape?
Wit of thee I wald ful faine."

"Thoth I be litel and lith,
 And noth wytouten wane;
 Feri framed thou wat bi hith,
 That thou salt noth wit my name;
 My wonige stede ful wel es dyght,
 Now sone thou salt se at hame."
 Til him I sayde, "For Godes muth,
 Let me forth my n erand gane."

" The thar noth of thin erand lette,
Thouth thou come ay stou le wit me,
Forther salt thou noth bi sette,
Bi nules twa noyther bi three."
Na linger durst I for him lette,
But forth y funded wyt that free ;
Stintid vs brok no beck ;
Ferlich me thouth hu so mouth bee.

¹ Chdelik. ² Glad wld. ³ Flut, qy. Yat?; wlt.
4 dygh.

He vent forth, als y you say,
 In at ay yate, y vnderstande;
 In til ay yate wyndouten nay;
 It to se thouth me nouth lang.
 The bankers on the binkes lay,
 And fair lordes sett y fonde;
 In ilka ay hirn y herd ay lay,
 And lewedy's sotl. meloude sange.

[Here there seems to be a break, and a new start made, with a tale told not on a *Monday*, but on a *Wednesday*.]

Lithe, bothe zonge and able:
 Of ay worde y will you saye,
 Av htel tale that me was tald
 Erli on ay Wedenesdave.
 A mode barn that was fel bald,
 My friend that y framed aye,
 Al my gesing he me tald.
 And galid me als we went bi waye.

"Miri man, that es so wyth,
 Of ay thing gif me answer:
 For him that mensked man wyt mith,
 Wat sal worth of this were? &c.

¹ south.

THE ELPHIN KNIGHT. (See p. 128.)

"THE following transcript is a literal copy from the original in the Pepysian library, Cambridge." Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, Appendix, p. i.

"A Proper New Ballad, entituled, *The Wind hath blown my Plaid away, or, A Discourse betwixt a young Maud and the Elphin-Knight; To be sung with its own pleasant New Tune.*"

THE Elphin Knight sits on yon hill,
Ba, ba, ba, lull ba,
He blowes his horn both loud and shril,
The wind hath blown my plaid awa

He blowes it East, he blowes it West,
Ba, ba, &c.
He blowes it where he lyketh best.
The wind, &c.

"I wish that horn were in my kist,
Ba, ba, &c.
Yea, and the knight in my armes twa."
The wind, &c.

She had no sooner these words said,

Ba, ba, &c.

When that the knight came to her bod.

The wind, &c.

"Thou art over young a maid," quoth he,

Ba, ba, &c.

"Married with me thou il wouldst be."

The wind, &c.

"I have a sister younger than I,

Ba, ba, &c.

And she was married yesterday."

The wind, &c.

"Married with me if thou wouldst be,

Ba, ba, &c.

A courtesie thou must do to me.

The wind, &c.

"For thou must shape a sark to me,

Ba, ba, &c.

Without any cut or heme," quoth he.

The wind, &c.

"Thou must shape it needle-and sheerless,

Ba, ba, &c.

And also sue it needle-thredlesse."

The wind, &c.

"If that piece of courtesie I do to thee,

Ba, ba, &c.

Another thou must do to me.

The wind, &c.

" I have an aiker of good ley-land,

Ba, ba, &c.

Which lyeth low by yon sea-strand.

The wind, &c.

" For thou must cure it with thy horn,

Ba, ba, &c.

So thou must sow it with thy corn.

The wind, &c.

" And bigg a cart of stone and lyme,

Ba, ba, &c.

Robin Redbreast he must trail it hame.

The wind, &c.

" Thou must barn it in a mouse-holl,

Ba, ba, &c.

And thrash it into thy shoes' soll.

The wind, &c.

" And thou must winnow it in thy looff,

Ba, ba, &c.

And also seek it in thy glove.

The wind, &c.

" For thou must bring it over the sea,

Ba, ba, &c.

And thou must bring it dry home to me

The wind, &c.

" When thou hast gotten thy turns well done,

Ba, ba, &c.

Then come to me and get thy sark then.

The wind, &c."

" I'll not quite my plaid for my life,
Ba, ba, &c.
It laps my seven bairns and my wife.
The wind shall not blow my plaid awa."

" My maidenhead I'll then keep still,
Ba, ba, &c.
Let the Elphin Knight do what he will.
The wind's not blown my plaid awa."

" My plaid awa, my plaid awa,
And o'er the hilt and far awa,
And far awa, to Narroona,
My plaid shall not be blown awa "

THE LAIDLEY WORM OF SPINDLESTON-
HEUGH. See p. 137.

"A song above 500 years old, made by the old
mountain-bard, Duncan Fraser, living on Cheviot,
A. D. 1270."

This ballad, first published in Hutchison's *History
of Northumberland*, was the composition of Mr. Robert
Laube, v. v. of Norham. Several stanzas are, how-
ever, adopted from some ancient tale. It has been
often printed, and is now taken from Ritson's *North-
umberland Garland*.

The similar story of *The Worme of Lambton*, versified
by the Rev J. Watson (compare *Ormekampen* and the
cognate legends, Grandtvig, i. 343, also vol. viii. p.
128, of this collection), may be seen in Richardson's
Bocherer's Table-Book, viii. 129, or in Moore's *Pic-
torial Book of Ancient Ballad Poetry*, page 784. With
the tale of the *Lambton Worm of Durham* agrees in
many particulars that of the *Worm of Linton* in Rox-
burghshire. (See Scott's introduction to *Kempion*, and
Sir C. Sharpe's *Bishopric Garland*, p. 21.) It is high-
ly probable that the mere coincidence of sound with
Linden-Worm caused this last place to be selected as
the scene of such a story.

THE king is gone from Bambrough Castle,
Long may the princess mourn;
Long may she stand on the castle wall,
Looking for his return.

She has knotted the keys upon a string,
And with her she has them ta'en,
She has cast them o'er her left shoulder,
And to the gate she is gane.

She tripped out, she tripped in,
She tript into the yard ;
But it was more for the king's sake,
Than for the queen's regard.

It fell out on a day, the king
Brought the queen with him home ;
And all the lords in our country
To welcome them did come.

" O welcome father ! " the lady cries,
" Unto your halls and bowers ;
And so are you, my step-mother,
For all that's here is yours."

A lord said, wondering while she spake,
" This princess of the North
Surpasses all of female kind
In beauty, and in worth "

The envious queen replied, " At least,
You might have expected me ;
In a few hours, I will her bring
Down to a low degree.¹

" I will her liken to a laidley worm,
That warps about the stone,

¹ Compare *Young Waters*, (i. 26,) v. 21-22, and *The
Bunchin and Susie Pye*, (iv 7,) v. 113-124

And not till Childy Wynd¹ comes back,
Shall she again be won."

The princess stood at the bower door
Laughing, who could her blame?
But e'er the next day's sun went down,
A long worm she became.

For seven miles east, and seven miles west,
And seven miles north, and south,
No blade of grass or corn could grow,
So venomous was her mouth.

The milk of seven stately cows
(It was costly her to keep)
Was brought her daily, which she drank
Before she went to sleep.

At this day may be seen the cave
Which held her folded up,
And the stone trough, the very same
Out of which she did sup.

Word went east, and word went west,
And word is gone over the sea,
That a laidley worm in Spindleston-Heughs
Would ruin the North Country.

Word went east, and word went west,
And over the sea did go;
The Child of Wynd got wit of it,
Which filled his heart with woe.

¹ Childy Wynd is obviously a corruption of Child Owain.

He called straight his merry men all,
They thirty were and three:

"I wish I were at Spindleston,
This desperate worm to see.

"We have no time now here to waste,
Hence quickly let us sail:
My only sister Margaret,
Something, I fear, doth ail."

They built a ship without delay,
With masts of the rown tree,
With flaring sails of silk so fine,
And set her on the sea.

They went on board; the wind with speed,
Blew them along the deep;
At length they spied an huge square tower
On a rock high and steep.

The sea was smooth, the weather clear;
When they approached nigher,
King Ila's castle they well knew,
And the banks of Bambroughshire.

The queen look'd out at her bower window,
To see what she could see;
There she espied a gallant ship
Sailing upon the sea.

When she beheld the silken sails,
Full glancing in the sun,
To sink the ship she sent' away
Her witch wives every one.

I went.

The spells were vain : the hags returned
To the queen in sorrowful mood,
Crying that witches have no power
Where there is rown-tree wood.

Her last effort, she sent a boat,
Which in the haven lay,
With armed men to board the ship,
But they were driven away.

The worm lept out, the worm lept down,
She plaited round the stone ;
And ay as the ship came to the land
She banged it off again.

The Child then ran out of her reach
The ship on Budley-sand,
And jumping into the shallow sea,
Securely got to land.

And now he drew his berry-brown sword,¹
And laid it on her head ;
And swore, if she did harm to him,
That he would strike her dead.

“ O quit thy sword, and bend thy bow,
And give me kisses three ;
For though I am a poisonous worm,
No hurt I'll do to thee.

“ O quit thy sword, and bend thy bow,
And give me kisses three ;
If I'm not won e'er the sun go down,
Won I shall never be.”

¹ berry-broad.

He quitted his sword, and bent his bow,
He gave her kisses three ;
She crept into a hole a worm,
But out stept a lady.

No clothing had this lady fine,
To keep her from the cold ;
He took his mantle from him about,
And round her did it fold.

He has taken his mantle from him about,
And in it he wrapt her in,
And they are up to Bambrough castle,
As fast as they can win.

His absence, and her serpent shape,
The king had long deplored,
He now rejoiced to see them both
Again to him restored.

The queen they wanted, whom they found
All pale, and sore afraid,
Because she knew her power must yield
To Childy Wymd's, who said,

" Woe be to thee, thou wicked witch ;
An ill death mayest thou dee ;
As thou my sister hast lik'ned,
So lik'ned shalt thou be.

" I will turn you into a toad,
That on the ground doth wend ;
And won, won shalt thou never be,
Till this world hath an end."

Now on the sand near Ida's tower,
She crawls a loathsome toad,
And venom spits on every maid
She meets upon her road.

The virgins all of Bambrough town
Will swear that they have seen
This spiteful toad, of monstrous size,
Whilst walking they have been.

All folks believe within the shire
This story to be true,
And they all run to Spindleston,
The cave and trough to view.

This fact now Duncan Frasier,
Of Cheviot, sings in rhyme,
Lest Bambroughshire men should forget
Some part of it in time.

LORD DINGWALL. (See p. 152.)

From Buchan's *Ancient Ballads and Songs of the North
Scotland*. (l. 204.)

We were sisters, sisters seven,
 Bowing down, bowing down ;
The fairest women under heaven.
 And aye the birks a-bowing.

They kiest kevels them amang,
Wha wou'd to the grenewood gang.

The kevels they gied thro' the ha',
And on the youngest it did fa'.

Now she must to the grenewood gang,
To pu' the nuts in grenewood hang.

She hadna tarried an hour but ane,
Till she met wi' a highlan' groom.

He keeped her sae late and lang,
Till the evening set, and birds they sang.

He ga'e to her at their parting.
A chain o' gold, and gay gold ring :

And three locks o' his yellow hair:
Bade her keep them for evermair.

When six lang candles were come and gane,
A courter to this lady came.

Lord Dingwall courted this lady gay,
And so he set their wedding-day.

A little boy to the ha' was sent,
To bring her horse was his intent.

As she was riding the way along,
She began to make a heavy moan.

"What ails you, lady," the boy said,
"That ye seem sae dissatisfied?"

"Are the bridle reins for you too strong?
Or the stirrups for you too long?"

"But, little boy, will ye tell me,
The fashions that are in your countrie?"

"The fashions in our ha' I'll tell,
And o' them a' I'll warn you well.

"When ye come in upon the floor,
His mither will meet you wi' a golden chair.

"But be ye maul, or be ye nane,
Unto the high seat make ye boun.

"Lord Dingwall aft has been beguil'd,
By girls whom young men hae defiled.

"He's cutted the paps frae their breast bane,
And sent them back to their ain hame."

When she came in upon the floor,
His mother met her wi' a golden chair.

But to the high seat she made her boun':
She knew that maiden she was nane.

When night was come, they went to bed,
And ower her breast his arm he laid.

He quickly jumped upon the floor,
And said, "I've got a vile rank whore."

Unto his mother he made his moan,
Says, "Mother dear, I am undone.

"Ye've aft tald, when I brought them hame,
Whether they were maid or nane.

"I thought I'd gotten a maiden bright,
I've gotten but a wae fu' wight.

"I thought I'd gotten a maiden clear,
But gotten but a vile rank whore."

"When she came in upon the floor,
I met her wi' a golden chair.

"But to the high seat she made her boun',
Because a maiden she was nane."

"I wonder wha's tauld that gay ladie,
The fashion into our countrie."

"It is your little boy I blame,
Whom ye did send to bring her hame."

Then to the lady she did go,
And said, "O Lady, let me know

"Who has defiled your fair bodie?
Ye're the first that has beguiled me."

"O we were sisters, sisters seven,
The fairest women under heaven;

"And we kiest kevels us amang,
Wha wou'd to the grenewood gang;

"For to pu' the finest flowers,
To put around our summer bowers.

"I was the youngest o' them a',
The hardest fortune did me befa'.

"Unto the grenewood I did gang,
And pu'd the nuts as they down hang.

"I hadna stay'd an hour but ane,
Till I met wi' a highlan' groom.

"He keep'd me sae late and lang,
Till the evening set, and birds they sang.

"He gae to me at our parting,
A chain of gold, and gay gold ring:

" And three locks o' his yellow hair :
Bade me keep them for evermair.

" Then for to show I make nae lie,
Look ye my trunk, and ye will see."

Unto the trunk then she did go,
To see if that were true or no.

And aye she sought, and aye she flang,
Till these four things came to her hand.

Then she did to her ain son go,
And said, " My son, ye'll let me know.

" Ye will tell to me this thing : —
What did ye wi' my wedding-ring ? "

" Mother dear, I'll tell nae lie :
I gave it to a gay ladie.

" I would gie a' my ha's and towers,
I had this bird within my bowers."

" Keep well, keep well, your lands and stranda,
Ye hae that bird within your hands.

" Now, my son, to your bower ye'll go:
Comfort your ladie, she's full o' woe."

Now when nine months were come and gane,
The lady she brought hame a son.

**It was written on his breast-bane,
Lord Dingwall was his father's name.**

**He's ta'en his young son in his arms,
And aye he prais'd his lovely charms.**

**And he has gi'en him kisses three,
And doubled them over to his ladie.**

HYNDE ETIN. (See p. 179.)

From Kinloch's *Ancient Scottish Ballads*, p. 228.

MAY MARG'RET stood in her bower door,
Kimming down her yellow hair ;
She sped some nuts growin in the wud,
And wish'd that she was there.

She has plaited her yellow locks
A little abune her bree ;
And she has kilted her petticoats
A little below her knee ;
And she's aff to Mulberry wud,
As fast as she could gae.

She had na pu'd a nut, a nut,
A nut but barely ane,
Till up started the Hynde Etin,
Says, " Lady ! let thae alane."

" Mulberry wuds are a' my ain ;
My father gied them me,
To sport and play when I thought lang ;
And they sall na be tane by thee."

And so she pu'd the tither berrie,
Na thinking o' the skaith;
And said, "To wrang ye, Hynde Etin,
I wad be unco laith."

But he has tane her by the yellow locks,
And tied her tall a tree,
And said, "For shechtin my commands,
An ill death shall ye dree"

He pu'd a tree out o' the wud,
The biggest that was there;
And he lowkit a cave monie fathoms deep,
And put May Marg'ret there.

"Now rest ye there, ye saucie may;
My wuds are free for thee;
And gif I tak ye to mysell,
The better ye'll like me."

Na rest, na rest May Marg'ret took,
Sleep she got never nane;
Her back lay on the cauld, cauld floor,
Her head upon a stane.

"O tak me out," May Marg'ret cried,
O tak me hame to thee;
And I sall be your bounden page
Until the day I dee."

He took her out o' the dungeon deep,
And awa wi' him she's gane;
But sad was the day an earl's dochter
Gae hame wi' Hynde Etin.

* * * *

It fell out ance upon a day,
Hynde Etin's to the hunting gane;
And he has tane wi' him his eldest son,
For to carry his game.

"O I wad ask you something, father,
An ye wadna angry be;"—
"Ask on, ask on, my eldest son,
Ask onie thing at me."

"My mother's cheeks are aft times weet,
Alas! they are seldom dry;"—
"Na wonder, na wonder, my eldest son,
Tho' she should brast and die.

"For your mother was an earl's dochter,
Of noble birth and fame;
And now she's wite o' Hynde Etin,
Wha ne'er got christendame.

"But we'll shoot the laverock in the lift,
The buntlin on the tree;
And ye'll tak them hame to your mother,
And see if she'll comforted be."

* * * *

"I wad ask ye something, mother,
An' ye wadna angry be;"—
"Ask on, ask on, my eldest son,
Ask onie thing at me."

**“ Your cheeks they are aft times weet,
Alas ! they’re seldom dry ; ”—**

**“ Na wonder, na wonder, my eldest son,
Tho’ I should brast and die.**

**“ For I was ance an earl’s dochter,
Of noble birth and fame ;
And now I am the wife of Hynde Etin,
Wha ne’er got christendame.”**

SIR OLUF AND THE ELF-KING'S
DAUGHTER. (See p. 192.)

This is a translation by Jamieson (*Popular Ballads and Songs*, i. 219), of the Danish *Elveskud* (Abrahamson i. 237). Lewis has given a version of the same in the *Tales of Wonder*, (No. 10). The corresponding Swedish ballad, *The Elf-Woman and Sir Olof* (Afzelius, iii. 165) is translated by Keightley, *Fairy Mythology*, p. 84. This ballad occurs also in Norse, Faroish, and Icelandic.

Of the same class are *Elfer Hill*, (from the Danish, Jamieson, i. 220; from the Swedish, Keightley, 86; through the German, *Tales of Wonder*, No. 6;) *Sir Olof in the Elve-Dance*, (Keightley, 82, *Literature and Romance of Northern Europe*, by William and Mary Howitt, i. 269;) *The Merman and Mæstuf's Daughter*, (from the Danish, Jamieson, i. 210, *Tales of Wonder*, No. 11;) the Breton tale of *Lord Nann and the Korrigan*, (Keightley, 433;) three Slavic ballads referred to by Grandtrog, (*Elveskud*, ii. 111) *Sir Peter of Staupfenbergh and the Mermaid*, (from the German, Jamieson, *Illustrations of Northern Antiquities*, 257,) and the well known *Fischer* of Goethe.

SIR OLUF the hend has ridden me wide,
All unto his bridal feast to bid.

And lightly the elves, sae feat and free,
They dance all under the greenwood tree !

And there danced four, and there danced five ;
The Elf-King's daughter she reekit bulive.

Her hand to Sir Oluf sae fair and free :
O welcome, Sir Oluf, come dance wi' me !

O welcome, Sir Oluf ! now lat thy love gae,
And tread wi' me in the dance sae gay."

To dance wi' thee ne dare I, ne may ;
The morn it is my bridal day."

O come, Sir Oluf, and dance wi' me ;
Twa buckskin boots I'll give to thee ;

Twa buckskin boots, that sit sae fair,
Wi' gilded spurs sae rich and rare.

And hear ye, Sir Oluf ! come dance wi' me ;
And a silken sark I'll give to thee ;

A silken sark sae white and fine,
That my mother bleached in the moonshine."

" I darena, I maunna come dance wi' thee ;
For the morn my bridal day maun be."

" O hear ye, Sir Oluf ! come dance wi' me,
And a helmet o' goud I'll give to thee."

" A helmet o' goud I well may ha'e ;
But dance wi' thee ne dare I, ne may."

" And wianna thou dance, Sir Oluf, wi' me '
Then sickness and pain shall follow thee !"

She's snutten Sir Oluf -it strak to his heart ;
He never before had kent sic a smart ;

Then lifted him up on his ambler red ;
" And now, Sir Oluf, ride hame to thy bride."

And whan he came till the castell yett,
His mither she stood and leant thereat.

" O hear ye, Sir Oluf, my ain dear son,
Whareto is your lire sac blae and wan ?"

" O well may my lire be wan and blae,
For I ha'e been in the elf-womens' play."

" O hear ye, Sir Oluf, my son, my pride,
And what shall I say to thy young bride ?"

" Ye'll say, that I've ridden but into the wood,
To prieve gin my horse and hounds are good."

Ear on the morn, whan nigh: was gane,
The bride she cam wi' the bridal train.

They skinked the mead, and they skinked the wine:
"O whare is Sir Oluf, bridegroom mine?"

"Sir Oluf has ridden but into the wood,
To prieve gin his borse and hounds are good."

And she took up the scarlet red,
And there lay Sir Oluf, and he was dead!

Ear on the morn, whan it was day,
Three likes were ta'en frae the castle away;

Sir Oluf the leal, and his bride sae fair,
And his mither, that died wi' sorrow and care.

And lightly the elves sae feat and free,
They dance all under the greenwood tree!

FRAGMENT OF THE DÆMON LOVER.

(See p. 201.)

(Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, p. 83.)

"I HAVE seven ships upon the sea,
Laden with the finest gold,
And mariners to wait us upon; —
All these you may behold.

"And I have shoes for my love's feet,
Beaten of the purest gold,
And lined wi' the velvet soft,
To keep my love's feet from the cold.

"O how do you love the ship," he said,
"Or how do you love the sea?
And how do you love the bold mariners
That wait upon thee and me?"

"O I do love the ship," she said,
"And I do love the sea;
But woe be to the dunn mariners,
That nowhere I can see."

They had not sailed a mile awa',
Never a mile but one,
When she began to weep an' I mourn,
And to think on her little wee son

FRAGMENT OF THE DÆMON-LOVER. 303

"O hold your tongue, my dear," he said,
"And let all your weeping abee,
For I'll soon show to you how the lilies grow
On the banks of Italy."

They had not sailed a mile awa',
Never a mile but two,
Until she espied his cloven foot,
From his gay robes sticking thro'.

They had not sailed a mile awa',
Never a mile but three,
When dark, dark, grew his eerie looks,
And raging grew the sea.

They had not sailed a mile awa',
Never a mile but four,
When the little wee ship ran round about,
And never was seen more!

CONSTANTINE AND ARETE. See p. 217.

WE are indebted for the following recension of *Constantine and Arete* to Mr. Sophocles of Harvard College. It is constructed from Fauriel's text, combined with a copy in Zambelios's *Λισματα Δημοτικά*, and with a version taken down from the recitation of a Cretan woman. The translation is by the skilful hand of Professor Felton.

We may notice by the way that several versions of this piece are given by Tommaseo, in his *Canti Popolari Toscani*, etc. iii. 341.

Μάννα μὲ τοὺς ἐννιά σου νιούς καὶ μὲ τὴ μιά σου κόρη,
Τὴν κόρη τὴ μονάκριβη τὴν πολυαγαπημένη,
Τὴν εἶχες δώδεκα χιωνῶν κ' ἥλιος δὲν σοῦ τὴν εἶδε,
Σ τὰ σκοτεινὰ τὴν ἤλουγες, 'ς τ' ἄφγεγγα τὴν ἐπλέκες,
'Σ τ' ἄστρη καὶ 'ς τὸν ἀνγεμινὸ τσ' ἐφκειανες τὰ σγουρά
της.

Ἡ γειτονιά δὲν ἤξερε πῶς εἶχες θυγατέρα,
Καὶ προξενιά σου φέρανε ἀπὸ τῆ Βαβυλῶνι.
Οἱ ὀκτῶ ἀδερφοὶ δὲν θελουνε, καὶ ὁ Κωνσταντῖνος θέλει.

“ Δὺς τήνε, μάννα, δὺς τήνε τὴν Ἀρετὴ 'ς τὰ ξένα,
Νά 'χω κ' ἐγὼ παρηγορία 'ς τὴ στράτα πον διαβάνω.”

“ Φρένιμος εἶσαι, Κωνσταντῆ, μ' ἄσχημ' ἀπιλογήθης.”
“ Ἀν τύχη πίκρη γὴ χαρὰ, ποιος θὰ μοὶ τήνε φέρη; ”

Τὰ θεὰ τῆς βανει ἐγγυτὴ καὶ τοὺς ἀγιοὺς μωρτίρους,
“ Ἀν τύχη πίκρη γὴ χαρὰ νὰ πάῃ νὰ τῆς τὴν φέρη.”

Ἐλπίε· ἡμεῖς ἀπὸ τῆς ἀρετῆς καὶ τῆς ἀρετῆς
 Ἐλπίε· ἡμεῖς ἀπὸ τῆς ἀρετῆς καὶ τῆς ἀρετῆς
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“Σέκος, Κωνσταντίνε μου, τὴν Ἀρετὴν μου εἶλω·
 Τὸ θεὸς μοῖ ἔδωκε ἐγγυτή καὶ τοὺς ἀγαθοὺς καρτίους,
 Ἄν τυχὼ εἶμαι γῆ χαρὰ καὶ πᾶς καὶ μου τὴν φέρε.”

Καὶ μέσα ἔς τὰ μεσαιχτά ἀπ’ τὸ κλισίον θηαίται
 Κάκει τὸ σίγηφο ἄλογο, καὶ τ’ ἄστρο σαλιζάκι.
 Καὶ τὸ φεγγάρι στυγροφία καὶ πᾶσι καὶ τῆς φέρε.
 Βρίσκει τὴν καὶ χτενίζονται ὅσοι ἔς τὸ φεγγαράκι.
 Ἀπομακρὰ τὴν χαιρετᾷ καὶ ἀπομακρὰ τῆς λέγει.

“Γιὰ ἔλα, Ἀρετοῦλα μου, κυρία μου σὲ θέλει.”
 “Ἀλίμονο, ἀδερφάκι μου, καὶ τί’ πε τοῦτ’ ἡ ὥρα!
 Ἄν ἦν χαρὰ ἔς τὸ σπῆτι μου, καὶ βάλω τὰ χρυσά μου,
 Καὶ ἂν πίκρα, ἀδερφάκι μου, καὶ ῥθω ὡς κατ’ὼς εἶμαι.”

“Μηδὲ πίκρα μηδὲ χαρὰ· ἔλα ὡς κατ’ὼς εἶσαι.”
 Ἐπὶ τὴν στράτα ποῦ διαβαίνει, ἔς τὴν στράτα ποῦ παγαίνει,
 Ἀκοῦν πουλιά καὶ κιλαδοῦν, ἀκοῦν πουλιά καὶ λένε·

“Γιὰ δὲς κοπέλα ὁμορφὴ καὶ σέρνη ἀπεθαμένος!”
 “Ἀκουσες, Κωνσταντάκη μου, τί λένε τὰ πουλάκια;”

“Πουλάκια ἔπε καὶ ἄς κιλαδοῦν, πουλάκια ἔπε καὶ ἄς
 λένε.”

Καὶ παρακί ποῦ πάγαιναν καὶ ἄλλα πουλιά τοὺς λέγαν·

“Τί βλέπουμε τὰ θλιβερά τὰ παραπονεμένα;
 Νὰ περπατοῦν οἱ ζωντανοὶ μὲ τοὺς ἀπεθαμένους;”

“Ἀκουσες, Κωνσταντάκη μου, τί λένε τὰ πουλάκια;”
 “Πουλάκια ἔπε καὶ ἄς κιλαδοῦν, πουλάκια ἔπε καὶ ἄς λένε.”

“Φοβοῦμαί σ’ ἀδερφάκι μου, καὶ λιβινιὲς μυρίζεις.”
 “Ἐχτές βραδὺς ἐπήγαμε κάτω ἔς τὸν Ἀϊγιάνη,
 Κ’ ἐθύμισέ μας ὁ πιπᾶς μὲ τὸ πολὺ λιζάνι.”

Καὶ παρεμπρὸς ποῦ πήγανε, καὶ ἄλλα πουλιά τοὺς λένε·
 “ὦ θεὸς μεγαλοδύναμε, μεγάλο θάμα κάνεις!

Τέτοια πανώρηι λιγερὴ καὶ σέρνη ἀπεθαμένος!”

Τ’ ἀκουσε πάλε ἡ Ἀρετὴ κ’ ἐρράγισ’ ἡ καρδιά της·

“Ακουσες, Κωσταντάκη μου, τί λένε τὰ πουλάκια ;
Πές μου ποῖ ἔν’ τὰ μαλλήκια σου, τὸ πηγουρὸ μουστακι ;

“Μεγίλη ἀρρώστια μ’ εὔρηκε, μ’ ἔρρηξε τοῦ θαιατοῦ.
Βρίσκουν τὸ σπίτι κλειδωτὸ κλειδομανταλωμένο,
Καὶ τὰ σπιτοπαράθυρα ποῦ ἔταν ἀραχνιασμένα .

“Ἀνοιξε, μάννα μ’, ἀνοιξε, καὶ νὰ τὴν Ἀρετὴ σου.”

“Ἄν ἦσαι λήρος, διάβαινε, καὶ ἄλλα παιδιὰ δὲν ἔχω .
Ἡ δόλχη Ἀρετούλα μου λείπει μακριὰ ἔς τα ξένα.”

“Ἀνοιξε, μαννα μ’, ἀνοιξε, κ’ ἐγὼ μαι ὁ Κωσταντῆ
σου.

Τὸ θιὸ σοῦ βάλα ἐγγυτὴ καὶ τοὺς ἀγιοὺς μαρτύρους,

“Ἄν τύχη πίκρα γὴ χαρὰ νὰ πάω νὰ σοῦ τὴν φέρω.”

Καὶ ὥστε νὰ βγῇ ἔς τὴν πόρτα της, εἰργήκε ἡ ψυχὴ
της.

CONSTANTINE AND ARETE.

O MOTHER, thou with thy nine sons, and with one
only daughter,
Thine only daughter, well beloved, the dearest of thy
children,
For twelve years thou didst keep the maid, the sun
did not behold her,
Whom in the darkness thou didst bathe, in secret braid
her tresses.
And by the starlight and the dawn, didst wind her
curling ringlets,
Nor knew the neighborhood that thou didst have so
fair a daughter,—
When came to thee from Babylon a woer's soft
entreaty:
Eight of the brothers yielded not, but Constantine
consented.
“O mother give thine Arete, bestow her on the
stranger,
That I may have her solace dear when far away I
wander.”
“Though thou art wise, my Constantine, thou hast
unwisely spoken:
Be woe my lot or be it joy, who will restore my
daughter?”

He calls to witness God above, he calls the holy
martyrs,
Be woe her lot, or be it joy, he would restore her
daughter:
And when they wedded Arete, in that far distant
country,
Then comes the year of sorrowing, and all the nine
did perish.
All lonely was the mother left, like a reed alone in
the meadow;
O'er the eight graves she beats her breast, o'er eight is
heard her wailing,
And at the tomb of Constantine, she rends her hair
in anguish
"Arise, my Constantine, arise, for Arete I lan-
guish:
On God to witness thou didst call, didst call the holy
martyrs,
Be woe my lot or be it joy, thou wouldst restore my
daughter"
And forth at midnight hour he fares, the silent tomb
deserting,
He makes the cloud his flying steed, he makes the star
his bridle,
And by the silver moon convoyed, to bring her home
he journeys:
And finds her combing down her locks, abroad by
silvery moonlight,
And greets the maiden from afar, and from afar
bespeaks her.
"Arise, my Aretula dear, for thee our mother
longeth"
"Alas' my brother, what is this? what wouldst at
such an hour?"

If joy betide our distant home, I wear my golden
raiment,

If woe betide, dear brother mine, I go as now I'm
standing."

"Think not of joy, think not of woe—return as here
thou standest."

And while they journey on the way, all on the way
returning,

They hear the Birds, and what they sing, and what the
Birds are saying.

"Ho! see the maiden all so fair, a Ghost it is that
bears her."

"Didst hear the Birds, my Constantine, didst list to
what they're saying?"

"Yes: they are Birds, and let them sing, they're
Birds, and let them chatter:"

And yonder, as they journey on, still other Birds
salute them.

"What do we see, unhappy ones, ah! woe is fallen
on us;—

Lo! there the living sweep along, and with the dead
they travel."

"Didst hear, my brother Constantine, what yonder
Birds are saying?"

"Yes! Birds are they, and let them sing, they're Birds,
and let them chatter."

"I fear for thee, my Brother dear, for thou dost
breathe of incense."

"Last evening late we visited the church of Saint
Johannes,

And there the priest perfumed me o'er with clouds of
fragrant incense."

And onward as they hold their way, still other Birds
bespeak them:

“O God, how wondrous is thy power, what miracles
thou workest!

A maid so gracious and so fair, a Ghost it is that
bears her:”

’Twas heard again by Arete, and now her heart
was breaking;

• Didst hearken, brother Constantine, to what the Birds
are saying?

Say where are now thy waving locks, thy strong thick
beard, where is it?”

“A sickness sore has me befallen, and brought me
near to dying”

They find the house all locked and barred, they find
it barred and bolted,

And all the windows of the house with cobwebs
covered over.

“Unlock, O mother mine, unlock, thine Arete thou
seest.”

“If thou art Charon, get thee gone—I have no other
children:

My hapless Arete afar, in stranger lands is dwell-
ing.”

“Unlock, O mother mine, unlock, thy Constantine
entreats thee.

I called to witness God above, I called the holy
martyrs,

Were woe thy lot, or were it joy, I would restore thy
daughter.”

And when unto the door she came, her soul from
her departed.

THE HAWTHORN TREE.

Ritson's *Ancient Songs*, ii 44.

A Merry Ballet of the Hathorne Tre, from a MS. in the Cotton Library, Vespasian, A. xxv. The MS. has "G Peele" appended to it, but in a hand more modern than the ballad. Mr. Dyce, with very good reason, "doubts" whether Peele is the author of the ballad, but has printed it, *Peele's Works*, ii 256. It is given also by Evans, i. 342, and partly in Chappell's *Popular Music*, i. 64.

The true character of this piece would never be suspected by one reading it in English. The same is true of the German, where the ballad is very common, and much prettier than in English, e. g. *Das Mädchen und die Hasel*, *Das Mädchen und der Nagebaum*, *Erk's Liederhort*, No. 33, five copies; Hoffmann, *Schlesische Volkslieder*, No. 100, three copies, etc. In Danish and Swedish we find a circumstantial story *Jomfruen i Linden*, Grundtvig, No. 66, *Linden*, *Stensta Folkevisor*, No. 87. The tree is an enchanted damsel, one of eleven children transformed by a step-mother into various less troublesome things, and the spell can be removed only by a kiss from the king's son. By the intervention of the maiden, this rite is performed, and the beautiful linden is changed to as beautiful a young woman, who of course becomes the

prince's bride. A Wendish ballad resembling the German is given by Haupt and Schmäler, and ballads, akin to the Danish, are found in Slovensk and Lithuanian (see Grundtvig).

It was a maide of my countre,
As she came by a hathorne-tre,
As full of flowers as might be seen,
'She' merveld to se the tree so grene.

At last she asked of this tre,
"Howe came this freshness unto the,
And every branche so faire and cleane?
I mervaille that you growe so grene."

The tre 'made' answer by and by:
"I have good cause to growe triumphantly;
The sweetest dewe that ever be sene
Doth fall on me to kepe me grene."

"Yea," quoth the maid, "but where you growe,
You stande at hande for every blowe;
Of every man for to be seen;
I mervaine that you growe so grene."

"Though many one take flowers from me,
And manye a branche out of my tre,
I have suche store they wyl not be sene,
For more and more my 'tweggos'¹ growe grene."

¹ twedges.

- But howe and they chaunce to cut the downe,
And carry the braunches into the towne?
Then will they never no more be sene
To growe againe so freshe and grene."

" Though that you do, yt ys no boote ;
Althoughe they cut me to the roote,
Next yere againe I will be sene
To bude my branches freshe and grene.

" And you, faire maide, canne not do so ;
For yf you let youre maid-hode goe,
Then will yt never no more be sene,
As I with my braunches can growe grene."

The maide wyth that beganne to blushe,
And turned her from the hathorne-bushe ;
She thought[t]e herselffe so faire and clone,
Her bewtie styll would ever growe grene.

Whan that she harde this marvelous dowble,
She wandered styll then all aboute,
Suspecting still what she would wene,
Her maid-heade lost would never be seen.

Wyth many a sighe, she went her waye,
To se howe she made herselff so gay,
To walke, to se, and to be sene,
And so out-faced the hathorne grene.

Besides all that, yt put her in feare
To talke with companye anye where,
For feare to losse the thinge that shuld be sene
To growe as were the hathorne grene.

But after this never could I here
Of this faire mayden any where,
That ever she was in forest sene
To talke againe of the hathorne grene.

ST. STEPHEN AND HEROD.

Ritson's *Ancient Songs*, i. 141, Sandys's *Christmas Carols*, p. 4: from the Sloane MS., No. 2593 (temp. Hen. VI.)

This curious little ballad was sung as a carol for St. Stephen's Day. Its counterpart is found in Danish (though not in an ancient form), printed in Erik Pontoppidan's book on the relics of Heathenism and Paganism in Denmark, 1736 (*Jesusbarnet, Stefan, og Herodes*, Grundtvig, No. 96). There is also a similar ballad in Faroish. Only a slight trace of the story is now left in the Swedish *Staffans Visa* (*Scenska F. V.*, No. 99), which is sung as a carol on St. Stephen's Day, as may very well have been the case with the Danish and Faroish ballads too.

The miracle of the roasted cock occurs in many other legends. The earliest mention of it is in Vincent of Beauvais's *Speculum Historiale*, L. xxv. c. 64. It is commonly ascribed to St. James, sometimes to the Virgin. (See the preface to the ballad in Grundtvig, and to Southey's *Pilgrim to Compostella*; also Wolf's *Proben portugiesischer u. catalanischer Volksromanzen*, *Der Pilger*, p. 58, and Köhler, *Jahrbuch für romanische u. englische Literatur*, iii. 58.) We meet with it in another English carol called *The Carnal* and the Crane*, printed in Sandys's collection, p. 152, from a broadside copy, corrupt and almost unintelligible

* crow?

in places. The stanzas which contain the miracle are the following : —

There was a star in the West land,
So bright it had appear
Into King Herod's chamber,
And where King Herod were.

The Wise Men soon espied it,
And told the king on high,
A princely babe was born that night
No king could e'er destroy.

"If this be true," King Herod said,
"As thou testest not me,
This roasted cock that lies in the dish
Shall crow full twelve & three."

The cock soon freshly feather'd was,
By the work of God's own hand,
And then three fowls crowed he,
In the dish where he did stand.

"Rise up, rise up, you merry men all,
See that you ready be;
All children under two years old
Now slain they all shall be."

SEYNT STEVENE was a clerk in kyng Herowdes
halle,

And servyd him of bred and cloth, as ever kyng
befalle.¹

Stevyn out of kechon cam, wyth boris hed on
honde ;

He saw a sterr was fayr and bryght over Bedlem
stonde.

• rounds ?

¹ befalle, befell.

He kyst¹ adoun the bores hed, and went into the halle :

“I forsake the, kyng Herowdes, and thi werkes alle.

“I forsak the, kyng Herowdes, and thi werkes alle : Ther is a chyld in Bedlem born is beter than we alle.”

“Quhat eylyt² the, Stevene ? quhat is the befalle ? Lakkyt the eyther mete or drynk in kyng Herowdes halle ?”

“Lakit me neyther mete ne drynk in kyng Herowdes halle : Ther is a chyld in Bedlem born is beter than we alle.”

“Quhat eylyt the, Stevyn ? art thu wod,³ or thu gynnyst to brede ?⁴ Lakkyt the eythar gold or fe,⁵ or ony ryche wede⁶ ?”

“Lakyt ‘me’ neyther gold ne fe, ne⁷ non ryche wede ; Ther is a chyld in Bedlem born xal⁸ helpen us at our nede.”

“That is al so soth,⁹ Stevyn, al so soth, i-wys,¹⁰ As this capon crowe xal that lyth her in myn dysh.”

¹ kyst, *cast*. ² eylyt, *aileth*. ³ wod, *mad*. ⁴ gynnyst to brede, *beginnest to entertain capricious fancies*, like a woman, &c. ⁵ fe, *wages*. ⁶ wede, *clothes*. ⁷ ne, *nor*. ⁸ xal, *shall*. ⁹ soth, *true*. ¹⁰ i-wys, *for a certainty*.

That word was not so sone seyð, that word in that
halle,

The capon crew, CHRISTUS NATUS EST! among
the lordes alle.

" Rysyt up, myn turmentowres, be to¹ and al be
on,

And ledyt Stevyn out of this town, and stonyt
hym wyth ston."

Tokyn he² Stevenne, and stonyd hym in the way;
And therefor is his evyn on Crystes owyn day.

¹ be to, by two.

² he, they.

ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH
B A L L A D S.

VOLUME II.

BOOK II.



GLASGERION.

THE two following ballads have the same subject and perhaps had a common original. The "Briton GLASKYERION" is honourably mentioned as a harper by Chaucer, in company with Chiron, Orion, and Orpheus, (*House of Fame*, B. iii. v. 118,) and with the last he is also associated, as Mr. Finlay has pointed out, by Bishop Douglas, in the *Palace of Honour*. "The Scottish writers," says Jamieson, "adapting the name to their own meridian, call him GLENKINDY, GLEN-SKEENIE, &c."

Glasgerion is reprinted from Percy's *Reliques*, iii. 88

GLASGERION was a kings owne sonne,
And a harper he was goode;
He harped in the kings chambere,
Where cuppe and caudle stoode,

And soe did hee in the queens chambere,
Till ladies waxed wood,

And then bespake the kinges daughter,
And these wordes thus shee sayd :—

“ Strike on, strike on, Glasgerion,
Of thy striking doe not blinne ;
Theres never a stroke comes oer thy harpe,
But it glads my hart withinne.”

“ Faire might him fall, ¹ ladye,” quoth hee,
“ Who taught you nowe to speake !
I have loved you, ladye, seven longe yeere,
My harte I neere durst breake.”

“ But come to my bower, my Glasgerion,
When all men are att rest :
As I am a ladie true of my promise,
Thou shalt bee a welcome guest.”

Home then came Glasgerion,
A glad man, lord I was hee :
“ And, come thou hither, Jacke my boy,
Come hither unto mee.

“ For the kinges daughter of Normandye
Hath granted mee my boone ;
And att her chambere must I bee
Beffore the cocke have crowen.”

¹ him fall

"O master, master," then quoth hee,
"Lay your head downe on this stone ;
For I will waken you, master deere,
Afore it be time to gone."

But up then rose that lither ladd,
And hose and shoone did on ;
A collar he cast upon his necke,
Hee seemed a gentleman.

And when he came to the ladyes chamber,
He thrild upon a pinn :
The lady was true of her promise,
And rose and lett him inn.

He did not take the lady gaye
To boulster nor to bed :
[Nor thoughe hee had his wicked wille,
A single word he sed.]

He did not kisse that ladyes mouthe,
Nor when he came, nor yode :
And sore that ladye did mistrust,
He was of some churls bloud.

But home then came that lither ladd,
And did off his hose and shoone ;
And cast the collar from off his necke :
He was but a churlès sonne.

"Awake, awake, my deere master,
The cock hath well-nigh crowen;
Awake, awake, my master deere,
I hold it time to be gone.

"For I have saddled your horsse, master,
Well bridled I have your steede,
And I have served you a good breakfast,
For thereof ye have need."

Up then rose good Glasgerion,
And did on hose and shoone,
And cast a collar about his necke:
For he was a kinge his sonne.

And when he came to the ladyes chambere,
He thrilled upon the pinne;
The ladye was more than true of promise,
And rose and let him inn.

"O whether have you left with me
Your bracelet or your glove?
Or are you returned back againe
To know more of my love?"

Glasgerion swore a full great othe,
By oake, and ashe, and thorne;
"Ladye, I was never in your chambere,
Sith the time that I was borne."

"O then it was your lither¹ foot-page,
He hath beguiled mee :"
Then shee pulled forth a little pen-kniffe,
That hanged by her knee.

Sayes, "there shall never noe churlès blood
Within my bodye spring :
No churlès blood shall e'er defile
The daughter of a kinge."

Home then went Glasgerion,
And woe, good lord ! was hee .
Sayes, "come thou hither, Jacke my boy,
Come hither unto mee.

"If I had killed a man to-night,
Jack, I would tell it thee :
But if I have not killed a man to-night,
Jacke, thou hast killed three."

And he puld out his bright browne sword,
And dryed it on his sleeve,
And he smote off that lither ladds head,
Who did his ladye grieve.

He sett the swords poynt till his brest,
The pummil untill a stone :
Throw the falsenesse of that lither ladd,
These three lives werne all gone.

GLENKINDIE.

From Jamieson's *Popular Ballads and Songs*, i. 91. The copy in the *Thistle of Scotland*, p. 31, is the same.

GLENKINDIE was ance a harper gude.
He harped to the king ;
And Glenkindie was ance the best harper
That ever harp'd on a string.

He'd harpit' a fish out o' saut water,
Or water out o' a stane ;
Or milk out o' a maiden's breast,
That bairn had never nane.

He's taen his harp intil his hand,
He harpit and he sang ;
And ay as he harpit to the king,
To haud him unthought lang.

¹ These feats are all but equalled by the musician in the Swedish and Danish *Harpans Kraft*.

" He harped the bark from every tree,
And he harped the young from folk and from fee.

" He harped the hind from the wild-wood home,
He harped the bairn from its mother's womb "

ARWIDSON, No. 149

" Villemund takes his harp in his hand,
He goes down by the water to stand.

" He struck the harp with his hand,
And the fish leapt out upon the strand."

GUNNARSON, No. 40

"I'll gie you a robe, Glenkindie,
A robe o' the royal pa',
Gin ye will harp i' the winter's night
Afore my nobles a'."

And the king but and his nobles a'
Sat birling at the wine ;
And he wad hae but his ae dochter,
To wait on them at dine. ¹

He's taen his harp intill his hand,
He's harpit them a' asleep,
Except it was the young countess,
That love did waukin keep.

And first he has harpit a grave tune,
And syne he has larpit a gay ;

¹ This stanza is found in the opening of *Brown Robin*, which commences thus : —

"The king but and his nobles a'
Sat birling at the wine, [bis]
He would hae nae but his ae daughter
To wait on them at dine.

"She served them but, she served them ben,
Intill a gown o' green ;
But her e'e was ay on Brown Robin,
That stood low under the rain," &c. J

And mony a sich atween bands
I wat the lady gae.¹

Says, "Whan day is dawen, and cocks has
crawen,

And wappit their wings sac wide,
It's ye may come to my bower door,
And streek you by my side.

But look that ye tell na Gib your man,
For naething that ye dee;
For, an ye tell him, Gib your man,
He'll beguile baith you and me."

He's taen his harp intill his hand;
He harpit and he sang;
And he is hame to Gib his man,
As fast as he could gang.

"O mith I tell you, Gib, my man,
Gin I a man had slain?"

"O that ye micht, my gude master,
Altho' ye lud slain ten."

¹ The following stanza occurs in one of the editor's copies
of *The Gay Goshawk* :—

"O first he sang a merry song,
And then he sang a grave;
And then he pecked his feathers gray,
To her the etter gavo."

"Then tak ye tent now, Gib, my man,
My bidden for to dee ;
And, but an ye wauken me in time,
Ye sall be hangit hie.

"Whan day has dawen, and cocks hae crawen,
And wappit their wings sae wide,
I'm bidden gang till yon lady's bower,
And streek me by her side."

"Gae hame to your bed, my good master :
Ye've waukit, I fear, o'er lang ,
For I'll wauken you in as good time,
As ony cock i' the land."

He's taen his harp intill his hand,
He harpit and he sang,
Until he harpit his master asleep,
Syne fast awa did gang.

And he is till that lady's bower,
As fast as he could rin ;
When he cam till that lady's bower,
He chappit at the chin.¹

"O wha is this," says that lady,
"That opens nae and comes in ?"
"It's I, Glenkindie, your ain true love,
O open and lat me in !"

¹at the chin. Sic.

She kent he was nae gentle knight
That she had latten in ;
For neither whan he gaed nor cam,
Kist he her cheek or chin.

He neither kist her whan he cam,
Nor clappat her when he gaed ;
And in and at her bower window,
The moon shone like the gleed.

" O, ragged is your hose, Glenkindie,
And riven is your sheen,
And reavel'd is your yellow hair
That I saw lute yestreen."

• The stockings they are Gib my man's,
They came first to my hand ;
And this is Gib my man's shoon ;
At my bed feet they stand.
I've reavell'd a' my yellow hair
Coming against the wind."

He's taen the harp intill his hand,
He harpit and he sang,
Until he cam to his master,
As fast as he could gang.

" Won up, won up, my good master ;
I fear ye sleep o'er lang ;

There's nae a cock in a' the land
But has wappit his wings and crawn."

Glenkindie's tane his harp in hand,
He harpit and he sang,
And he has reach'd the lady's bower,
Afore that e'er he blan.

When he cam to the lady's bower,
He chappit at the chin ;
"O, wha is that at my bower door,
That opens na and comes in ?"
"It's I, Glenkindie, your ain true love,
And in I canna win."

* * * * *

"Forbid it, forbid it," says that lady,
"That ever sic shame betide ;
That I should first be a wild loon's lass,
And than a young knight's bride."

There was nae pity for that lady,
For she lay cald and dead ;
But a' was for him, Glenkindie,
In bower he must go mad.

He'd harpit a fish out o' saut water ;
The water out o' a stane ;

The milk out o' a maiden's breast,
That bairn had never nane.

He's taen his harp intill his hand ;
Sae sweetly as it rang,
And wae and weary was to hear
Glenkindie's dowie sang.¹

But cauld and dead was that lady,
Nor heeds for a' his maen ;
An he wad harpit till donisday,
She'll never speak again.

He's taen his harp intill his hand ;
He harpit and he sang ;
And he is hame to Gib his man
As fast as he could gang.

" Come forth, come forth, now, Gib, my man,
Till I pay you your fee ;
Come forth, come forth, now, Gib, my man :
Weel payit sall ye be ! "

And he has taen him, Gib, his man,
And he has hang'd him hie ;
And he's hangit him o'er his ain yate,
As high as high could be.

¹ This stanza has been altered, to introduce a little variety, and prevent the monotonous tiresomeness of repetition. I

THE OLD BALLAD OF LITTLE MUSGRAVE AND THE LADY BARNARD.

THE popularity of this ancient ballad is evinced by its being frequently quoted in old plays. In Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, (produced in 1611,) the fourteenth stanza is cited, thus :

“ And some they whistled and some they sung,
 Hey, down, down !
And some did loudly say,
Ever as the lord Barnet's horn blew,
 Away, Musgrave, away.”

Act V. Scene 8.

The oldest known copy of this piece is found in *Wit Restor'd*, (1658,) p. 174, and from the reprint of that publication we have taken it, (p. 293.) Dryden seems to have adopted it from the same source into his *Miscellanies*, and Ritson has inserted Dryden's version in *Ancient Songs and Ballads*, ii. 116. Percy's copy (*Reliques*, iii. 106,) was inferior to the one here used, and was besides somewhat altered by the editor.

A Scottish version, furnished by Jamieson, is given in the Appendix to this volume, and another, extend-

ing to forty-eight stanzas, in *Scottish Traditional Versions of Ancient Ballads*, Percy Society, vol. xvii. p. 21.

Similar incidents, with a verbal coincidence in one stanza, occur in the ballad immediately succeeding the present.

As it fell one holy-day, *hay doone*,
As many be in the yeare,
When young men and maids together did goe,
Their mattins and masse to heare,

Little Mu-grave came to the church dore,
The preist was at private masse;
But he had more minde of the faire women,
Then he had of our ladys grace.¹

The one of them was clad in green,
Another was clad in pall².
And then came in my lord Barnards' wife.
The fairest amongst them all.

She cast an eye on little Musgrave,
As bright as the summer sun,
And then bethought this little Musgrave,
"This ladys heart have I woonn."

¹ lady.

² pale.

³ Barnards.

Quoth she, "I have loved thee, little Musgrave,
Full long and many a day:"

"So have I loved you, fair lady,
Yet never word durst I say."

"I have a bower at Buckelsfordbery,
Full daintily it is deight¹;
If thou wilt wend² thither, thou little Musgrave,
Thou's lig in mine armes all night."

Quoth he, "I thank yee, faire lady,
This kindnes thou showest to me;
But whether it be to my weal or woe,
This night I will lig with thee."

All that heard a little tinny page,³
By his ladyes coach as he ran:
[Quoth he,] "although I am my ladyes foot
page,
Yet I am lord Barnards man.

"My lord Barnard shall knowe of this,
Whether I sink⁴ or swim:"
And ever where the bridges were broake,
He laid him downe to swimme.

"Asleepe, awake⁵! thou lord Barnard,
As thou art a man of life;

¹ geight ² wed. ³ With that he heard: tyna.
⁴ sink. ⁵ or wake

For little Musgrave is at Bucklesfordbery,
Abed with thy own wedded wife."

"If this be true, thou little tinny page,
This thing thou tellest to mee,
Then all the land in Bucklesfordbery
I freely will give to thee.

"But if it be a ly, thou little tinny page,
This thing thou tellest to me,
On the hyest tree in Bucklesfordbery
There hanged shalt thou be."

He called up his merry men all :—
"Come saddle me my steed ;
'This night must I to Buckellsfordbery,
For I never had greater need."

And some of them whistl'd, and some of them
sung,
And some these words did say,
Ever when my lord Barnards horn blew,
"Away, Mu-grave, away !"

"Methinks I hear the thresel-cock,
Methinks I hear the jaye ;
Methinks I hear my Lord Barnard,—
And I would I were away."

• And ever

“ Lye still, lye still, thou little Musgrave,
And huggell me from the cold ;
Tis nothing but a shephards boy,
A driving his sheep to the fold.

“ Is not thy hawke upon a perch ?
Thy steed eats oats and hay,
And thou [a] fair lady in thine armes,—
And wouldst thou bee away ? ”

With that my lord Barnard came to the dore,
And lit a stone upon ;
He plucked out three silver keys,
And he open'd the dores each one.

He lifted up the coverlett,
He lifted up the sheet ;
“ How now, how now, thou little Musgrave,
Doest thou find my lady sweet ? ”

“ I find her sweet,” quoth little Musgrave,
“ The more 'tis to my paine ;
I would gladly give three hundred pounds
That I were on yonder plaine.”

“ Arise, arise, thou littell Musgrave,
And put thy clothés on ;
It shal ne'er be said in my country,
I have killed a naked man.

"I have two swords in one scabberd,
Full deere they cost my purse ;
And thou shalt have the best of them,
And I will have the worse."

The first stroke that little Musgrave stroke,
He hurt Lord Barnard sore ;
The next stroke that Lord Barnard stroke,
Little Musgrave ne're struck more.

With that bespake this faire lady,
In bed whereas she lay ;
"Although thou'rt dead, thou little Musgrave,
Yet I for thee will pray ;

"And wish well to thy soule will I,
So long as I have life ;
So will I not for thee, Barnard,
Although I am thy wedded wife."

He cut her paps from off her brest,
(Great pity it was to see,)
That some drops of this ladies heart's blood
Ran trickling downe her knee.

"Woe worth you, woe worth [you], my merry
men all,
You were ne're borne for my good ;
Why did you not offer to stay my hand,
When ye saw¹ me wax so wood !

" For I have slaine the bravest sir knight
That ever rode on steed ;
So have I done the fairest lady
That ever did womans deed.

" A grave, a grave," Lord Barnard cryd,
To put these lovers in ;
But lay my lady on [the] upper hand,
For she came of the better kin."

LORD RANDAL (A)

From Jamieson's *Popular Ballads and Songs*, v. 162.

"THE story of this ballad very much resembles that of *Little Musgrave and Lord Burnard*. The common title is, *The Bonny Birdy*. The first stanza is sung thus. —

* There was a knight, on a summer's night,
Was riding o'er the lee, *diddle* ;
And there he saw a bonny birdy
Was singing on a tree, *diddle* :
O wow for day, *diddle* !
And heir gat it were day !
Gin it were day, and I were away,
For I ha'e na lang time to stay.*

In the text, the burden of *diddle* has been omitted; and the name of Lord Randal introduced, for the sake of distinction, and to prevent the ambiguity arising from 'the knight,' which is equally applicable to both."

The lines supplied by Jamieson have been omitted. Allan Cunningham's "improved" version of the *Bonny Birdy* may be seen in his *Songs of Scotland*, ii 130.

LORD RANDAL wight, on a summer's night,
Was riding o'er the lee,
And there he saw a bonny birdie
Was singin' on a tree :

“ O wow for day!
And dear gin it were day !
Gin it were day, and I were away,
For I ha'ena lang time to stay !

“ Mak haste, mak haste, ye wicht baron ;
What keeps ye here sae late ?
Gin ye kent what was doing at hame,
I trow ye wad look blate.

“ And O wow for day!
And dear gin it were day .
Gin it were day, and ye were away ;
For ye ha'ena lang time to stay ! ”

“ O what needs I toil day and night,
My fair body to spill,
When I ha'e knichts at my command,
And ladies at my will ? ”

“ O weel is he, ye wicht baron,
Has the blear drawn o'er his e'e ;
But your lady has a knight in her arms twa,
That she lo'es far better nor thee.

"And O wow for day!
And dear gin it were day!
Gin it were day, and ye were away,
For ye ha'ena lang time to stay!"

"Ye lie, ye lie, ye bonny birdie;
How you lie upon my sweet;
I will tak out my bonny bow,
And in troth I will you sheet."

"But afore ye ha'e your bow weel bent,
And a' your arrows yare,
I will flee till anither tree,
Where I can better fare.

"And O wow for day
And dear gin it were day!
Gin it were day, and I were away;
For I ha'ena lang time to stay!"

"O where was ye gotten, and where was ye
clocked,

My bonny birdie, tell me?"

"O, I was clocked in good green wood,
Intill a holly tree;

A baron sae bald my nest herried,
And ga'e me to his ladie.

"Wi' good white bread, and farrow-cow milk,
He bade her feed me aft;

And ga'e her a little wee summer-dale wandie,
To ding me sindle and saft.

"Wi' good white bread, and farrow-cow milk,
I wat she fed me nought ;
But wi' a little wee summer-dale wandie,
She dang me sair and oft : —
Gin she had done as ye her bade,
I wadna tell how she has wrought.

" And O wow for day !
And dear gin it were day !
Gin it were day, and ye were away ;
For ye ha'ena lang time to stay."

Lord Randal rade, and the birdie flew,
The live-lang summer's night,
Till he cam till his lady's bower-door,
Then even down he did light.
The birdie sat on the crap o' a tree,
And I wat it sang fu' dight :

" O wow for day !
And dear gin it were day !
Gin it were day, and I were away ;
For I ha'ena lang time to stay !"

• • • • •

"O wow for day!
And dear gin it were day!
Gin it were day, and ye were away;
For ye ha'ena lang time to stay!"

"Now Christ assoile me o' my sin,"
The fause knight he could say;
"It's nae for nought that the hawk whistles¹:
And I wish that I were away!"

"And O wow for day!
And dear gin it were day!
Gin it were day, and I were away;
For I ha'ena lang time to stay!"

"What needs ye lang for day,
And wish that ye were away?
Is na your hounds in my cellar
Eating white meal and gray?"

"Yet, O wow for day!
And dear gin it were day!
Gin it were day, and I were away,
For I ha'ena lang time to stay!"

"Is na your horse in my stable,
Eating good corn and hay?"

¹ This is a proverbial saying in Scotland. J.

Is na your hawk on my perch tree,
Just perching for his prey?
And isna yoursel in my arms twa;
Then how can ye lang for day?"

"Yet, O wow for day!
And dear gin it were day!
Gin it were day, and I were away,
For I ha'ena lang time to stay.

"Yet, O wow for day!
And dear gin it were day!
For he that's in bed wi' anither man's wife,
Has never lang time to stay."

• • • • •

'Then out Lord Randal drew his brand,
And straike it o'er a strae;
And through and through the fause knight's
waste
He gar'd cauld iron gae;
And I hope ilk ane sall sae be serv'd,
'That treats an honest man sae!

GIL MORRICE.

"OF the many ancient ballads which have been preserved by tradition among the peasantry of Scotland, none has excited more interest in the world of letters than the beautiful and pathetic tale of *Gil Morrice*; and this, no less on account of its own intrinsic merits as a piece of exquisite poetry, than of its having furnished the plot of the justly celebrated tragedy of *Douglas*. It has likewise supplied Mr. Langhorne with the principal materials from which he has woven the fabric of his sweet, though prolix poem of *Queen of Carron*. Perhaps the list could be easily increased of those who have drawn their inspiration from this affecting strain of Olden Minstrelsy.

"If any reliance is to be placed on the traditions of that part of the country where the scene of the ballad is laid, we will be enforced to believe that it is founded on facts which occurred at some remote period of Scottish History. The 'grene wode' of the ballad, was the ancient forest of Dundaff, in Stirlingshire, and Lord Barnard's Castle is said to have occupied a precipitous cliff, overhanging the water of Carron, on the lands of Halbertshire. A small burn, which joins the Carron

about five miles above these lands, is named the Earlburn, and the hill near the source of that stream is called the Earlshill, both deriving their appellations, according to the unvarying traditions of the country, from the unfortunate Erle's son who is the hero of the ballad. He, also, according to the same respectable authority, was 'beautiful exceedingly,' and especially remarkable for the extreme length and loveliness of his yellow hair, which shrouded him as it were a golden mist. To these floating traditions we are, probably, indebted for the attempts which have been made to improve and embellish the ballad, by the introduction of various new stanzas since its first appearance in a printed form.

"In Percy's *Reliques*, it is mentioned that it had run through two editions in Scotland, the second of which appeared at Glasgow in 1755, 8vo.; and that to both there was prefixed an advertisement, setting forth that the preservation of the poem was owing 'to a lady, who favoured the printers with a copy, as it was carefully collected from the mouths of old women and nurses,' and requesting that 'any reader, who could render it more correct or complete, would oblige the public with such improvements.' This was holding out too tempting a bait not to be greedily snapped at by some of those 'Ingenuous Hands' who have corrupted the purity of legendary song in Scotland by manifest forgeries and gross impositions. Accordingly, sixteen additional verses soon appeared in manuscript, which the Editor of the *Reliques* has inserted in their proper places, though he rightly views them in no better light than that of an ingenious interpolation. Indeed, the whole ballad of *Gil Morrice*, as the writer of the present notice has been politely informed by the learned and elegant Editor of

the *Border Minstrelsy*, underwent a total revision about the period when the tragedy of *Douglas* was in the zenith of its popularity, and this improved copy, it seems, untraced the ingenious interpolation above referred to. Independent altogether of this positive information, any one, familiar with the state in which traditionary poetry has been transmitted to the present times, can be at no loss to detect many more 'ingenious interpolations,' as well as paraphrastic additions, in the ballad as now printed. But, though it has been grievously corrupted in this way, the most scrupulous inquirer into the authenticity of ancient song can have no hesitation in admitting that many of its verses, even as they now stand, are purely traditionary, and fair, and genuine parcels of antiquity, unalloyed with any base admixture of modern invention, and in nowise altered, save in those changes of language to which all oral poetry is unavoidably subjected, in its progress from one age to another." MOTHERWELL.

We have given *Gil Morrice* as it stands in the *Reliques*, (iii 132,) degrading to the margin those stanzas which are undoubtedly spurious, and we have added an ancient traditionary version, obtained by Motherwell, which, if it appear short and crude, is at least comparatively incorrupt. *Childe Morice*, taken down from recitation, and printed in Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, (p. 269,) nearly resembles *Gil Morrice*, as here exhibited. We have also inserted in the Appendix *Childe Maurice*, "the very old imperfect copy," mentioned in the *Reliques*, and first published from the Percy MS. by Jamieson.

The sets of *Gil Morrice* in the collections of Herd, Pinkerton, Ritson, &c., are all taken from Percy.

GIL MORRICE was an erles son,
 His name it waxed wide;
 It was nae for his great riches,
 Nor zet his mickle pride;
 Bot it was for a lady gay
 That liv'd on Carron side.¹

"Qubair sall I get a bonny boy,
 That will win hose and shoen;
 That will gae to Lord Barnard's ha',
 And bid his lady cum?"

"And ze maun rin my errand, Willie,
 And ze may rin wi' pride;
 Quhen other boys gae on their foot,
 On horseback ze sall ride."

"O no! O no! my master dear!
 I dare nae for my life;
 I'll no gae to the bauld barons,
 For to triest furth his wife."

¹ The stall copies of the ballad complete the stanza thus:

*His face was fair, lang was his hair,
 In the wild woods he staid;
 But his fame was for a fair lady
 That lived on Carronside.*

Which is no injudicious interpolation, inasmuch as it is found upon the traditions current among the vulgar, regarding Morrice's comely face and long yellow hair. MOTHERWELL.

"My bird Willie, my boy Willie,
My dear Willie," he sayd :
"How can ze strive against the stream ?
For I salk be obeyd."

Bot, O my master dear !" he cry'd,
"In grene wod ze 're zour lain ;
Gi owre sic thochts, I wable ze rede,
For fear ze should be tain."

"Haste, haste, I say, gae to the ha',
Bid hir cum here wi' speid :
If ze refuse my heigh command,
I'll gar zour body bleid."

"Gae bid hir take this gay mantel,
"T is a' gowd bot the hem ;
Bid hir cum to the gude grene wode,
And bring nane bot hir lain :

"And there it is, a silken sarke,
Hir ain hand sewd the sleive ;
And bid hir cum to Gill Morice,
Speir nae bauld barons leave."

"Yes, I will gae zour black errand,
Though it be to zour cost ;
Sen ze by me will nae be warn'd,
In it ze salk find frost."

" The baron he is a man of might,
He neir could bide to taunt ;
As ze will see, before it's nicht,
How sma' ze hae to vaunt.

" And sen I maun zour errand rin
Sae sair against my will,
I'se mak a vow and keip it trow,
It sall be done for ill."

And quhen he came to broken brigade,
He bent his bow and swam ;
And quhen he came to grass growing,
Set down his feet and ran.¹

And quhen he came to Barnard's ha',
Would neither chap nor ca' ;
Bot set his bent bow to his breist,
And lichtly lap the wa'.²

He wauld nae tell the man his errand,
Though he stude at the gait ;
Bot straiht into the ha' he cam,
Quhair they were set at meit.

" Hail ! hail ! my gentle sire and dame !
My message winna waite ;

¹ A familiar commonplace in ballad poetry. See *Childe
Vyge*, *Lady Mairry*, *Lord Barnaby*, &c.

Dame, ze maun to the gude grene wod,
Before that it be late.

"Ze 're bidden tak this gay mantel,
'T is a' gowd bot the hem :
Zou maun gae to the gude grene wode,
Ev'n by your sel alane.

"And there it is, a silken sarke,
Your ain hand sewd the sleive :
Ze maun gae speik to Gill Morice,
Speir nae bauld barons leave."

The lady stamped wi' hir foot,
And winked wi' hir ee ;
But a' that she could say or do,
Forbidden he wad nae bee.

"It 's surely to my bow'r-woman ;
It neir could be to me."
"I brocht it to Lord Barnard's lady ;
I trow that ze be she."

Then up and spack the wylie nurse,
(The bairn upon hir knee) :
"If it be cum frae Gill Morice,
It 's deir welcum to mee."

"Ze leid, ze leid, ze filthy nurse,
Sae loud I heird ze lee ;
I brocht it to Lord Barnard's lady ;
I trow ze be nae shee."

Then up and spack the bauld baron,
An angry man was hee;
He's tain the table wi' his foot,
Sae las he wi' his knee,
Till siller cup and ezer dish ¹
In flinders he gard flee.

"Gae bring a robe of zour eliding,
That hings upon the pin;
And I 'il gae to the gude grene wode,
And speik wi' zour lemman."

"O bide at hame, now, Lord Barnard
I warde ze bide at hame;
Neir wyte a man for violence,
That neir wate ze wi' nane."

Gil Morice sate in gude grene wode,
He whistled and he sang:
"O what mean a' the folk coming?
My mother tarries lang."

The baron came to the grene wode,
Wi' mickle dule and care;
And there he first spied Gill Morice
Kameing his zellow hair. ²

¹ mazer.

² His hair was like the threads of gold
Drawne frae Minerva's loome;
His lipps like roses drapping dew;
His breath was a' perfume.

"Nae wonder, nae wonder, Gill Morice,
 My lady loed thee weel;
 The fairest part of my bodie
 Is blacker than thy heel.

"Zet neir the less now, Gill Morice,
 For a' thy great beautie,
 Ze 's rew the day ze eir was born;
 That head sall gae wi' me."

Now he has drawn his trusty brand,
 And slait¹ it on the strae;
 And thro' Gill Morice' fair body
 He 's gar cauld iron gae.

And he has tain Gill Morice' head,²
 And set it on a speir:
 The meaneest man in a' his train
 Has gotten that head to bear.

His brow was like the mountain snae
 Glit by the morning beam,
 His cheeks like living roses glow,
 His een like azure stream.

The boy was clad in robes of grane,
 Sweeter as the infant spring;
 And like the may on the bush,
 He gart the vales ring

That sweetly waw'd around his face,
 That face beyond compare;
 He sang so sweet, it might dispel
 A' rage but fell despair.

¹ slaited.

And he has tain Gill Morice up,
Laid him across his steid,
And brocht him to his painted bowr,
And laid him on a bed.

The lady sat on castil wa',
Beheld baith dale and down ;
And there she saw Gill Morice' head
Cum trailing to the town.

"Far better I loe that bluidy head,
Bot and that zellow hair,
Than Lord Barnard, and a' his lands,
As they lig here and thair."

And she has tain her Gill Morice,
And kiss'd baith mouth and chin :
"I was once as fow of Gill Morice,
As the hip is o' the stean.

"I got ze in my father's house,
Wi' mickle sin and shame ;
I brocht thee up in gude green wode,
Under the heavy rain.

"Oft have I by thy cradle sitten,
And fondly seen thee sleip ;
Bot now I gae about thy grave,
The saut tears for to weip."

And syne she kiss'd¹ his bluidy cheik,
 And syne his bluidy chin:
 "O better I loe my Gill Morice
 Than a' my kith and kin!"

"Away, away, ze il woman,
 And an ill deith mait ze dee:
 Gin I had ken'd he'd bin zour son,
 He'd neir bin slain for mee."

177 "Obrald me not, my Lord Barnard!
 Obrald me not for shame!
 Wi' that samn speir, O pierce my heart:
 And put me out o' pain.

"Since nothing bot Gill Morice's head
 Thy jelous rage could quell,
 Let that samn hand now tak hir life
 That neir to thee did ill.

"To me nae after days nor nights
 Will eir be saft or kin I;
 I'll fill the air with heavy sighs,
 And greet till I am blind."

"Enouch of blood by me 's bin spilt,
 Seek not zour deat's fine me;
 I rather furd it ha' been my sel
 Than outhor him or thee.

"With waefto wae I hear zour plaint;
 Sair, sair I rew the leed,
 That eir this cursed hand of mine
 Had gard his body bleed.

¹ Stal. copy, And *first* she kissed.

' Dry up your tears, my winsome dame,
Ze neir can heal the wound;
Ze see his head upon the speir,
His heart's blude on the ground.

" I curse the hand that did the deid,
The heart that thoct the ill;
The feet that bore me wi' sik speid.
The comely zouth to kill.

" I 'll ay lament for Gill Morice,
As gin he were mine ain;
I 'll neir forget the dreiry day
On which the zouth was slain "

CHILD NORYCE.

From Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, p. 282.

"By testimony of a most unexceptionable description,—but which it would be tedious here to detail,—the Editor can distinctly trace this ballad as existing in its present shape at least a century ago, which carries it decidedly beyond the date of the first printed copy of *Gil Morice*; and this with a poem which has been preserved but by oral tradition, is no mean *positive antiquity*."

In the Introduction to his collection, Motherwell mentions his having found a more complete copy of this ballad under the title of *Babe Nourice*.

CHILD NORYCE is a clever young man,
He wavers wi' the wind;
His horse was silver shod before,
With the beaten gold behind.

He called to his little man John,
Saying, - You don't see what I see;
For O yonder I see the very first woman
That ever loved me.

"Here is a glove, a glove," he said,
"Lined with the silver gris;
You may tell her to come to the merry green
wood,
To speak to Child Nory.

"Here is a ring, a ring," he says,
"It 's all gold but the stane;
You may tell her to come to the merry green
wood,
And ask the leave o' nane."

"So well do I love your errand, my master,
But far better do I love my life;
O would ye have me go to Lord Barnard's castel,
To betray away his wife?"

"O don't I give you meat," he says,
"And don't I pay you fee?
How dare you stop my errand?" he says;
"My orders you must obey."

O when he came to Lord Barnard's castel,
He tinkled at the ring;

Who was as ready as Lord Barnard¹ himself
To let this little boy in?

"Here is a glove, a glove," he says,
"Lined with the silver gris;
You are bidden to come to the merry green
wood,
To speak to Child Nory.

"Here is a ring, a ring," he says,
"It's all gold but the stane:
You are bidden to come to the merry green
wood,
And ask the leave o' nane."

Lord Barnard he was standing by,
And an angry man was he:
"O little did I think there was a lord in this
world
My lady loved but me!"

O he dressed himself in the Holland smocks,
And garments that was gay;
And he is away to the merry green wood,
To speak to Child Nory.

¹ This unquestionably should be Lady Barnard, instead of her lord. See third stanza under. M.

Child Noryce sits on yonder tree,
He whistles and he sings :
" O wae be to me," says Child Noryce,
" Yonder my mother comes ! "

Child Noryce he came off the tree,
His mother to take off the horse :
" Och alace, alace," says Child Noryce,
" My mother was ne'er so gross."

Lord Barnard he had a little small sword,
That hung low down by his knee ;
He cut the head off Child Noryce,
And put the body on a tree.

And when he came to his castel,
And to his lady's hall,
He threw the head into her lap,
Saying, " Lady, there is a ball ! "

She turned up the bloody head,
She kissed it frae cheek to chin :
" Far better do I love this bloody head
Than all my royal kin.

" When I was in my father's castell,
In my virginie,
There came a lord into the North,
Gat Child Noryce with me."

a few valuable stanzas. It resembles the Swedish ballad of *The Cruel Brother*, (*Svenska Folk-Visor*, iii. 107.) which, however, is much shorter. The edition of Buchan, (i. 160,) is entirely worthless. A North-Country version of the First Part is given by Kinloch *Ancient Scottish Ballads*, 233.

PART FIRST.

CLERK SAUNDERS and may Margaret,
Walked ower yon garden green ;
And sad and heavy was the love
That fell thir twa between.

"A bed, a bed," Clerk Saunders said,
"A bed for you and me !"—
"Fye na, fye na," said may Margaret,
"Till anes we married be ;

"For in may come my seven bauld brothers.
Wi' torches burning bright ;
They'll say—' We hae but ae sister,
And behold she's wi' a knight !'"—

"Then take the sword from my scabbard,
And slowly lift the pin ;
And you may swear, and safe your aith,
Ye never let Clerk Saunders in.

"And take a napkin in your hand,
And tie up baith your bonny een ;

And ye may swear, and save your aith,
Ye saw me na since late yestreen."¹

It was about the midnight hour,
When they asleep were laid,
When in and came her seven brothers,
Wi' torches burning red.

When in and came her seven brothers,
Wi' torches burning bright;
They said, "We hae but ae sister,
And behold her lying with a knight!"

Then out and spake the first o' them,
"I bear the sword shall gar him die!"
And out and spake the second o' them,
"His father has nae mair than he!"

And out and spake the third o' them,
"I wot that they are lovers dear!"
And out and spake the fourth o' them,
"They hae been in love this mony a year!"

¹ In Kinloch's version of this ballad we have an additional stanza here:—

— "Ye'll take me in your arms twa,
Ye'll carry me into your bed,
And ye may swear, and save your aith,
That in your bairn floor I ne'er gae't."

Then out and spake the fifth o' them,
 " It were great sin true love to twain ! "
And out and spake the sixth of them,
 " It were shame to slay a sleeping man ! "

Then up and gat the seventh o' them,
 And never a word spake he ;
But he has striped his bright brown brand
 Out through Clerk Saunders' fair bodye.

Clerk Saunders he started, and Margaret she
 turn'd
 Into his arms as asleep she lay ;
And sad and silent was the night
 That was atween thir twae.

And they lay still and slept sound,
 Until the day began to daw ;
And kindly to him she did say,
 " It is time, true love, you were awa."

But he lay still, and slept sound,
 Albeit the sun began to sheen ;
She looked atween her and the wa',
 And dull and drowsie were his een.

Then in and came her father dear,
 Said—" Let a' your mourning be :
I'll carry the dead corpse to the clay,
 And I'll come back and comfort thee."—

* Comfort weel your seven sons,
For comforted will I never be;
I ween 'twas neither knave nor loon
Was in the bower last night wi' me."—

PART SECOND.

The clinking bell gaed through the town,¹
To carry the dead corse to the clay;
And Clerk Saunders stood at may Margaret's
window,
I wot, an hour before the day.

"Are ye sleeping, Margaret?" he says,
"Or are ye waking presentlie?
Give me my faith and troth again,
I wot, true love, I gied to thee."—

"Your faith and troth ye sall never get,
Nor our true love sall never twin,
Until ye come within my bower,
And kiss me cheik and chin."—

"My mouth it is full cold, Margaret,
It has the smell, now, of the ground :

¹ The custom of the passing bell is still kept up in many villages in Scotland. The sexton goes through the town, ringing a small bell, and announcing the death of the departed, and the time of the funeral. SCOTT

And if I kiss thy comely mouth,
Thy days of life will not be lang.

"O cocks are crowing a merry midnight,
I wot the wild fowls are boding day;
Give me my faith and troth again,
And let me fare me on my way."—

"Thy faith and troth thou sall na get,
And our true love shall never twin.
Until ye tell what comes of women,
I wot, who die in strong traiveling."—

"Their beds are made in the heavens high,
Down at the foot of our good Lord's knee,
Weel set about wi' gillyflowers;
I wot sweet company for to see.

"O cocks are crowing a merry midnight,
I wot the wild fowl are boding day;
The psalms of heaven will soon be sung,
And I, ere now, will be miss'd away."—

Then she has ta'en a crystal wand,¹
And she has stroken her troth thereon;
She has given it him out at the shot-window,
Wi' mony a sad sigh, and heavy groan.

"I thank ye, Marg'ret; I thank ye, Marg'ret
And aye I thank ye heartilie;

Gin ever the dead come for the quick,
Be sure, Marg'ret, I'll come for thee."—

It's hosen and shoon and gown alone,
She climb'd the wall, and follow'd him,
Until she came to the green fore-st,
And there she lost the sight o' him.

"Is there ony room at your head, Saunders?
Is there ony room at your feet?
Or ony room at your side, Saunders,
Where fain, fain, I wad sleep?"—

"There's nae room at my head, Marg'ret,
There's nae room at my feet;
My bed it is full lowly now:
Amang the hungry worms I sleep.

"Cauld mould is my covering now,
But and my winding-sheet;
The dew it falls nae sooner down,
Than my resting place is weet.

"But plait a wand o' bonny birk,
And lay it on my breast¹;

¹ The custom of binding the new-laid sod of the church-yard with osiers, or other saplings, prevailed both in England and Scotland, and served to protect the turf from injury by cattle, or otherwise. SCOTT.

And shed a tear upon my grave,
And wish my saul gude rest.

“And fair Marg’ret, and rare Marg’ret,
And Marg’ret o’ veritie,
Gin e’er ye love another man,
Ne’er love him as ye did me.”—

Then up and crew the milk-white cock,
And up and crew the grey;
Her lover vanish’d in the air,
And she gaed weeping away.

SWEET WILLIE AND LADY MARGERIE

From Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, p. 370.

“THIS Ballad, which possesses considerable beauty and pathos, is given from the recitation of a lady, now far advanced in years, with whose grandmother it was a deserved favourite. It is now for the first time printed. It bears some resemblance to *Clerk Saunders*.”

Subjoined is a different copy from Buchan's *Ballads of the North of Scotland*.

SWEET WILLIE was a widow's son,
And he wore a milk-white weed O ;
And weel could Willie read and write,
Far better ride on steed O.

Lady Margerie was the first ladye
That drank to him the wine O ;
And aye as the healths gaed round and round,
“Laddy, your love is mine O.”

Lady Margerie was the first ladye
That drank to him the beer O ;
And aye as the healths gaed round and round,
Laddy, ye're welcome here O.

" You must come intill my bower,
When the evening bells do ring O ;
And you must come intill my bower,
When the evening mass doth sing O."

He 's taen four-and-twenty braid arrows,
And laced them in a whang O ;
And he 's awa to Lady Margerie's bower,
As fast as he can gang O.

He set his ae foot on the wa',
And the other on a stane O ;
And he 's kill'd a' the king's life guards,
He 's kill'd them every man O.

" O open, open, Lady Margerie,
Open and let me in O ;
The weet weets a' my yellow hair,
And the dew draps on my chin O."

With her feet as white as sleet,
She strode her bower within O ;
And with her fingers lang and sma',
She's looten sweet Willie in O.

She's louted down unto his foot,
To lowze sweet Willie's shoon O;
The buckles were sae stiff they wadna lowze,
The blood had frozen in O.

"O Willie, O Willie, I fear that thou
Hast bred me dule and sorrow;
The deed that thou hast done this nicht
Will kythe upon the morrow."

In then came her father dear,
And a braid sword by his gare O;
And he's gien Willie, the widow's son,
A deep wound and a sair O.

"Lye yont, lye yont, Willie," she says,
"Your sweat weets a' my side O;
Lye yont, lye yont, Willie, she says,
For your sweat I downa bide O."

She turned her back unto the wa',
Her face unto the room O;
And there she saw her auld father,
Fast walking up and down O.

"Woe be to you, father," she said,
"And an ill deid may you die O;
For ye've kill'd Willie, the widow's son,
And he would have married me O."

56 SWEET WILLIE AND LADY MARGERIE.

**She turned her back unto the room,
Her face unto the wa' O ;
And with a deep and heavy sigh,
Her heart it brak in twa O.**

WILLIE AND LADY MAISRY.

From Buchan's *Ballads of the North of Scotland*, i. 155.

The Bent sae Brown, in the same volume, p. 30, resembles both *Clerk Saunders* and the present ballad, but has a different catastrophe.

SWEET WILLIE was a widow's son,
And milk-white was his weed ;
It sets him weel to bridle a horse,
And better to saddle a steed, my dear,
And better to saddle a steed.

But he is on to Maisry's bower door,
And tirl'd at the pin ;
" Ye sleep ye, wake ye, Lady Maisry,
Ye'll open, let me come in, my dear,
Ye'll open, let me come in."

" O who is this at my bower door,
Sae well that knows my name ?"
" It is your ain true love, Willie,
If ye love me, lat me in, my dear,
If ye love me, lat me in."

Then huly, huly raise she up,
For fear o' making Jin ;
Then in her arms lang and bent,
She caught sweet Willie in, my dear,
She caught sweet Willie in.

She lean'd her low down to her toe,
To loose her true love's sheen ;
But could, could were the draps o' bleed,
Fell fae his trusty brand, my dear,
Fell fae his trusty brand.

" What frightfu' sight is that, my love ?
A frightfu' sight to see ;
What bluid is this on your sharp brand,
O may ye not tell me, my dear ?
O may ye not tell me ? "

" As I came thro' the woods this night,
The wolf maist worried me ;
O shou'd I slain the wolf, Maisry ?
Or shou'd the wolf slain me, my dear ?
Or shou'd the wolf slain me ? "

They hadna kiss'd nor love clapped,
As lovers when they meet,
Till up it starts her auld father,
Out o' his drowsy sleep, my dear,
Out o' his drowsy sleep.

* O what's become o' my house cock
Sae crouse at ane did craw ?
I wonder as much at my bold watch,
That's nae shootin ower the wa,' my dear,
That's nae shooting ower the wa.

" My gude house cock, my only son,
Heir ower my land sae free ;
If ony ruffian hae him slain,
High hanged shall he be, my dear,
High hanged shall he be."

Then he's on to Maisry's bower door,
And tirl'd at the pin ;
" Ye sleep ye, wake ye, daughter Maisry,
Ye'll open, lat me come in, my dear.
Ye'll open, lat me come in."

Between the curtains and the wa',
She row'd her true love then ;
And huly went she to the door,
And let her father in, my dear,
And let her father in.

" What's become o' your maries, Maisry,
Your bower it looks sae teem ?
What's become o' your green clathing ?
Your beds they are sae thin, my dear,
Your beds they are sae thin."

"Gude forgie you, father," she said,
"I wish ye be't for sin;
Sae aft as ye hae dreaded me,
But never found me wrang, my dear
But never found me wrang."

He turn'd him right and round about,
As he'd been gaun awa';
But sae nimbly as he shippet in,
Behind a screen sae sma', my dear,
Behind a screen sae sma'.

Maisry thinking a' dangers past,
She to her love did say;
"Come, love, and take your silent rest,
My auld father's away, my dear,
My auld father's away!"

Then baith lock'd in each other's arms.
They fell full fast asleep;
When up it starts her auld father,
And stood at their bed feet, my dear,
And stood at their bed feet.

"I think I hae the villain now,
That my dear son did slay;
But I shall be reveng'd on him,
Before I see the day, my dear,
Before I see the day."

Then he's drawn out a rusty brand,
And stroak'd it o'er a stray ;
And thro' and thro' sweet Willie's middle
He's gart cauld iron gae, my dear,
He's gart cauld iron gae.

Then up it waken'd Lady Mairry,
Out o' her drowsy sleep ;
And when she saw her true love slain,
She straight began to weep, my dear,
She straight began to weep.

" O gude forgie you now, father," she said,
" I wish ye be't for sin ;
For I never lov'd a love but ane,
In my arms ye've him slain, my dear,
In my arms ye've him slain."

" This night he's slain my gude bold watch,
Thirty stout men and twa ;
Likewise he's slain your ae brother,
To me was worth them a', my dear,
To me was worth them a'."

" If he has slain my ae brither,
Himsell had a' the blame ;
For mony a day he plots contriv'd,
To hae sweet Willie slain, my dear,
To hae sweet Willie slain.

61 THE CLERK'S TWA SONS O' OWSENFORD.

The natural desire of men to hear more of characters in whom they have become strongly interested, has frequently stimulated the attempt to continue successful fictions, and such supplements are proverbially unfortunate. A ballad-singer would have powerful inducements to gratify this passion of his audience, and he could most economically effect the object by stringing two ballads together. When a tale ended tragically, the sequel must of necessity be a ghost-story, and we have already had, in *Clerk Saunders*, an instance of this combination. Mr. Chambers has furnished the best possible reasons for believing that the same process has taken place in the case of the present ballad, and that the two parts, (which occur separately,) having originally had no connection, were arbitrarily united, to suit the purposes of some unscrupulous rhapsodist.

PART FIRST.

O I will sing to you a sang,
Will grieve your heart full sair ;
How the Clerk's twa sons o' Owsenford
Have to learn some unco lear.

They hadna been in fair Parish
A twelvemonth and a day,
'Till the Clerk's twa sons fell deep in love
Wi' the Mayor's daughters twae.

And aye as the twa clerks sat and wrote,
The ladies sewed and sang ;

There was mair mirth in that chamber,
Than in a' fair Ferrol's land.

But word's gane to the mighty Mayor,
As he sailed on the sea,
That the Clerk's twa sons made licht lemans
O' his fair dauchters twae.

"If they hae wranged my twa dauchters,
Janet and Marjorie,
The morn, ere I taste meat or drink,
He hangit they shall be."

And word's gane to the clerk himsell,
As he was drinking wine,
That his twa sons at fair Parish
Were bound in prison strang.

Then up and spak the Clerk's ladye,
And she spak tenderlie :
"O tak wi' ye a purse o' gowd,
Or even tak ye three ;
And if ye canna get William,
Bring Henry hame to me."

O sweetly sang the nighungale,
As she sat on the wand ;
But sair, sair mourned Owsenford,
As he gaed in the strand.

"C THE CLERK'S TWA SONS O' OWSENFORD.

When he came to their prison strang,
He rade it round about,
And at a little shot-window,
His sons were looking out.

"O lie ye there, my sons," he said,
"For owsen or for kye?
Or what is it that ye lie for,
Sae sair bound as ye lie?"

"We lie not here for owsen, father;
Nor yet do we for kye;
But it's for a little o' dear-bought love,
Sae sair bound as we lie.

"O borrow us, borrow us, father," they said,
"For the love we bear to thee!"
"O never fear, my pretty sons,
Weel borrowed ye sall be."

Then he's gane to the mighty Mayor,
And he spak courteouslie:
"Will ye grant my twa sons' lives,
Either for gold or tee?
Or will ye be sae gude a man,
As grant them baith to me?"

"I'll no grant ye your twa sons' lives.
Neither for gold nor fee;

THE CLERK'S TWA SONS O' OWSENFORD. 67

Nor will I be sae gude a man,
As gie them baith to thee ;
But before the morn at twal o'clock,
Ye'll see them hangit hie ! "

Ben it came the Mayor's daughters,
Wi' kirtle coat alone ;
Then eyes did sparkle like the gold,
As they tripped on the stone.

" Will ye gie us our loves, father,
For gold, or yet for fee ?
Or will ye take our own sweet lives,
And let our true loves be ? "

He's taen a whip into his hand,
And lashed them wondrous sair ;
" Gae to your bowers, ye vile limmers ;
Ye'll never see them mair."

Then out it speaks auld Owsenford ;
A sorry man was he :
" Gang to your bowirs, ye lilye flouirs ;
For a' this maunna be."

Then out it speaks him Hynde Henry :
" Come here, Janet, to me ;
Will ye gie me my faith and troth,
And love, as I gae thee ? "

68 THE CLERK'S TWA SONS O' OWSENFORD.

"Ye sall hae your faith and troth,
Wi' God's blessing and mine :"
And twenty times she kissed his mouth,
Her father looking on.

Then out it speaks him gay William :
"Come here, sweet Marjorie ;
Will ye gie me my faith and troth,
And love, as I gae thee ?"

"Yes, ye sall hae your faith and troth,
Wi' God's blessing and mine :"
And twenty times she kissed his mouth,
Her father looking on.

• • • • •

'O ye'll tak aff your twa black hats,
Lay them down on a stone,
That nane may ken that ye are clerks,
Till ye are putten down."

The bonnie clerks they died that morn ;
Their loves died lang ere noon ;
And the waeifu' Clerk o' Owsenford
To his lady has gane hame.

PART SECOND.

His lady sat on her castle wa',
Beholding dale and doun ;
And there she saw her ain gude lord
Come walking to the toun.

"Ye're welcome, ye're welcome, my ain gude
lord,
Ye're welcome hame to me ;
But where-away are my twa sons ?
Ye suld hae brought them wi' ye."

"O they are putten to a deeper lear,
And to a higher scule :
Your ain twa sons will no be hame
Till the hallow days o' Yule."

"O sorrow, sorrow, come mak my bed ;
And, dule, come lay me doun ;
For I will neither eat nor drink,
Nor set a fit on groun' !"

The hallow days o' Yule were come,
And the nights were lang and mirk,
When in and cam her ain twa sons,
And their hats made o' the birk.

70 THE CLERK'S TWA SONS O' OWSENFORD.

It neither grew in syke nor ditch,
Nor yet in ony sheuch ;
But at the gates o' Paradise
That birk grew fair eneuch.

" Blow up the fire, now, maidens mine,
Bring water from the well ;
For a' my house shall feast this night,
Since my twa sons are well.

" O eat and drink, my merry-men a',
The better shall ye fare ;
For my two sons they are come hame
To me for evermair."

And she has gane and made their bed,
She's made it saft and fine ;
And she's happit them wi' her gay mantil,
Because they were her ain.

But the young cock crew in the merry Linkum,
And the wild fowl chirped for day ;
And the aulder to the younger said,
" Brother, we maun away.

" The cock doth crew, the day doth daw,
The channerin worm doth chide ;
Gin we be missed out o' our place,
A sair pain we maun bide."

“ Lie still, lie still a little wee while,
Lie still but if we may ;
Gin my mother should miss us when she wakes,
She'll gae mad ere it be day.”

• • • • •

O it's they've taen up their mother's mantil,
And they've hung it on a pin :
“ O lang may ye hing, my mother's mantil,
Ere ye hap us again.”



CHILDE VYET.

FIRST printed in a complete form in *Maidment's North Countrie Garland*, p. 24. The same editor contributed a slightly different copy to Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, (p. 173.) An inferior version is furnished by Buchan, i. 234, and Jamieson has published a fragment on the same story, here given in the Appendix.

LORD INGRAM and Childe Vyet,
Were both born in ane bower,
Had both their loves on one Lady,
The less was their honour.¹

Childe Vyct and Lord Ingram,
Were both born in one hall,
Had both their loves on one Lady
The worse did them befall.

¹ The less was their bonheur. MOTHERWELL

Lord Ingram woo'd the Lady Maiserey,
From father and from mother ;
Lord Ingram woo'd the Lady Maiserey,
From sister and from brother.

Lord Ingram wooed the Lady Maiserey,
With leave of all her kin ;
And every one gave full consent,
But she said no, to him.

Lord Ingram wooed the Lady Maiserey,
Into her father's ha' ;
Childe Vyet woo'd the Lady Maiserey,
Among the sheets so sma'.

Now it fell out upon a day,
She was dressing her head,
That ben did come her father dear,
Wearing the gold so red.

" Get up now, Lady Maiserey,
Put on your wedding gown,
For Lord Ingram will be here,
Your wedding must be done ! "

" I'd rather be Childe Vyet's wife,
The white fish for to sell,
Before I were Lord Ingram's wife,
To wear the silk so well !

"I'd rather be Childe Vyet's wife,
With him to beg my bread,
Before I'd be Lord Ingram's wife,
To wear the gold so red.

"Where will I get a bonny boy,
Will win gold to his fee,
Will run unto Childe Vyet's ha',
With this letter from me?"

"O here, I am the boy," says one,
"Will win gold to my fee,
And carry away any letter,
To Childe Vyet from thee."

And when he found the bridges broke,
He bent his bow and swam;
And when he found the grass growing,
He hasten'd and he ran.

And when he came to Vyet's castle,
He did not knock nor call,
But set his bent bow to his breast,
And lightly leaped the wall;
And ere the porter open'd the gate,
The boy was in the hall.

The first line that Childe Vyet read,
A grieved man was he;

The next line that he looked on,
A tear blinded his e'e.

"What ails my own brother," he says,
"He'll not let my love be ;
But I'll send to my brother's bridal ;
The woman shall be free.

"Take four and twenty bucks and ewes,
And ten ton of the wine,
And bid my love be blythe and glad,
And I will follow syne."

There was not a groom about that castle,
But got a gown of green ;
And a' was blythe, and a' was glad,
But Lady Maiserey was wi' wean. ¹

There was no cook about the kitchen,
But got a gown of gray ;
And a' was blythe, and a' was glad,
But Lady Maiserey was wae.

'Tween Mary Kirk and that castle,
Was all spread o'er with garl, ²
To keep the lady and her maidens,
From tramping on the marl. ³

¹ she was neen. Motherwell. ² gold, ³ mould. N. C. O

From Mary Kirk to that castle,
Was spread a cloth of gold,
To keep the lady and her maidens,
From treading on the mould.

When mass was sung, and bells were rung,
And all men bound for bed,
Then Lord Ingram and Lady Maiserey,
In one bed they were laid.

When they were laid upon their bed,
It was baith soft and warm,
He laid his hand over her side,
Says he, "you are with bairn."

"I told you once, so did I twice,
When ye came as my wooer,
That Childe Vyet, your one brother,
One night lay in my bower.

"I told you twice, so did I thrice,
Ere ye came me to wed,
That Childe Vyet, your one brother,
One night lay in my bed!"

"O will you father your bairn on me,
And on no other man?
And I'll gie him to his dowry,
Full fifty ploughs of land."

"I will not father my bairn on you,
Nor on no wrongous man,
Tho' you'd gie him to his dowry,
Five thousand ploughs of land."

Then up did start him Childe Vyet,
Shed by his yellow hair,
And gave Lord Ingram to the heart,
A deep wound and a sair.

Then up did start him Lord Ingram,
Shed by his yellow hair,
And gave Childe Vyet to the heart,
A deep wound and a sair.

There was no pity for the two lords,
Where they were lying slain,
All was for Lady Maiserey :
In that bower she gaed brain !

There was no pity for the two lords,
When they were lying dead,
All was for Lady Maiserey :
In that bower she went mad !

"O get to me a cloak of cloth,
A staff of good hard tree ;
If I have been an evil woman,
I shall beg till I die.

" For ae bit I'll beg for Childe Vyet,
 For Lord Ingram I'll beg three,
 All for the honourable marriage, that
 At Mary Kirk he gave me ! "

LADY MAISRY.

This ballad, said to be very popular in Scotland, was taken down from recitation by Jamieson, and is extracted from his collection, vol. i. p. 78. A different copy, from Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, p. 234, is given in the Appendix. Another, styled *Young Prince James*, may be seen in Buchan's *Ballads*, vol. i. 103. *Bonnie Sue Cleland*, Motherwell, p. 221, is still another version.

In *Lady Maisry* we seem to have the English form of a tragic story which, starting from Denmark, has spread over almost all the north of Europe, that of *King Waldemar and his Sister*. Grundtvig's collection gives seven copies of the Danish ballad upon this subject (*Kong Valdemar og hans Søster*, No. 126), the oldest from a manuscript of the beginning of the 17th century. Five Icelandic versions are known, one Norse, one Faroish, five Swedish (four of them in Arwidsson, No. 53, *Liten Kerstin och Fru Sofia*), and several in German, as *Graf Hans von Holstein und seine Schwester Anuehrstine*, Erk, *Liederhort*, p. 155.

Der Grausame Bruder, Erk, p. 153, and Hoffmann, *Schlesische Volkslieder*, No. 27. *Der Große Bruder*, *Wunderhorn*, ii. 272; *Der Pfalzgraf am Rhein*, id. i. 259, etc.; also a fragment in Wendish. The relationship of the English ballad to the rest of the cycle can perhaps be easiest shown by comparison with the simplified and corrupted German versions.

The story appears to be founded on facts which occurred during the reign and in the family of the Danish king, Waldemar the First, sometime between 1157 and 1167. Waldemar is described as being, with all his greatness, of a relentless and cruel disposition (*intra pertinax, in suis tantum plus justo crudelior*). Tradition, however, has ascribed to him a brutal ferocity beyond belief. In the ballad before us, Lady Maisry suffers for her weakness by being burned at the stake, but in the Danish, Swedish, and German ballads, the king's sister is beaten to death with leathern whips, by her brother's own hand.

"Er schlug sie so sehere, er schlug sie so lang,
Bis Lu g und Leber aus dem Leib ihr sprang!"

The Icelandic and Faroe ballads have nothing of this horrible ferocity, but contain a story which is much nearer to probability, if not to historical truth. While King Waldemar is absent on an expedition against the Wends, his sister Kristin is drawn into a *liaison* with her second-cousin, the result of which is the birth of two children. Sofia, the Queen, maliciously makes the state of things known to the king the moment he returns (which is on the very day of Kristin's lying in, according to the Danish ballad), but he will not believe the story,—all the more because the accused parties are within prohibited degrees of

consanguinity. Kristin is summoned to come instantly to her brother and obeys the message, though she is weak with childbirth, and knows that the journey will cost her her life. She goes to the court on horse back (in the Danish ballads falling from the saddle once or twice on the way), and on her arrival is put to various tests to ascertain her condition, concluding with a long dance with the king, to which, having held out for a considerable time, she at last succumbs, and falls dead in her brother's arms.

The incidents of the journey on horseback, and the cruel probation by the dance, are found in the ballad which follows the present (*Par Janet*), and these coincidences Grandtrog considers sufficient to establish its derivation from the Danish. The general similarity of *Lady Maisry* to *King Waldemar and his Sister* is, however, much more striking. For our part, we are inclined to believe that both the English ballads had this origin, but the difference in their actual form is so great, that, notwithstanding this conviction, we have not felt warranted in putting them together.

THE young lords o' the north country
Have all a-wooing gane,
To win the love of lady Maisry,
But o' them she wou'd hae nane.

O thae hae sought her, lady Maisry,
Wi' branches, and wi' rings,
And they hae courted her, lady Maisry,
Wi' a' kin kind of things.

And they hae sought her, lady Maisry,
Frae father and frae mither ;
And they hae sought her, lady Maisry,
Frae sister and frae brither.

And they lae follow'd her, lady Maisry,
Thro' chamber, and through ha' ;
But a' that they could say to her,
Her answer still was " Na."

" O haud your tongues, young men," she said,
" And think nae mair on me ,
For I've gien my love to an English lord,
Sae think nae mair on me."

Her father's kitchey-boy heard that,
(An ill death mot he die !)
And he is in to her brother,
As fast as gang cou'd he.

" O is my father and my mother weel
But and my brothers three ?
Gin my sister lady Maisry be weel,
There's naething can ail me."

" Your father and your mother is weel,
But and your brothers three ;
Your sister, lady Maisry's, weel,
Sae big wi' bairn is she."

LADY MAISRY.

"A malison light on the tongue,
 Sic tidings tells to me!—
 But gin it be a lie you tell,
 You shall be hanged hie."

He's doen him to his sister's bower,
 Wi' mickle dool and care;
 And there he saw her, lady Maisry,
 Kembing her yellow hair.

"O wha is aucht that bairn," he says,
 "That ye sae big are wi'?"
 And gin ye winna own the truth,
 This moment ye sall die."¹

She's turned her richt and round about,
 And the kembe fell frae her han';
 A trembling seized her fair bodie,
 And her rosy cheek grew wan.

"O pardon me, my brother dear,
 And the truth I'll tell to thee;
 My bairn it is to Lord William,
 And he is betrothed to me."

"O cou'dna ye gotten dukes, or lords,
 Intill your ain countrie,
 That ye drew up wi' an English dog,
 To bring this shame on me?"

¹ See preface to *Clerk Saunders*, p. 213.

“ But ye maun gi’e up your English lord,
Whan your young babe is born ;
For, gin ye keep by him an hour lange-,
Your life shall be forlorn.”

“ I will gi’e up this English lord,
Till my young babe be born ;
But the never a day nor hour langer,
Though my life should be forlorn.”

“ O whare is a’ my merry young men,
Wham I gi’e meat and fee,
To pu’ the bracken and the thorn,
To burn this vile whore wi’?”

“ O whare will I get a bonny boy,
To help me in my need,
To rin wi’ haste to Lord William,
And bid him come wi’ speed?”

O out it spak a bonny boy,
Stood by her brother’s side ;
“ It’s I wad rin your errand, lady,
O’er a’ the warld wide.

“ Aft ha’e I run your errands, lady,
When blawin baith wind and weet ;
But now I’ll rin your errand, lady,
With saut tears on my cheek.”

O whan he came to broken briggs,
He bent his bow and swam;
And whan he came to the green grass grow
He slack'd his shoon and ran.

And when he came to Lord William's yeat
He badena to chap or ca';
But set his bent bow to his breast,
And lightly lap the wa';
And, or the porter was at the yeat,
The boy was in the ha'.

"O is my biggins broken, boy?
Or is my towers won?
Or is my lady lighter yet,
O' a dear daughter or son?"

"Your biggin isna broken, sir,
Nor is your towers won;
But the fairest lady in a' the land
This day for you maun burn."

"O saddle to me the black, the black,
Or saddle to me the brown;
Or saddle to me the swiftest steed
That ever rade frae a town."

Or he was near a mile awa',
She heard his weir-horse sneeze;

" Mend up the fire, my fause brother,
It's hae come to my knees."

O whan he lighted at the yeat,
She heard his bridle ring ;
" Mend up the fire, my fause brother ;
It's far yet frae my chin."

" Mend up the fire to me, brother,
Mend up the fire to me ;
For I see him comin' hard and fast,
Will soon men't up for thee."

" O gin my hands had been loose, Willy,
Sae hard as they are boun',
I wadd hae turn'd me frae the gleed,
And casten out your young son."

" O I'll gar burn for you, Maisry,
Your father and your mother ;
And I'll gar burn for you, Maisry,
Your sister and your brother ;

" And I'll gar burn for you, Maisry
The chief o' a' your kin ;
And the last bonfire that I come to,
Myself I will cast in."

FAIR JANET.

From Sharpe's *Ballad Book*, p. 1.

"This ballad, the subject of which appears to have been very popular, is printed as it was sung by an old woman in Perthshire. The air is extremely beautiful."

Herd gave an imperfect version of this ballad under the title of *Willie and Annet*, in his *Scottish Songs*, i. 219; repeated after him in Ritson's *Scottish Songs*, and in Johnson's *Museum*. Finlay's copy, improved, but made up of fragments, follows the present, and in the Appendix is *Sweet Willie and Fair Musry*, from Buchan's collection. We have followed Motherwell by inserting (in brackets) three stanzas from *Willie and Annet* and *Sweet Willie*, which contribute slightly to complete Sharpe's copy. None of these ballads is satisfactory, though Sharpe's is the best. Touching the relation of *Fair Janet* to the Danish ballad of *King Waldemar and his Sister*, the reader will please look at the preface to the preceding ballad.

"Ye maun gang to your father, Janet,
Ye maun gang to him soon,
Ye maun gang to your father, Janet,
In case that his days are done!"

Janet 's awa' to her father,
As fast as she could hie;
"O what 's your will wi' me, father?
O what 's your will wi' me?"

"My will wi' you, Fair Janet," he said,
"It is both bed and board;
Some say that ye lo'e Sweet Willie,
But ye maun wed a French lord."

"A French lord maun I wed, father?
A French lord maun I wed?
Then, by my sooth," quo' Fair Janet,
"He 's ne'er enter my bed."

Janet 's awa' to her chamber,
As fast as she could go;
Wha 's the first ane that tapped there,
But Sweet Willie her jo!

"O we maun part this love, Willie,
That has been lang between;
There 's a French lord coming o'er the sea
To wed me wi' a ring;

There's a French lord coming o'er the sea,
To wed and tak me hame."

"If we maun part this love, Janet,
It causeth mickle woe ;
If we maun part this love, Janet,
It makes me into mourning go."

"But ye maun gang to your three sisters,
Meg, Marion, and Jean ;
Tell them to come to Fair Janet,
In case that her days are dune."

Willie's awa' to his three sisters,
Meg, Marion, and Jean ;
"O haste, and gang to Fair Janet,
I fear that her days are dune."

Some drew to them their silken hose,
Some drew to them their shoon,
Some drew to them their silk mantel-,
Their coverings to put on ;
And they're awa' to Fair Janet,
By the hie light o' the moon.

• • • • •

"O I have born this babe, Willie,
Wi mickle toil and pain ,
Take hame, take hame, yin babe, Willie,
For nurse I dare be name."

He 's tane his young son in his arms,
And list him check and chin,—
And he 's awa' to his mother's bower,
By the lie light o' the moon.

"O open, open, mother," he says,
"O open, and let me in ;
The rain rains on my yellow hair,
And the dew drops o'er my chin,—
And I hae my young son in my arms,
I fear that his days are done."

With her fingers lang and sma'
She lifted up the pin ;
And with her arms lang and sma'
Received the baby in.

"Gae back, gae back now, Sweet Willie,
And comfort your fair lady ;
For where ye had but ae nourice,
Your young son shall hae three."

Willie he was scarce awa',
And the lady put to bed,
When in and came her father dear
"Make haste, and busk the bride."

"There 's a sair pain in my head, father,
There 's a sair pain in my side ;

And ill, O ill, am I, father,
This day for to be a bride."

"O ye maun busk this bonny bride,
And put a gay mantle on ;
For she shall wed this auld French lord,
Gin she should die the morn."

Some put on the gay green robes,
And some put on the brown ;
But Janet put on the scarlet robes,
To shine foremost through the town.

And some they mounted the black steed,
And some mounted the brown ;
But Janet mounted the milk-white steed,
To ride foremost through the town.

"O wha will guide your horse, Janet?
O wha will guide him best?"
"O wha but Willie, my true love,
He kens I lo'e him best!"

And when they cam to Marie's kirk,
To tye the haly ban,
Fair Janet's cheek looked pale and wan,
And her colour gaed and cam.

When dinner it was past and done,
And dancing to begin,

"O we'll go take the bride's maidens,
And we'll go fill the ring."

O ben than cam the auld French lord,
Saying, "Bride, will ye dance with me?"
"Awa', awa', ye auld French Lord,
Your face I downa see."

O ben than cam now Sweet Willie,
He cam with ane advance:
"O I'll go tak the bride's maidens,
And we'll go tak a dance."

"I've seen ither days wi' you, Willie,
And so has mony mae;
Ye would hae danced wi' me mysel',
Let a' my maidens gae."

O ben than cam now Sweet Willie,
Saying, "Bride, will ye dance wi' me?"
"Aye, by my sooth, and that I will,
Gin my back should break in three."

[And she's ta'en Willie by the hand,
The tear blinded her e'e;
"O I wad dance wi' my true love,
Tho' bursts my heart in three!"]

She hadna turned her throw the dauce,
Throw the dance but thrice,

Whan she fell down at Willie's feet,
And up did never rise!

[She 's ta'en her bracelet frae her arm,
Her garter frae her knee:
"Gie that, gie that, to my young son;
He 'll ne'er his mother see."]

Willie's ta'en the key of his coffer,
And gi'en it to his man;
"Gae hame, and tell my mother dear,
My horse he has me slain;
Bid her be kind to my young son,
For father he has nane."

["Gar deal, gar deal the bread," he cried.
"Gar deal, gar deal the wine;
This day has seen my true love's death,
This night shall witness mine."]

The tane was buried in Marie's kirk,
And the tither in Marie's quire:
Out of the tane there grew a birk,
And the tither a bonny brier.

SWEET WILLIE

"THIS ballad has had the misfortune, in common with many others, of being much mutilated by reciters. I have endeavoured, by the assistance of some fragments, to make it as complete as possible; and have even taken the liberty of altering the arrangement of some of the stanzas of a lately-procured copy, that they might the better cohere with those already printed."
FINLAY'S Scottish Ballads, ii. 61.

"WILL you marry the southland lord,
A queen o' fair England to be?
Or will you mourn for sweet Willie,
The morn upon yon lea?"

"I will marry the southland lord,
Father, sen it is your will;
But I'd rather it were my burial day,
For my grave I'm going till.

"O go, O go now my bower wife,
O go now hastilie,
O go now to sweet Willie's bower,
And bid him cum speak to me.—

"Now, Willie, gif ye love me weel,
As sae it seems to me,
Gar build, gar build a bonny ship,
Gar build it speedilie!

"And we will sail the sea sae green
Unto some far countrie ;
Or we'll sail to some bonny isle,
Stands lanely midst the sea."

But lang or e'er the ship was built,
Or deck'd or rigged out,
Cam sic a pain in Annet's back,
That down she cou'dna lout.

"Now, Willie, gin ye love me weel,
As sae it seems to me,
O haste, haste, bring me to my bower,
And my bower maidens three."

He's ta'en her in his arms twa,
And kiss'd her cheek and chin,
He's brocht her to her ain sweet bower,
But nae bower maid was in.

"Now leave my bower, Willie," she said,
"Now leave me to my lane ;
Was never man in a lady's bower
When she was travelling."

He's stepped three steps down the stair,
Upon the marble stane,
Sae loud's he heard his young son greet,
But and his lady mane.

"Now come, now come, Willie," she ca'd.

"Tak your young son frae me,
And hie him to your mother's bower,
With speed and privacie."

And he is to his mother's bower,

As fast as he could rin ;

"Open, open, my mother dear,

Open, and let me in ;

"For the rain rains on my yellow hair,

The dew stands on my chin,

And I have something in my lap,

And I wad fain be in."

"O go, O go now, sweet Willie,

And make your lady blithe,

For wherever you had ae nourice,

Your young son shall hae five."—

Out spak Annet's mother dear,

An' she spak a word o' pride ;

Says, "Whare is a' our bride's maidens,

They're no busking the bride ?"

"O haud your tongue, my mother dear,

Your speaking let it be,

For I'm sae fair and full o' flesh,

Little busking will serve me."

Out an' spak the bride's maidens,
They spak a word o' pride ;
Says, " Whare is a' the fine cleiding ?
Its we maun busk the bride."

" Deal hooly wi' my head, maidens,
Deal hooly wi' my hair,
For it was washen late yestreen,
And it is wonder sair.

" My maidens, easy wi' my back,
And easy wi' my side ;
O set my saddle satl, Willie,
I am a tender bride."

O up then spak the southland lord,
And blinkit wi' his ee ;
" I trow this lady's born a bairn,"
Then laucht loud laughters three.

" Ye hae gi'en me the gowk, Annet,
But I'll gie you the scorn ;
For there's no a bell in a' the town
Shall ring for you the morn."

Out and spak then sweet Willie,
" Sae loud's I hear you lie,
There's no a bell in a' the town
But shall ring for Annet and me."

And Willie swore a great great oath,
And he swore by the thorn,
That she was as free o' a child that night,
As the night that she was born.

O up an' spak the brisk bridegroom,¹
And he spak up wi' pride,
"Gin I should lay my gloves in pawn,
I will dance wi' the bride."

"Now haud your tongue, my lord," she said²
"Wi' dancing let me be,
I am sae thin in flesh and blude,
Sma' dancing will serve me."

But she's ta'en Willie by the hand,
The tear blinded her ee;
"But I wad dance wi' my true love,
But bursts my heart in three."

She's ta'en her bracelet frae her arm,
Her garter frae her knee,
"Gie that, gie that, to my young son;
He'll ne'er his mother see."

¹ Sic Herd. Finlay, then sweet Willie.

² Sic Herd. Finlay, Willie, she said.

FAIR ANNIE OF LOCHROYAN

OF this beautiful piece a complete copy was first published by Scott, another afterwards by Jamieson. Both are here given, the latter, as in some respects preferable, having the precedence. The ballad is found almost entire in Herd's *Scottish Songs*, i. 206, a short fragment in Johnson's *Museum*, p. 5, and a more considerable one, called *Love Gregory*, in Buchan's collection, ii. 199. This last has been unnecessarily repeated in a very indifferent publication of the Percy Society, vol. xvii. Dr. Wolcot, Burns, and Jamieson have written songs on the story of Fair Annie, and Cunningham has modernized Sir Walter Scott's version, after his fashion, in the *Songs of Scotland*, i. 298.

Of his text, Jamieson remarks, "it is given *verbatim* from the large MS. collection, transmitted from Aberdeen, by my zealous and industrious friend, Professor Robert Scott of that university. I have every reason to believe, that no liberty whatever has been taken with the text, which is certainly more uniform than

any copy heretofore published. It was first written down many years ago, with no view towards being committed to the press; and is now given from the copy then taken, with the addition only of stanzas twenty-two and twenty-three, which the editor has inserted from memory." *Popular Ballads*, i. 36.

"Lochryan is a beautiful, though somewhat wild and secluded bay, which projects from the Irish Channel into Wigtonshire, having the little seaport of Stranraer situated at its bottom. Along its coast, which is in some places high and rocky, there are many ruins of such castles as that described in the ballad." CHAMBERS.

" O WHA will shoe my fair foot,
And wha will glove my han' ?
And wha will lace my middle jimp
Wi' a new-made London ban' ?

" Or wha will kemb my yellow hair
Wi' a new-made silver kemb ?
Or wha'll be father to my young bairn,
Till love Gregor come hame ? "

" Your father'll shoe your fair foot,
Your mother glove your han' ;
Your sister lace your middle jimp
Wi' a new-made London ban' ;

"Your brethren will kemb your yellow hair
Wi' a new-made silver kemb;
And the king o' Heaven will father your
bairn,
Till love Gregor come hame."

"O gin I had a bonny ship,
And men to sail wi' me,
It's I wad gang to my true love,
Sin he winna come to me!"

Her father's gien her a bonny ship,
And sent her to the stran';
She's taen her young son in her arms,
And turn'd her back to the lan'.

She hadna been o' the sea sailin'
About a month or more,
Till landed has she her bonny ship
Near her true-love's door.

The night was dark, and the wind blew cold,
And her love was fast asleep,
And the bairn that was in her twa arms
Fu' sair began to greet.

Lang stood she at her true love's door,
And lang tirl'd at the pin;
At length up gat his fause mother,
Says, "Wha's that wad be in?"

“O it is Annie of Lochroyan,
Your love, come o’er the sea,
But and your young son in her arms;
So open the door to me.”

“Awa, awa, ye ill woman,
You’re nae come here for gude;
You’re but a witch, or a vile warlock,
Or mermaid o’ the flude.”

“I’m nae a witch or vile warlock,
Or mermaiden,” said she;—
“I’m but your Annie of Lochroyan;—
O open the door to me!”

“O gin ye be Annie of Lochroyan,
As I trust not ye be,
What taiken can ye gie that e’er
I kept your companie?”

“O dinna ye mind, love Gregor,” she says,
“Whan we sat at the wine,
How we changed the napkins frae our
necks?
It’s nae sae lang sinsyne.

“And yours was gude, and gude enough,
But nae sae gude as mine;
For yours was o’ the cambrick clear,
But mine o’ the silk sae fine.

"And diuna ye mind, love Gregor," she says,
"As we twa sat at dine,
How we chang'd the rings frae our fingers,
And I can shew thee thine :

"And yours was gude, and gude enough,
Yet nae sae gude as mine ;
For yours was o' the gude red gold,
But mine o' the diamonds fine.

"Sae open the door, now, love Gregor,
And open it wi' speed ;
Or your young son, that is in my arms,
For cald will soon be dead."

"Awa, awa, ye ill woman,
Gae frae my door for shame ;
For I hae gotten anither fair love,
Sae ye may hie you hame."

"O hae ye gotten anither fair love,
For a' the oaths ye sware ?
Then fare ye weel, now, fause Gregor ;
For me ye's never see mair !"

O hooly, hooly gaed she back,
As the day began to prep ;
She set her foot on good ship board,
And sair, sair did she weep.

"Tak down, tak down the mast o' goud ;
Set up the mast o' tree ;
Ill sets it a forsaken lady
To sail sae galla' the.

"Tak down, tak down the sails o' silk ;
Set up the sails o' skin ;
Ill sets the outside to be gay,
Whan there's sic grief within !"

Love Gregor started frae his sleep,
And to his mother did say,
"I dreamt a dream this night, mither,
That maks my heart richt wae ,

"I dreamt that Annie of Lochroyan,
The flower o' a' her kin,
Was standin' mournin' at my door,
But nane wad lat her in."

"O there was a woman stood at the door,
Wi' a bairn outill her arms ;
But I wadna let her within the bower,
For fear she had done you harm."

O quickly, quickly raise he up,
And fast ran to the strand ;
And there he saw her, fair Annie,
Was sailng frae the land.

And "heigh, Annie!" and "how, Anne!"
O, Annie, winna ye bide?"
But ay the louder that he cried "Annie,"
The higher rair'd the tide.

And "heigh, Annie!" and "how, Anne!"
O, Annie, speak to me!"
But ay the louder that he cried "Annie,"
The louder rair'd the sea.

The wind grew loud, and the sea grew rough,
And the ship was rent in twain;
And soon he saw her, fair Annie,
Come floating o'er the main.

He saw his young son in her arms,
Baith toss'd aboon the tide;
He wrang his hands, and fast he ran,
And plunged in the sea sae wide.

He catch'd her by the yellow hair,
And drew her to the strand;
But cold and stiff was every limb,
Before he reach'd the land.

O first he kist her cherry cheek,
And syne he kist her chin;
And sair he kist her ruby lips,
But there was nae breath within.

O he has mourn'd o'er fair Annie,
Till the sun was ganging down ;
Syne wi' a sich his heart it brast,
And his saul to heaven has flown.

THE LASS OF LOCHROYAN.

Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, i. 196

"This edition of the ballad is composed of verses selected from three MS. copies, and two obtained from recitation. Two of the copies are in Herd's MS.; the third in that of Mrs. Brown of Falkland."

Lord Gregory is represented in Scott's version, "as confined by fairy charms in an enchanted castle situated in the sea." But Jamieson assures us that when a boy he had frequently heard this ballad chanted in Morayshire, and no mention was ever made of enchantment, or "fairy charms." "Indeed," he very justly adds, "the two stanzas on that subject [v. 41-52] are in a style of composition very peculiar, and different from the rest of the piece, and strongly remind us of the interpolations in the ballad of *Gil Morris*."

"O wha will shoe my bonny foot?
And wha will glove my hand?
And wha will lace my middle jimp
Wi' a lang, lang linen band?"

"O wha will kame my yellow hair,
With a new-made silver kame?
And wha will father my young son,
Till Lord Gregory come hame?"—

"Thy father will shoe thy bonny foot,
Thy mother will glove thy hand,
Thy sister will lace thy middle jimp,
Till Lord Gregory come to land.

"Thy brother will kame thy yellow hair
With a new-made silver kame,
And God will be thy bairn's father
Till Lord Gregory come hame."—

"But I will get a bonny boat,
And I will sail the sea;
And I walt gang to Lord Gregory,
Since he canna come hame to me."

Syne she's gar'd build a bonny boat,
To sail the salt, salt sea;
The sails were o' the light green silk,
The tows o' taffety.

She hadna sailed but twenty leagues,
But twenty leagues and three,
When she met wi' a rank robber,
And a' his company.

"Now whether are ye the queen hersell,
(For so ye weel might be,)
Or are ye the Lass of Lochroyan,
Seekin' Lord Gregory?"—

"O I am neither the queen," she said,
"Nor sic I seem to be ;
But I am the Lass of Lochroyan,
Seekin' Lord Gregory."—

"O see na thou yon bonny bower,
It's a' cover'd o'er wi' tin ?
When thou hast sail'd it round about,
Lord Gregory is within."

And when she saw the stately tower
Shining sae clear and bright,
Whilk stood aboon the jawing wave,
Built on a rock of height ;

Says—"Row the boat, my mariners,
And bring me to the land !
For yonder I see my love's castle
Close by the salt-sea strand."

She sail'd it round, and sail'd it round,
And loud, loud cried she—
"Now break, now break, ye fairy charms,
And set my true love free!"

She's ta'en her young son in her arms,
And to the door she's gane;
And long she knock'd, and sair she ca'd,
But answer got she nane.

"O open the door, Lord Gregory!
O open and let me in!
For the wind blows through my yellow hair,
And the rain draps o'er my chin."—

"Awa, awa, ye ill woman!
Ye're no come here for good!
Ye're but some witch or wil warlock,
Or mermaid o' the flood."—

"I am neither witch, nor wil warlock,
Nor mermaid o' the sea;
But I am Annie of Lochroyan;
O open the door to me!"—

"Gin thou be Annie of Lochroyan,
(As I trow thou binna she.)
Now tell me some o' the love tokens
That past between thee and me."—

"O dimma ye mind, Lord Gregory,
As we sat at the wine,
We changed the rings frae our fingers?
And I can show thee thine.

"O yours was gude, and gude enough,
But aye the best was mine;
For yours was o' the gude red gowd,
But mine o' the diamond fine.

"And has na thou mind, Lord Gregory,
As we sat on the hill,
Thou twin'd me o' my maidenheid
Right sair against my will?

"Now open the door, Lord Gregory!
Open the door, I pray!
For thy young son is in my arms,
And will be dead ere day."—

"If thou be the lass of Lochroyan,
(As I kenna thou be,)
Tell me some mair o' the love tokens
Past between me and thee."

Fair Annie turn'd her round about—
"Weel! since that it be sae,
May never a woman that has borne a son,
Hae a heart sae fou o' wae!

"Take down, take down, that mast o' gowd !
Set up a mast o' tree '
It disna become a for-saken lady
To sail sae royallie."

When the cock had crawn, and the day did
dawn,
And the sun began to peep,
Then up and raise him Lord Gregory,
And sair, sair did he weep.

"Oh I hae dream'd a dream, mother,
I wish it may prove true !
That the bonny Lass of Lochroyan
Was at the yate e'en now.

"O I hae dream'd a dream, mother,
The thought o't gars me greet !
That fair Annie o' Lochroyan
Lay cauld dead at my feet."—

"Gin it be for Annie of Lochroyan
That ye make a' this din,
She stood a' last night at your door,
But I true she wan na in."—

"O wae betide ye, ill woman !
An ill deid may ye die !
That wadna open the door to her,
Nor yet wad waken me."

O he's gane down to yon shore side
As fast as he could fare ;
He saw fair Annie in the boat,
But the wind it toss'd her sair.

" And hey, Annie, and how, Annie !
O Annie, winna ye bide ! "
But aye the mair he cried Annie.
The braider grew the tide.

" And hey, Annie, and how, Annie !
Dear Annie, speak to me ! "
But aye the louder he cried Annie,
The louder roar'd the sea.

The wind blew loud, the sea grew rough,
And dash'd the boat on shore ;
Fair Annie floated through the faem,
But the bairn rose no more.

Lord Gregory tore his yellow hair,
And made a heavy moan ;
Fair Annie's corpse lay at his feet,
Her bonny young son was gone.

O cherry, cherry was her cheek,
And gowden was her hair ;
But clay-cold were her rosy lips—
Nae spark o' life was there.

And first he kiss'd her cherry cheek,
And syne he kiss'd her hair,
And syne he kiss'd her rosy lips—
There was nae breath within.

"O wae betide my cruel mother!
An ill death may she die!
She turn'd my true love frae my door,
Wha came sae far to me.

"O wae betide my cruel mother!
An ill death may she die!
She turn'd fair Anne frae my door,
Wha died for love o' me."

THE DOUGLAS TRAGEDY.

Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, iii. 3.

This ballad, of which more than thirty versions have been published in the Northern languages, is preserved in English in several forms, all of them more or less unsatisfactory. Of these the present copy comes nearest to the pure original, as it is found in Danish. The next best is *The Brave Earl Brand and The King of England's Daughter*, recently printed for the first time in Bell's *Ballads of the Peasantry*, and given at the end of this volume. *Erlinton* (vol. iii. 220) is much mutilated, and has a perverted conclusion, but retains a faint trace of one characteristic trait of the ancient ballad, which really constitutes the turning point of the story, but which all the others lack. (See *Erlinton*.) A fragment exists in the Percy MS., of which we can only say that if it much resembled Percy's *Child of Elle* (which it cannot), it might without loss be left undisturbed forever. In the only remaining copy Robin Hood appears as the hero. (See vol. v. p. 334.) It is of slight value, but considerably less insipid than the *Child of Elle*. Motherwell (*Minstrelsy*, p. 180) has given a few variations to Scott's ballad, but they are of no importance. — Of the corresponding Danish ballad, *Robolt og Guldborg*, Grundtvig has collected more than twenty versions, some of them ancient, many obtained from recitation, and eight of the

kindred *H. lebrund og Hilde*. There have also been printed of the latter, three versions in Swedish, and of the former, three in Icelandic, two in Norse, and seven in Swedish. (*Danmarks gamle Folkeviser*, ii. 308-403, 674-81.) Jameson has translated an inferior copy of the Danish ballad in *Illustrations of North Antiq.* p. 317.

"The ballad of *The Douglas Tragedy*," says Scott, "is one of the few (?) to which popular tradition has ascribed complete locality.

"The farm of Blackhouse, in Selkirkshire, is said to have been the scene of this melancholy event. There are the remains of a very ancient tower, adjacent to the farm-house, in a wild and solitary glen, upon a torrent named Douglas burn, which joins the Yarrow, after passing a craggy rock, called the Douglas craig. . . . From this ancient tower Lady Margaret is said to have been carried by her lover. Seven large stones, erected upon the neighboring heights of Blackhouse, are shown, as marking the spot where the seven brethren were slain, and the Douglas burn is averred to have been the stream at which the lovers stopped to drink: so minute is tradition in ascertaining the scene of a tragical tale, which, considering the rude state of former times, had probably foundation in some real event."

Were it not for Scott's concluding remark, and the obstinate credulity of most of the English and Scotch editors, we should hardly think it necessary to say that the locality of some of the incidents in *Ribolt and Gindiborg*, is equally well ascertained (Gunnitzig, 342, 343). "Popular tales and anecdotes of every kind," as Jameson well remarks, "soon obtain locality wherever they are told; and the intelligent and attentive

traveller will not be surprised to find the same story which he had learnt when a child, with every appropriate circumstance of names, time, and place, in a Glen of Morven, Lochaber, or Rinnoch, equally domesticated among the mountains of Norway, Caucasus, or Thibet." *Ill. North. Ant.* p. 317.

"Rise up, rise up, now, Lord Douglas," she says,
"And put on your armour so bright;
Let it never be said that a daughter of thine
Was married to a lord under night.

"Rise up, rise up, my seven bold sons,
And put on your armour so bright,
And take better care of your youngest sister,
For your eldest's awa' the last night."—

He's mounted her on a milk-white steed,
And himself on a dapple grey,
With a bugelet horn hung down by his side,
And lightly they rode away.

Lord William lookit o'er his left shoulder,
To see what he could see,
And there he spy'd her seven brethren bold,
Come riding o'er the lee.

"Light down, light down, Lady Marg'ret," he said,
"And hold my steed in your hand,

Until that against your seven brethren bold,
And your father, I make a stand.”—

She held his steed in her milk-white hand,
And never shed one tear,
Until that she saw her seven brethren fa’,
And her father hard fighting, who loved her so
dear.

“O hold your hand, Lord William!” she said,
“For your strokes they are wondrous sair;
True lovers I can get many a ane,
But a father I can never get mair.”—

O she’s ta’en out her handkerchief,
It was o’ the holland sae fine,
And aye she dighted her father’s bloody wounds,
That were redder than the wine.

“O chuse, O chuse, Lady Marg’ret,” he said,
“O whether will ye gang or bide?”—
“I’ll gang, I’ll gang, Lord William,” she said,
“For you have left me no other guide.”—

He’s lifted her on a milk-white steed
And himself on a dapple grey,
With a bugelet horn hung down by his side,
And slowly they baith rade away.

O they rade on, and on they rade,
And a' by the light of the moon,
Until they came to yon wau water,
And there they lighted down.

'They lighted down to tak a drink
Of the spring that ran sae clear ;
And down the stream ran his gude heart's blood,
And saith she 'gan to fear.

"Hold up, hold up, Lord William," she says,
"For I fear that you are slain !" —
"Tis naething but the shadow of my scarlet cloak,
That shines in the water sae plain." —

O they rade on, and on they rade,
And a' by the light of the moon,
Until they cam to his mother's ha' door,
And there they lighted down.

"Get up, get up, lady mother," he says,
"Get up, and let me in !" —
Get up, get up, lady mother," he says,
"For this night my fair lady I've win.

"O mak my bed, lady mother," he says,
"O mak it braid and deep !
And lay Lady Marg'ret close at my back,
And the sounder I will sleep." —

Lord William was dead lang ere midnight,

Lady Marg'ret lang ere day—

And all true lovers that go thegither,

May they have mair luck than they!

Lord William was buried in St. Marie's kirk,

Lady Marg'ret in Marie's quire;

Out o' the the lady's grave grew a bonny red
rose,

And out o' the knight's a brier.

And they twa met, and they twa plat,

And fain they wad be near;

And a' the world might ken right weel,

They were twa lovers dear.¹

But hye and rade the Black Douglas,

And wow but he was rough!

For he pull'd up the bonny brier,

And flang't in St Marie's Loch.

¹ This miracle is frequently witnessed over the graves of faithful lovers.—King Mark, according to the German romance, planted a rose on Tristan's grave, and a vine on that of Isolt. The roots struck down into the very hearts of the dead lovers, and the stems twined every together. The French account is somewhat different. An egg-shaped spring from the tomb of Tristan and twisted itself round the monument of Isolt. It was cut down three times, but grew up every morning fresher than before so that it was allowed to stand. Other examples are, in this volume,

Fair Annet, Lord Thomas and Fair Annet; in the third volume, *Prince Robert, &c.* The same phenomenon is exhibited in the Swedish ballads of *Hertig Frøylenborg och Fisker*, *Adeln Lilla Råd*, *Hills Lilla*, *Hertig Nils*, and *Engen Fisker*, 105, 116, *A. w. d. s. s. n., 11 8, 21, 24 — in the Danish ballad of *Herr Sillemand*, (*Danske Viser*, iii. 348.), in the Breton ballad of *Lord Nunn and the Kowigan*, translated in Keightley's *Fairy Mythology*, p. 433, in the Romansech ballad, *Ring und Schnupftuch*, translated by Schuler, *Romänische Volkslieder*, p. 36, in a Servian tale cited by Talvi, *Versuch, &c.*, p. 139, in the Roumanian ballad of *Ring and Handkerchief*, Stancu's *Roman Anthology*, p. 193, Schuler's *Romänische Volkslieder*, p. 38, and in the Afghan poem of *Ardan and Doorkhannee*, described by Elphinstone, *Account of the Kingdom of Cabul*, i. 295, — which last reference we owe to Talvi. — In the case of the Danish ballad it is certain, and in some of the other cases probable, that the idea was derived from the romance of *Tristan*.

LORD THOMAS AND FAIR ELLINOR.

THE four pieces which follow have all the same subject. *Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor*, is given from the *Collection of Old Ballads*, 1723, vol. i. p. 249, where it is entitled, *A Tragical Ballad on the unfortunate Love of Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor, together with the Downfall of the Brown Girl*. The text differs but slightly from that of Percy, (iii. 121,) and Ritson, *Ancient Songs*, ii. 89.

LORD Thomas he was a bold forrester,
And a chaser of the king's deer;
Fair Ellinor was a fine woman,
And Lord Thomas he loved her dear

"Come riddle my riddle, dear mother," he said,
"And riddle us both as one;
Whether I shall marry with fair Ellinor,
And let the brown girl alone?"

"The brown girl she has got houses and land,
And fair Ellinor she has got none ;
Therefore I charge you on my blessing,
Bring me the brown girl home "

As it befell on a high holiday,
As many more did beside,
Lord Thomas he went to fair Ellinor,
That should have been his bride.

But when he came to fair Ellinors bower,
He knocked there at the ring ;
But who was so ready as fair Ellinor,
For to let Lord Thomas in.

" What news, what news, Lord Thomas ? " she
said,
" What news hast thou brought unto me ? "
" I am come to bid thee to my wedding,
And that is bad news for thee."

" O God forbid, Lord Thomas," she said,
" That such a thing should be done ;
I thought to have been thy bride my own self,
And you to have been the bridegrom."

" Come riddle my riddle, dear mother," she
said,
" And riddle it all in one ;

Whether I shall go to Lord Thomas's wedding,
Or whether I shall tarry at home ? ”

“ There are many that are your friends, daughter,
ter,

And many that are your foe ;
Therefore I charge you on my blessing,
To Lord Thomas's wedding don't go.”

“ There's many that are my friends, mother ;
And if a thousand more were my foe,
Betide my life, betide my death,
To Lord Thomas's wedding I'll go.

She cloathed herself in gallant attire,
And her merry men all in green ;
And as they rid through every town,
They took her to be some queen.

But when she came to Lord Thomas's gate,
She knocked there at the ring ;
But who was so ready as Lord Thomas,
To let fair Ellinor in.

“ Is this your bride ? ” fair Ellinor said ;
“ Methinks she looks wonderful brown ;
Thou might'st have had as fair a woman,
As ever trod on the ground.”

"Despise her not, fair Ellin," he said,
 "Despise her not unto me ;
 For better I love thy little finger,
 Than all her whole body.

This brown bride had a little penknife,
 That was both long and sharp,
 And betwixt the short ribs and the long,
 Prick'd fair Ellinor to the heart.

"O Christ now save thee," Lord Thomas he said,
 "Me thinks thou look'st wondrous wan ;
 Thou us'd to look with as fresh a colour,
 As ever the sun shin'd on."

"O art thou blind, Lord Thomas?" she said,
 "Or canst thou not very well see?
 O dost thou not see my own heart's blood
 Run trickling down my knee?"

Lord Thomas he had a sword by his side ;
 As he walk'd about the hall,
 He cut off his bride's head from her shoulder
 And threw it against the wall.

He set the hilt against the ground,
 And the point against his heart ;
 There never were three lovers met,
 That sooner did depart.

LORD THOMAS AND FAIR ANNET.

FROM Percy's *Reliques*, iii. 290, where it was "given, with some corrections, from a MS. copy transmitted from Scotland." There is a corresponding Swedish ballad, *Herr Peder och Liden Kerstin*, in the *Scenska Folk-Visor*, i. 49. It is translated in *Literature and Romance of Northern Europe*, by William and Mary Lowitt, i. 258.

Lord Thomas and fair Annet

Sate a' day on a hill;

Whan night was cum, and sun was sett,

They had not talkt their fill.

Lord Thomas said a word in jest,

Fair Annet took it ill:

"A' I will nevir wed a wife

Against my ain friends will."

" Gif ye wull nevir wed a wife,
 A wife wull neir wed yee : "
 Sae he is hame to tell his mither,
 And knelt upon his knee.

" O rede, O rede, mither," he says,
 " A gude rede gie to mee :
 O sall I tak the nut-browne bride,
 And let faire Annet bee ? "

" The nut-browne bride haes gowd and gear,
 Fair Annet she has gat nane ;
 And the hittle beauty fair Annet has,
 O it wull soon be gane."

And he has till his brother gane :
 " Now, brother, rede ye mee ;
 A', sall I marrie the nut-browne bride,
 And let fair Annet bee ? "

" The nut-browne bride has oxen, brother,
 The nut-browne bride has kye :
 I wad hae ye marrie the nut-browne bride,
 And cast fair Annet bye."

" Her oxen may dye i' the house, billie,
 And her kye into the byre,
 And I sall hae nothing to mysell,
 Bot a fat fudge by the fyre."

And he has till his sister gane :

“ Now sister, rede ye mee ;

O sall I marrie the nut-browne bride,
And set fair Annet free ? ”

“ Ise rede ye tak fair Annet, Thomas,

And let the browne bride alane ;

Lest ye sould sigh, and say, Alace,
What is this we brought hame ! ”

“ No, I will tak my mithers counsel,

And marrie me owt o’ hand ;

And I will tak the nut-browne bride ;
Fair Annet may leive the land. ”

Up then rose fair Annets father,

Twa hours or it wer day,

And he is gane into the bower
Wherein fair Annet lay.

“ Rise up, rise up, fair Annet, ” he says,

“ Put on your silken sheene ;

Let us gae to St. Maries kirke,
And see that rich weddeen. ”

“ My maides, gae to my dressing-roome,

And dress to me my hair ;

Whair-eir yee laid a pluit before,
See yee lay ten times mair.

"Gif ye wull nevir wed a wife,
A wife wull neir wed yee :"
Sae he is hame to tell his mither,
And knelt upon his knee.

"O rede, O rede, mither," he says,
"A gude rede gie to mee :
O sall I tak the nut-browne bride
And let faire Annet bee ?"

"The nut-browne bride haes gane
Fair Annet she has gat nam,
And the little beauty fair Annet
O it wull soon be gane."

And he has till his brother
"Now, brother, rede ye
A', sall I marrie the nut-browne
And let fair Annet bee

"The nut-browne bride
The nut-browne bride
I wad hae ye marrie the
And cast fair Annet

"Her oxen may dye
And her kye into
And I sall hae nother
Bot a fat fudge by

“My maids, gae to my dressing-room,
And dress to me my smock;
The one half is o’ the holland fine,
The other o’ needle-work.”

The horse fair Annet rade upon,
He amblit like the wind;
Wi’ siller he was shod before,
Wi’ burning gowd behind.

Four and twanty siller bells
Wer a’ tyed till his mane,
And yae lift o’ the norland wurd,
They tinkled ane by ane.

Four and twanty gay gude knichts
Rade by fair Annets side,
And four and twanty fair ladies,
As gin she had bin a bride.

And whan she cam to Marics kirk,
She sat on Marics stean:
The cleading that fair Annet had on
It skinkled in their een.

And whan she cam into the kirk,
She shimmer’d like the sun;
The lelt that was about her waist,
Was a’ wi’ pearles bedone.

She sat her by the nut-browne bride,
And her een they wer sae clear,
Lord Thomas he clean forgot the bride,
Whan fair Annet she drew near.

He had a rose into his hand,
And he gave it kisses three,
And reaching by the nut-browne bride,
Laid it on fair Annets knee.

Up than spak the nut-browne bride,
She spak wi' meikle spite ;
“And whair gat ye that rose-water,
That does mak yee sae white ?”

“O I did get the rose-water
Whair ye wull neir get nane,
For I did get that very rose-water
Into my mithers wame.”

The bride she drew a long bodkin
Frae out her gay head-gear,
And strake fair Annet unto the heart,
That word she nevir spak mair.

Lord Thomas he saw fair Annet wex pale,
And marvelit what mote bee :
But whan he saw her dear hearis blude,
A' wood-wroth wexed hee.

130 LORD THOMAS AND FAIR ANNET.

He drew his dagger, that was sae sharp,
That was sae sharp and meet,
And drave into the nut-browne bride,
That fell deid at his feit.

"Now stay for me, dear Annet," he sed,
"Now stay, my dear," he cry'd ;
Then strake the dagger untill his heart,
And fell deid by her side.

Lord Thomas was buried without kirk-wa',
Fair Annet within the quiere ;
And o' the tane thair grew a birk,
The other a bonny briere.

And ay they grew, and ay they threw,
As they wad faine be neare ;
And by this ye may ken right weil,
They were twa luvvers deare.

SWEET WILLIE AND FAIR ANNIE

Is another version of the foregoing piece, furnished by Jamieson, *Popular Ballads*, i. 22.

"The text of *Lord Thomas and Fair Annet*," remarks Jamieson, "seems to have been adjusted, previous to its leaving Scotland, by some one who was more of a scholar than the reciters of ballads generally are; and, in attempting to give it an antique cast, it has been deprived of somewhat of that easy facility which is the distinguished characteristic of the traditional ballad narrative. With the text of the following ditty, no such experiment has been made. It is here given pure and entire, as it was taken down by the editor, from the recitation of a lady in Aberbrothick, (Mrs W. Arrot.) As she had, when a child, learnt the ballad from an elderly maid-servant, and probably had not repeated it for a dozen years before I had the good fortune to be introduced to her, it may be depended upon, that every line was recited to me as nearly as possible in the exact form in which she learnt it."

132 SWEET WILLIE AND FAIR ANNIE.

Mr Chambers, in conformity with the plan of his work, presents us with an edition composed out of Percy's and Jamieson's, with some amended readings and additional verses from a manuscript copy, (*Scottish Ballads*, p. 269.)

SWEET Willie and fair Annie
Sat a' day on a hill ;
And though they had sitten seven year,
They ne'er wad had their fill.

Sweet Willie said a word in haste,
And Annie took it ill :
"I winna wed a tocherless maid,
Against my parent's will."

"Ye're come o' the rich, Willie,
And I'm come o' the poor ;
I'm o'er laigh to be your bride,
And I winna be your whore."

O Annie she's gane till her bower,
And Willie down the den ;
And he's come till his mither's bower,
By the lei light o' the moon.

"O sleep ye, wake ye, mither ?" he says,
"Or are ye the bower within ?"

"I sleep richt aft, I wake richt aft¹;
What want ye wi' me, son?

"Where hae ye been a' night, Willie?
O wow! ye've tarried lang!"

"I have been courtin' fair Annie,
And she is true me gane.

"There is twa maidens in a bower;
Which o' them sall I bring hame?
The nut-brown maid has sheep and cows,
And fair Annie has nane."

"It's an ye wed the nut-brown maid,
I'll heap gold wi' my hand;
But an ye wed her, fair Annie,
I'll straik it wi' a wand.

"The nut-brown maid has sheep and cows,
And fair Annie has nane;
And Willie, for my benison,
The nut-brown maid bring hame."

"O I sall wed the nut-brown maid,
And I sall bring her hame;
But peace nor rest between us twa,
Till death sinder's again.

That is, my slumbers are short, broken, and interrupted.)

"But, alas, alas!" says sweet Willie,
 "O fair is Annie's face!"
 "But what's the matter, my son Willie,
 She has nae ither grace."

"Alas, alas!" says sweet Willie.
 "But white is Annie's hand!"
 "But what's the matter, my son Willie,
 She hasna a for o' land."

"Sheep will die in cots, mither,
 And owsen die in byre;
 And what's this world's wealth to me,
 An I get na my heart's desire?"

"Whare will I get a bonny boy,
 That wad fain win hose and shoon,
 That will rin to fair Annie's bower,
 Wi' the lei light o' the moon?"

"Ye'll tell her to come to Willie's weddin',
 The morn at twal at noon;
 Ye'll tell her to come to Willie's weddin',
 The heir o' Duplin town."

Duplin town — Duplin is the seat of the earl of Kinross, from which he derives his title of viscount. It is in the neighborhood of Perth. It is observable, that ballads are very frequently adapted to the meridian of the place where they are found. J.

"She manna put on the black, the black,
Nor yet the dowie brown ;
But the scarlet sae red, and the kerches sae
white,
And her bonny locks hangin' down."

He is on to Annie's bower,
And tirl'd at the pin ;
And wha was sae ready as Annie hersel,
To open and let him in.

"Ye are bidden come to Willie's weddin',
The morn at twal at noon ;
Ye are bidden come to Willie's weddin',
The heir of Duplin town.

"Ye manna put on the black, the black,
Nor yet the dowie brown ;
But the scarlet sae red, and the kerches sae
white,
And your bonny locks hangin' down."

"Its I will come to Willie's weddin',
The morn at twal at noon ;
Its I will come to Willie's weddin',
But I rather the mass had been mine.

"Maidens, to my bower come,
And lay gold on my hair ;

And whare ye laid ae plnit before,
Ye'll now lay ten times mair.

"Taylors, to my bower come,
And mak to me a weed;
And smiths unto my stable come,
And shoe to me a steed."

At every tate o' Annie's horse' mane
There hang a silver bell;
And there came a wind out frae the south
Which made them a' to knell.

And whan she came to Mary-kirk,
And sat down in the deas,
The light, that came frae fair Annie,
Enlighten'd a' the place.

But up and stands the nut-brown bride,
Just at her father's knee;
"O wha is this, my father dear,
'That blinks in Willie's e'e?"
"O this is Willie's first true love,
Before he loved thee."

"If that be Willie's first true love,
He might ha'e latten me be;
She has as much gold on ae finger,
As I'll wear till I die.

"O whare got ye that water, Annie,
That washes you sae white?"

"I got it in my mither's wambe,
Whare ye'll ne'er get the like.

"For ye've been wash'd in Dunny's well,
And dried on Dunny's dyke;
And a' the water in the sea
Will never wash ye white."

Willie's ta'en a rose out o' his hat,
Laid it in Annie's lap;

"[The bonniest to the bonniest fa's,]
Hae, wear it for my sake."

"Tak up and wear your rose, Willie,
And wear't wi' mickle care,
For the woman sall never bear a son,
That will mak my heart sae sair."

Whan night was come, and day was gane,
And a' man boun to bed,
Sweet Willie and the nut-brown bride
In their chamber were laid.

They werena weel lyen down,
And scarcely fa'n asleep,
Whan up and stands she, fair Annie,
Just up at Willie's feet.

"Weel brook ye o' your brown brown bride,
Between ye and the wa';
And sae will I o' my winding sheet,
That suits me best ava.

"Weel brook ye o' your brown brown bride,
Between ye and the stock;
And sae will I o' my black black kist,
That has neither key nor lock."

Sad Willie raise, put on his claise,
Drew till him his hose and shoon.
And he is on to Annie's bower,
By the lei light o' the moon.

The firsten bower that he came till,
There was right dowie wark;
Her mither and her three sisters
Were makin' to Annie a sark.

The nexten bower that he came till,
There was right dowie cheir;
Her father and her seven brethren
Were makin' to Annie a bier.

The lasten bower, that he came till,
[O heavy was his care!
The waxen lights were burning bright,
And fair Annie streekit there.

He's lifted up the coverlet,
[Where she, fair Annie, lay ;
Sweet was her smile, but wan her cheek ;
O wan, and cold as clay !]

"It's I will kiss your bonny cheek,
And I will kiss your chin ;
And I will kiss your clay-cold lip ;
But I'll never kiss woman again.

"The day ye deal at Annie's burial
The bread but and the wine ;
Before the morn at twall o'clock,
They'll deal the same at mine."

The tane was buried in Mary's kirk,
The tither in Mary's quire ;
And out o' the tane there grew a birk,
And out o' the tither a brier.

And ay they grew, and ay they drew,
Untill they twa did meet ;
And every ane that past them by,
Said, "Thae's been lovers sweet !"

FAIR MARGARET AND SWEET WILLIAM

From Percy's *Reliques*, iii. 164.

"THIS seems to be the old song quoted in Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, acts ii. and iii.; although the six lines there preserved are somewhat different from those in the ballad, as it stands at present. The reader will not wonder at this, when he is informed that this is only given from a modern printed copy picked up on a stall. Its full title is *Fair Margaret's misfortunes; or Sweet William's frightful dreams on his wedding night, with the sudden death and burial of those noble lovers*.

"The lines preserved in the play are this distich:

"You are no love for me, Margaret,
I am no love for you." Act iii. 6.

And the following stanza:

"When it was grown to dark midnight,
And all were fast asleep,
In came Margaret's grimly ghost,
And stood at William's feet. Act ii. 8.

"These lines have acquired an importance by giving birth to one of the most beautiful ballads in our own or any other language: [Mallet's *Margaret's Ghost*.]

"Since the first edition, some improvements have been inserted, which were communicated by a lady of

FAIR MARGARET AND SWEET WILLIAM. 141

the first distinction, as she had heard this song repeated in her infancy."

The variations in Herd's copy, (i. 145,) and in Ritson's (*Ancient Songs*, ii. 92,) are unimportant.

In the main the same is the widely known ballad, *Der Ritter und das Maiglöcklein*, Erk, p. 81, Hoffmann's *Schlesische Volkslieder*, p. 9; *Heir Malmstens Drö'n*, *Scenska Folkvisor*, iii. 104, Arwidsson, ii. 21; *Volkslieder der Wenden*, by Haupt and Schmalzer, i. 159-162 (Hoffmann), in Dutch, with a different close, Hoffmann's *Niederländische Volkslieder*, p. 61: also *Lord Lovel*, *post*, p. 162.

As it fell out on a long summer's day,
Two lovers they sat on a hill;
They sat together that long summer's day,
And could not talk their fill.

"I see no harm by you, Margaret,
And you see none by mee;
Before to-morrow at eight o' the clock
A rich wedding you shall see."

Fair Margaret sat in her bower-window,
Combing her yellow hair;
There she spyed sweet William and his bride,
As they were a riding near.

Then down she layd her ivory combe,
And braided her hair in twain:
She went alive out of her bower,
But ne'er came alive in't again.

142 FAIR MARGARET AND SWEET WILLIAM

When day was gone, and night was come,
And all men fast asleep,
Then came the spirit of fair Marg'et,
And stood at Williams feet.

"Are you awake, sweet William?" shee said.
"Or, sweet William, are you asleep?
God give you joy of your gay bride-bed,
And me of my winding-sheet."¹

When day was come, and night 'twas gone,
And all men wak'd from sleep,
Sweet William to his lady sayd,
"My dear, I have cause to weep.

"I dreamt a dream, my dear ladye,
Such dreames are never good:
I dreamt my bower was full of red swine,
And my bride-bed full of blood."

"Such dreams, such dreams, my honoured sir,
They never do prove good;
To dream thy bower was full of red swine,
And thy bride-bed full of blood."

¹ God give you joy, you lovers true,
In bride-bed fast asleep;
Lo! I am going to my green-grass grave,
And I'm in my winding sheet. HERD'S COPY

He called up his merry men all,
By one, by two, and by three;
Saying, "I'll away to fair Marg'ret's bower,
By the leave of my ladie."

And when he came to fair Marg'ret's bower.
He knocked at the ring;
And who so ready as her seven brethren,
To let sweet William in.

Then he turned up the covering-sheet;
"Pray let me see the dead;
Methinks she looks all pale and wan,
She hath lost her cherry red.

"I'll do more for thee, Margaret,
Than any of thy kin:
For I will kiss thy pale wan lips,
Though a smile I cannot win."

With that bespake the seven brethren,
Making most piteous mone,
"You may go kiss your jolly brown bride,
And let our sister alone."

"If I do kiss my jolly brown bride,
I do but what is right;
I neer made a vow to yonder poor corpse,
By day, nor yet by night.

144 FAIR MARGARET AND SWEET WILLIAM.

"Deal on, deal on, my merry men all,
Deal on your cake and your wine¹:
For whatever is dealt at her funeral to-day,
Shall be dealt to-morrow at mine."

Fair Margaret dyed to-day, to-day,
Sweet William dyed the morrow:
Fair Margaret dyed for pure true love,
Sweet William dyed for sorrow.

Margaret was buryed in the lower chancel,
And William in the higher:
Out of her brest there sprang a rose,
And out of his a briar.

They grew till they grew unto the church top,
And then they could grow no higher;
And there they tyed in a true lovers knot,
Which made all the people admire.

Then came the clerk of the parish,
As you the truth shall hear,
And by mistfortune cut them down,
Or they had now been there.

¹ Alluding to the dole anciently given at funerals, P.

SWEET WILLIAM'S GHOST

As already remarked, is often made the sequel to other ballads. (See *Clerk Saunders*, p. 45.) It was first printed in the fourth volume of Ramsay's *Tea Table Miscellany*, with some imperfections, and with two spurious stanzas for a conclusion. We subjoin to Ramsay's copy the admirable version obtained by Motherwell from recitation, and still another variation furnished by Kinloch.

Closely similar in many respects are the Danish *Fæstemanden i Graven* (*Aage og Else*), *Grundtvig*, No. 90, and the Swedish *Sorgens Mäst*, *Scenska F. V.*, i. 29 ii. 204, or *Arwidsson*, ii. 103. Also *Der Tote Freier*, *Erk's Liederhort*, 21, 24 a. In the Danish and Swedish ballads it is the uncontrolled grief of his mistress that calls the lover from his grave: in the English, the desire to be freed from his troth-plight. — See vol. i. p. 213, 217.

THERE came a ghost to Margaret's door,

With many a grievous groan,

And ay he tirl'd at the pin,

But answer made she none.

"Is that my father Philip,

Or is't my brother John?

Or is't my true love Willy,

From Scotland new come home?"

"Tis not thy father Philip,
Nor yet thy brother John;
But 'tis thy true love Willy,
From Scotland new come home.

"O sweet Margaret! O dear Margaret!
I pray thee speak to mee:
Give me my faith and troth, Margaret,
As I gave it to thee."

"Thy faith and troth thou's never get,
Nor yet will I thee lend,
Till that thou come within my bower,
And kiss my cheek and chin."

"If I should come within thy bower,
I am no earthly man:
And should I kiss thy rosy lips,
Thy days will not be lang.

"O sweet Margaret, O dear Margaret,
I pray thee speak to mee:
Give me my faith and troth, Margaret,
As I gave it to thee."

"Thy faith and troth thou's never get,
Nor yet will I thee lend,
Till you take me to yon kirk-yard,
And wed me with a ring."

"My bones are buried in yon kirk-yard,
Afar beyond the sea,
And it is but my spirit, Margaret,
That's now speaking to thee."

She stretched out her lily-white hand,
And for to do her best ;
"Hae there' your faith and troth, Willy,
God send your soul good rest."

Now she has kilted her robes of green
A piece below her knee,
And a' the live-lang winter night
The dead corps followed she.

"Is there any room at your head, Willy,
Or any room at your feet ?
Or any room at your side, Willy,
Wherein that I may creep ?"

"There's no room at my head, Margaret,
There's no room at my feet ;
There's no room at my side, Margaret,
My coffin's made so meet."

Then up and crew the red red cock,
And up then crew the gray :
"Tis time, tis time, my dear Margaret,
That you were going away."

No more the ghost to Margaret said,
But, with a grievous groan,
Evanish'd in a cloud of mist,
And left her all alone.

"O stay, my only true love, stay,"
The constant Margaret cried:
Wan grew her cheeks, she closed her een,
Stretch'd her soft limbs, and died.

WILLIAM AND MARJORIE.

Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, p. 186.

LADY MARJORIE, Lady Marjorie,
Sat sewing her silken seam,
And by her came a pale, pale ghost,
Wi' mony a sigh and mane.

"Are ye my father the king?" she says,
"Or are ye my brither John?
Or are ye my true love, sweet William,
From England newly come?"

"I'm not your father the king," he says,
"No, no, nor your brither John;
But I'm your true love, sweet William,
From England that's newly come."

"Have ye brought me any scarlets sae red,
Or any of the silks sae fine ;
Or have ye brought me any precious things,
That merchants have for sale ?"

"I have not brought you any scarlets sae red,
No, no, nor the silks sae fine ;
But I have brought you my winding-sheet
Ower many a rock and hill.

"Lady Marjorie, Lady Marjorie,
For faith and charitie,
Will ye gie to me my faith and troth,
That I gave once to thee ?"

"O your faith and troth I'll not gie to thee,
No, no, that will not I,
Until I get ae kiss of your ruby lips,
And in my arms you lye."

"My lips they are sae bitter," he says,
"My breath it is sae strang,
If you get ae kiss of my ruby lips,
Your days will not be lang.

"The cocks are crawling, Marjorie," he says,—
"The cocks are crawling again ;
It's time the dead should part the quick,—
Marjorie, I must be gane."

She followed him high, she followed him low,
Till she came to yon churchyard green ;
And there the deep grave opened up,
And young William he lay down.

"What three things are these, sweet William,"
she says,
"That stand here at your head ?"
"O it's three maidens, Marjorie," he says,
"That I promised once to wed."

"What three things are these, sweet William,"
she says,
"That stand close at your side ?"
"O it's three babes, Marjorie," he says,
"That these three maidens had."

"What three things are these, sweet William,"
she says,
"That lye close at your feet ?"
"O it's three hell-hounds, Marjorie," he says,
"That's waiting my soul to keep."

O she took up her white, white hand,
And she struck him on the breast,
Saying,—“Have there again your faith and
troth,
And I wish your saul gude rest.”

SWEET WILLIAM AND MAY MARGARET

Kinloch's Ancient Scottish Ballads, p. 241.

As May Marg'ret sat in her bouerie,
In her bouer all alone,
At the very parting o' midnicht,
She heard a mournfu' moan.

"O is it my father, O is it my mother,
Or is it my brother John?
Or is it sweet William, my ain true love,
To Scotland new come home?"

"It is na your father, it is na your mother.
It is na your brother John ;
But it is sweet William, your ain true love,
To Scotland new come home."—

"Hae ye brought me onie fine things,
One new thing for to wear?
Or hae ye brought me a braud o' lace,
To snood up my gowden hair?"

"P've brought ye na fine things at all,
Nor onie new thing to wear,
Nor hae I brought ye a braid of lace,
To snood up your gowden hair.

"But Margaret, dear Margaret,
I pray ye speak to me;
O gie me back my faith and troth,
As dear as I gied it thee!"

"Your faith and troth ye sanna get,
Nor will I wi' ye twin,
Till ye come within my bower,
And kiss me, cheek and chin."

"O Margaret, dear Margaret,
I pray ye speak to me;
O gie me back my faith and troth,
As dear as I gied it thee."

"Your faith and troth ye sanna get,
Nor will I wi' ye twin,
Till ye tak me to yonder kirk,
And wed me wi' a ring."

"O should I come within your bouer,
I am na earthly man:
If I should kiss your red, red lips,
Your days wad na be lang.

"My banes are buried in yon kirk-yard,
It's far ayont the sea;
And it is my spirit, Margaret,
That's speaking unto thee."

"Your faith and troth ye sanna get,
Nor will I twin wi' thee,
Tell ye tell me the pleasures o' Heaven,
And pains of hell how they be."

"The pleasures of heaven I wat not of,
But the pains of hell I dree;
There some are hie hang'd for huring,
And some for adulterie."

Then Marg'ret took her milk-white hand,
And smooth'd it on his breast;—
"Tak your faith and troth, William,
God send your soul good rest!"

BONNY BARBARA ALLAN

WAS first published in Ramsay's *Tea-Table Miscellany*, (il. 171,) from which it is transferred verbatim into Herd's *Scottish Songs*, Johnson's *Museum*, Ritson's *Scottish Songs*, &c. Percy printed it, "with a few conjectural emendations, from a written copy," *Reliques*, iii. 175, together with another version, which follows the present. Mr. G. F. Graham, *Songs of Scotland*, ii. 157, has pointed out an allusion to the "little Scotch Song of *Barbary Allen*," in Pepys's *Diary*, 2 Jan. 1665-6.

It was in and about the Martinmas time,
When the green leaves were a falling,
That Sir John Graeme in the west country
Fell in love with Barbara Allan.

He sent his man down through the town,
To the place where she was dwelling;
"O haste and come to my master dear,
Gin ye be Barbara Allan."

O hooly, hooly rose she up,
To the place where he was lying,
And when she drew the curtain by,
"Young man, I think you're dying."

"O it's I'm sick, and very, very sick,
And 'tis a' for Barbara Allan :"
"O the better for me ye's never be,
Tho' your heart's blood were a spilling.

"O dinna ye mind, young man," said she,
"When ye was in the tavern a drinking.
That ye made the healths gae round and round,
And slighted Barbara Allan."

He turn'd his face unto the wall,
And death was with him dealing ;
"Adieu, adieu, my dear friends all,
And be kind to Barbara Allan."

And slowly, slowly raise she up,
And slowly, slowly left him ;
And sighing said, she cou'd not stay,
Since death of life had rest him.

She had not gane a mile but twa,
When she heard the dead-bell ringing,
And every jow that the dead-bell geid,
It cry'd "Woe to Barbara Allan !"

**"O mother, mother, make my bed,
O make it soft and narrow ;
Since my love died for me today,
I'll die for him tomorrow."**

BARBARA ALLEN'S CRUELTY

From Percy's *Reliques*, iii. 169.

"GIVEN, with some corrections, from an old black-letter copy, entitled, *Barbara Allen's Cruelty, or the Young Man's Tragedy*."

In Scarlet towne, where I was borne,
There was a faire maid dwellin,
Made every youth crye, Wel-awaye !
Her name was Barbara Allen.

All in the merrye month of May,
When greene buds they were swellin,
Yong Jemmye Grove on his death-bed lay.
For love of Barbara Allen.

He sent his man unto her then,
To the towne where shee was dwellin;
" You must come to my master deare,
Giff your name be Barbara Allen.

"For death is printed on his face,
And ore his hart is stealin :
Then haste away to comfort him,
O lovelye Barbara Allen."

"Though death be printed on his face,
And ore his harte is stealin,
Yet little better shall he bee
For bonny Barbara Allen."

So slowly, slowly, she came up,
And slowly she came nye him ;
And all she sayd, when there she came,
"Yong man, I think y'are dying."

He turned his face unto her strait,
With deadlye sorrow sighing ;
"O lovely maid, come pity mee,
I'me on my death-bed lying."

"If on your death-bed you doe lye,
What needs the tale you are tellin ?
I cannot keep you from your death ;
Farewell," sayd Barbara Allen.

He turnd his face unto the wall,
As deadlye pangs he fell in :
"Adieu ! adieu ! adieu to you all
Adieu to Barbara Allen !"

As she was walking ore the fields,
She heard the bell a kneilin ;
And every stroke did seem to saye,
" Unworthy Barbara Allen ! "

She turnd her bodye round about,
And spied the corps a coming :
" Laye down, laye down the corps," she sayd,
" That I may look upon him."

With scornful eye she looked downe,
Her cheek with laughter swellin,
Whilst all her friends cryd out amaine,
" Unworthye Barbara Allen ! "

When he was dead, and laid in grave,
Her harte was struck with sorrowe ;
" O mother, mother, make my bed,
For I shall dye to-morrowe.

" Hard-harted creature him to slight,
Who loved me so dearlye :
O that I had beene more kind to him,
When he was alive and neare me ! "

She, on her death-bed as she laye,
Beg'd to be buried by him,
And sore repented of the daye,
That she did ere denye him.

“Farewell,” she sayd, “ye virgins all,
And shun the fault I fell in :
Henceforth take warning by the fall
Of cruel Barbara Allen.”

LORD LOVEL.

" THIS ballad, taken down from the recitation of a lady in Roxburghshire, appears to claim affinity to Border Song, and the title of the 'discoarteous squire,' would incline one to suppose that it has derived its origin from some circumstance connected with the county of Northumberland, where Lovel was anciently a well-known name" Kinloch's *Ancient Scottish Ballads*, p. 31.

A version from a recent broadside is printed in *Ancient Poems, Ballads, and Songs of the Peasantry of England*, Percy Society, vol. xvii. p. 78.

A fragment of a similar story, the relations of the parties being reversed, is *Lady Auce*, given in Bell's *Ballads of the Peasantry*, p. 127, and *Notes and Queries*, 2d S, i. 418. — Compare also *Fair Margaret*, &c. p. 140.

Lord Lovel stands at his stable door,
Mounted upon a grey steed ;
And bye came Ladie Nanciebel,
And wish'd Lord Lovel much speed.

" O whare are ye going, Lord Lovel,
My dearest tell to me ? "

" O I am going a far journey,
Some strange countrie to see ;

"But I'll return in seven long years,
Lady Nanciebel to see."

"O seven, seven, seven long years,
They are much too long for me."

• • • • •

He was gane a year away,
A year but barely ane,
When a strange fancy cam into his head,
That fair Nanciebel was gane.

It's then he rade, and better rade,
Until he cam to the toun,
And then he heard a dismal noise,
For the church bells a' did soun'.

He asked what the bells rang for :
They said, "It's for Nanciebel ;
She died for a discourteous squire,
And his name is Lord Lovel."

The lid o' the coffin he opened up,
The linens he faulded down ;
And ae he kiss'd her pale, pale lips,
And the tears cam trinkling down.

"Weill may I kiss those pale, pale lips,
For they will never kiss me ;—

I'll mak a vow, and keep it true,
That they'll ne'er kiss ane but thee."

Lady Nancie died on Tuesday's nicht,
Lord Lovel upon the niest day;
Lady Nancie died for pure, pure love,
Lord Lovel, for deep sorrow.

LORD SALTON AND AUCHANACHIE.

THE following fragment was first published in Maidment's *North Country Garland*, p. 10 ; shortly after, in Buchan's *Gleanings*, p. 161. A more complete copy, from Buchan's larger collection, is annexed.

• • • • •

BEN came her father,
 Skipping on the floor,
Said, "Jeanie, you're trying
 The tricks of a whore.

"You're caring for him
 That cares not for thee,
And I pray you take Salton,
 Let Auchanachie be."

"I will not have Salton,
 It lies low by the sea ;

He is bowed in the back,
 He's thrawn in the knee;
 And I'll die if I get not
 My brave Auchanachie."

"I am bowed in the back,
 Lassie as ye see,
 But the bonny lands of Salton
 Are no crooked tee."

And when she was married
 She would not lie down,
 But they took out a knife,
 And cuttit her gown;

Likewise of her stays
 The lacing in three,
 And now she lies dead
 For her Auchanachie.

Out comes her bower-woman
 Wringing her hands,
 Says, "Alas for the staving
 So long on the sands!"

"Alas for the staving
 So long on the flood!
 For Jeanie was married,
 And now she is dead."

LORD SALTON AND AUCHANACHIE.

From Buchan's *Ballads of the North of Scotland*, ii. 133.

"AUCHANACHIE Gordon is bonny and braw,
He would tempt any woman that ever he saw ;
He would tempt any woman, so has he tempted me,
And I'll die if I getna my love Auchanachie."

In came her father, tripping on the floor,
Says, "Jeanie, ye're trying the tricks o' a whore ;
Ye're caring for them that cares little for thee,
Ye must marry Salton, leave Auchanachie.

"Auchanachie Gordon, he is but a man,
Altho' he be pretty, where lies his free land ?
Salton's lands they lie broad, his towers they stand
hie,
Ye must marry Salton, leave Auchanachie.

"Salton will gar you wear silk gowns fring'd to
thy knee,
But ye'll never wear that wi' your love Auchana-
chie."

"Wi' Auchanachie Gordon I would beg my bread,
Before that wi' Salton I'd wear gowd on my head."

"Wear gowd on my head, or gowns fring'd to the
knee,
And I'll die if I getna my love Auchanachie;
O Salton's valley lies low by the sea,
He's bowed on the back, and thrawin on the knee."

"O Salton's a valley lies low by the sea;
Though he's bowed on the back, and thrawin on
the knee,
Though he's bowed on the back, and thrawin on
the knee,
The bonny rigs of Salton they're nae thrawin tee."

"O you that are my parents to church may me
bring,
But unto young Salton I'll never bear a son;
For son, or for daughter, I'll ne'er bow my knee,
And I'll die if I getna my love Auchanachie."

When Jeanie was married, from church was
brought hame,
When she wi' her maidens sae merry shou'd hae
been,

LORD SALTON AND AUCHANACHIE. 169

When she wi' her maidens sae merry shou'd hae
been.

She's called for a chamber to weep there her lane.

"Come to your bed, Jeanie, my honey and my
sweet,

For to stile you mistress I do not think it meet."

"Mistress, or Jeanie, it is a' ane to me.

It's in your bed, Salton, I never will be."

Then out spake her father, he spake wi' renown,

"Some of you that are maidens, ye'll loose aff her
gown;

Some of you that are maidens, ye'll loose aff her
gown,

And I'll mend the marriage wi' ten thousand
crowns."

Then ane of her maidens they loosed aff her gown,

But bonny Jeanie Gordon, she fell in a swoon;

She fell in a swoon low down by their knee;

Says, "Look on, I die for my love Auchanachie!"

That very same day Miss Jeanie did die,

And hame came Auchanachie, hame frae the sea;

Her father and mither welcom'd him at the gate;

He said, "Where's Miss Jeanie, that she's nae
here yet?"

Then forth came her maidens, all wringing their
hands,

Saying, "Alas ! for your staying sae lang frae
the land :

Sae lang frae the land, and sae lang fra the fied,
They've wedded your Jeanie, and now she is
dead !"

"Some of you, her maidens, take me by the hand,
And show me the chamber Miss Jeanie died in ;"

He kiss'd her cold lips, which were colder than
stane,

And he died in the chamber that Jeanie died in.

WILLIE AND MAY MARGARET.

A FRAGMENT obtained by Jamieson from the recitation of Mrs. Brown, of Falkland. *Popular Ballads*, i. 135. In connection with this we give the complete story from Buchan. Aytoun has changed the title to *The Mother's Misison*. An Italian ballad, containing a story similar to that of this ballad and the two following (but of independent origin), is *La Maledizione Materna*, in Marcoaldi's *Canti Popolari*, p. 170

"GIE corn to my horse, mither ;
Gie meat unto my man ;
For I maun gang to Margaret's bower
Before the nicht comes on."

"O stay at hame now, my son Willie !
The wind blaws cald and sour ;
The nicht will be baith mirk and late,
Before ye reach her bower."

"O tho' the nicht were ever sae dark,
Or the wind blew never sae cald,
I will be in my Margaret's bower
Before twa hours be tald."

"O gin ye gang to May Margaret,
Without the leave of me,
Clyde's water's wide and deep enough ;—
My malison drown thee !"

He mounted on his coal-black steed,
And fast he rade awa' ;
But, ere he came to Clyde's water,
Fu' loud the wind did blaw.

As he rode o'er yon hich, hich hill,
And down yon dowie den,
There was a roar in Clyde's water
Wad fear'd a hunder men.

His heart was warm, his pride was up ;
Sweet Willie kentna fear ;
But yet his mither's malison
Ay sounded in his ear.

O he has swam through Clyde's water,
Tho' it was wide and deep ;
And he came to May Margaret's door,
When a' were fast asleep.

O he's gane round and round about,
And tirl'd at the pin ;
But doors were steek'd, and window's bar'd,
And nane wad let him in.

"O open the door to me, Margaret,—
O open and lat me in!
For my boots are full o' Clyde's water,
And frozen to the brim."

"I darena open the door to you,
Nor darena lat you in;
For my mither she is fast asleep,
And I darena mak nae din."

"O gin ye winna open the door,
Nor yet be kind to me,
Now tel me o' some out-chamber,
Where I this nicht may be."

"Ye canna win in this nicht, Willie,
Nor here ye canna be;
For I've nae chambers out nor in,
Nae ane but barely three:

"The tane o' them is fu' o' corn,
The tither is fu' o' hay;
The tither is fu' o' merry young men;—
They winna remove till day."

"O fare ye weel, then, May Margaret,
Sin better manna be;
I've win my mither's malison,
Coming this nicht to thee."

He's mounted on his coal-black steed,—
O but his heart was wae!
But, ere he came to Clyde's water,
'Twas half up o'er the brae.

• • • • •

————— he plunged in,
But never raise again.

THE DROWNED LOVERS.

FROM Buchan's *Ballads of the North of Scotland*,
i. 140. The copy in the Appendix to Motherwell's
Minstrelsy, p. iii., is nearly the same.

WILLIE stands in his stable door,
And clapping at his steed ;
And looking o'er his white fingers,
His nose began to bleed.

" Gie corn to my horse, mother ;
And meat to my young man ;
And I'll awa' to Meggie's bower,
I'll win ere she lie down."

" O bide this night wi' me, Willie,
O bide this night wi' me ;
The best an' cock o' a' the reest,
At your supper shall be.

"A' your cocks, and a' your reests,
I value not a prin;
For I'll awa' to Meggie's bower,
I'll win ere she lie down."

"Stay this night wi' me, Willie,
O stay this night wi' me:
The best an' sheep in a' the flock
At your supper shall be."

"A' your sheep, and a' your flocks,
I value not a prin;
For I'll awa' to Meggie's bower,
I'll win ere she lie down."

"O an' ye gang to Meggie's bower,
Sae sair against my will,
The deepest pot in Clyde's water,
My malison ye's feel."

"The guid steed that I ride upon
Cost me thrice thretty pound;
And I'll put trust in his swift feet,
To hae me safe to land."

As he rade ower yon high, high hill,
And down yon dowie den,
The noise that was in Clyde's water
Wou'd fear'd five huner men.

"O roaring Clyde, ye roar ower loud,
Your streams seem wond'rous strang;
Make me your wreck as I come back,
But spare me as I gan ."¹

Then he is on to Meggie's bower,
And tirked at the jon :
"O sleep ye, wake ye, Meggie," he said,
- Ye'll open, lat me come in."

"O wha is this at my bower door,
That calls me by my name ?"
"It is your first love, sweet Willie,
This night newly come lame."

"I hae few lovers thereout, thereout,
As few hae I therein ;
The best an' love that ever I had,
Was here just late yestreen."

"The warstan stable in a' your stables,
For my puir steed to stand,
The warstan bower in a' your bowers,
For me to lie therein :
My boots are fa' o' Clyde's water,
I'm shivering at the clin."

¹ Found also in *Leander on the tugs*, and taken from the epigram of Martial:

"Clamabat tumidis audax Leander undis,
Mergite me fluctus, cum redieris ero."

"My barns are fu' o' corn, Willie,
My stables are fu' o' hay;
My bowers are fu' o' gentlemen;—
They'll nae remove till day."

"O fare-ye-well, my fause Meggie,
O farewell, and adieu;
I've gotten my mither's malison,
This night coming to you."

As he rode ower yon high, high hill,
And down yon dowie den;
The rushing that was in Clyde's water
Took Willie's cane frae him.

He lean'd him ower his saddle bow,
To catch his cane again;
The rushing that was in Clyde's water
Took Willie's hat frae him.

He lean'd him ower his saddle bow,
To catch his hat thro' force;
The rushing that was in Clyde's water
Took Willie frae his horse.

His brither stood upo' the bank,
Says, "Fye, man, will ye drown?
Ye'll turn ye to your high horse head,
And learn how to sowm."

"How can I turn to my horse head,
And learn how to sowm?
I've gotten my mither's malison,
Its here that I maun drown!"

The very hour this young man sank
Into the pot sae deep,
Up it waken'd his love, Meggie,
Out o' her drowsy sleep.

"Come here, come here, my mither dear,
And read this dreary dream;
I dream'd my love was at our gates,
And nane wad let him in."

"Lye still, lye still now, my Meggie.
Lye still and tak your rest;
Sin' your true love was at your yates,
It's but twa quarters past."

Nimbly, nimbly raise she up,
And nimbly pat she on;
And the higher that the lady cried,
'The louder blew the win.'

The first an' step that she stepp'd in,
She stepped to the queet;
"Obon, alas!" said that lady,
"This water's wond'rous deep."

The next an' step that she wade in,
She wadit to the knee ;
Says she, " I cou'd wide farther in,
If I my love cou'd see."

The next an' step that she wade in,
She wadit to the chin ;
The deepest pot in Clyde's water
She got sweet Willie in.

" You've had a cruel mither, Willie,
And I have had another ;
But we shall sleep in Clyde's water,
Like sister an' like brither."

WILLIE'S DROWNED IN GAMERY.

FROM Buchan's *Ballads of the North of Scotland*, i. 245. A fragment, exhibiting some differences, is among those ballads of Buchan which are published in the Percy Society's volumes, xvii. 66. Four stanzas, of a superior cast, upon the same story, are printed in the *Tea-Table Miscellany*, (ii. 141.)

Rare Willy drown'd in Yarrow.

" Willy's rare, and Willy's fair,
And Willy's wond'rous bonny;
And Willy heght to marry me,
Gin e'er he married ony.

" Yestreen I made my bed fu' braid,
This night I'll make it narrow;
For a' the livelang winter night
I ly twin'd of my marrow.

" O came you by yon water-side?
Pou'd you the rose or lilly?
Or came you by yon meadow green?
Or saw you my sweet Willy? "

182 WILLIE'S DROWNED IN GAMERY.

She sought him east, she sought him west,
She sought him braid and narrow;
Syna in the cleaving of a craig,
She found him drown'd in Yarrow.

These stanzas furnished the theme to Logan's *Brace of Yarrow*.

"O WILLIE is fair, and Willie is rare,
And Willie is wond'rous bonny;
And Willie says he'll marry me,
Gin ever he marry ony."

"O ye'se get James, or ye'se get George,
Or ye's get bonny Johnnie;
Ye'se get the flower o' a' my sons,
Gin ye'll forsake my Willie."

"O what care I for James or George,
Or yet for bonny Peter?
I dinna value their love a leek,
An' I getna Willie the writer."

"O Willie has a bonny hand,
And dear but it is bonny;"
"He has nae mair for a' his land;
What wou'd ye do wi' Willie?"

" O Willie has a bonny face,
And dear but it is bonny ;"
" But Willie has nae other grace ;
What wou'd ye do wi' Willie ? "

" Willie's fair, and Willie's rare,
And Willie's wond'rous bonny ;
There's nane wi' him that can compare,
I love him best of ony."

On Wednesday, that fatal day,
The people were convening ;
Besides all this, threescore and ten,
To gang to the bridesteel wi' him.

" Ride on, ride on, my merry men a',
I've forgot something behind me ;
I've forgot to get my mother's blessing,
To gae to the bridesteel wi' me."

" Your Peggy she's but bare fifteen,
And ye are scarcely twenty ;
The water o' Gamery is wide and braid,
My heavy curse gang wi' thee ! "

Then they rode on, and further on,
Till they came on to Gamery ;
The wind was loud, the stream was proud,
And wi' the stream gaed Willie

Then they rode on, and further on,
 Till they came to the kirk o' Gamery ;
 And every one on high horse sat,
 But Willie's horse rade toomly.

When they were settled at that place,
 The people fell a mourning ;
 And a council held amo' them a',
 But sair, sair wept Kimmundy.

Then out it speaks the bride hersell,
 Says, " What means a' this mourning ? "
 Where is the man amo' them a',
 That shou'd gie me fair wedding ? "

Then out it speaks his brother John,
 Says, " Meg, I'll tell you plainly ;
 The stream was strong, the clerk rade wrong
 And Wilhe's drown'd in Gamery."

She put her hand up to her head,
 Where were the ribbons many ;
 She rave them a', let them down fa',
 And straughtway ran to Gamery.

She sought it up, she sought it down,
 Till she was wet and weary ;
 And in the middle part o' it,
 There she got her deary.

WILLIE'S DROWNED IN GAMERY. 185

Then she stroak'd back his yellow hair,
And kiss'd his mou' sae comely ;
"My mother's heart's be as wae as thine ;
We'se baith asleep in the water o' Gam-
ery."

ANNAN WATER.

Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, iii 282.

"THE following verses are the original words of the tune of *Alun Water*, by which name the song is mentioned in Ramsay's *Tea-Table Miscellany*. The ballad is given from tradition; and it is said that a bridge over the Annan, was built in consequence of the melancholy catastrophe which it narrates. Two verses are added in this edition, from another copy of the ballad, in which the conclusion proves fortunate. By the *Gatchope-Slack*, is perhaps meant the *Gute-Slack*, a pass in Annandale. The Annan, and the Frith of Solway, into which it falls are the frequent scenes of tragical accidents. The Editor trusts he will be pardoned for inserting the following awfully impressive account of such an event, contained in a letter from Dr. Currie, of Liverpool, by whose correspondence, while in the course of preparing these volumes for the press, he has been alike honoured and instruct-

ed. After stating that he had some recollection of the ballad which follows, the biographer of Burns proceeds thus:—"I once in my early days heard (for it was night, and I could not see) a traveller drowning; not in the Annan itself, but in the Frith of Solway, close by the mouth of that river. The influx of the tide had unhorsed him, in the night, as he was passing the sands from Cumberland. The west wind blew a tempest, and, according to the common expression, brought in the water *three foot a-breast*. The traveller got upon a standing net, a little way from the shore. There he lashed himself to the post, shouting for half an hour for assistance—till the tide rose over his head! In the darkness of the night, and amid the pauses of the hurricane, his voice, heard at intervals, was exquisitely mournful. No one could go to his assistance—no one knew where he was—the sound seemed to proceed from the spirit of the waters. But morning rose—the tide had ebbed—and the poor traveller was found lashed to the pole of the net, and bleaching in the wind."

SCOTT.

"ANNAN water's wading deep,
And my love Annie's wondrous bonny;
And I am laith she suld weel her feet,
Because I love her best of ony.

"Gar saddle me the bonny black,
Gar saddle sune, and make him ready;
For I will down the Gatehope-Slack,
And all to see my bonny ladye." —

He has loupén on the bonny black,
He stirr'd him wi' the spur right sairly ;
But, or he wán the Gathope-Black,
I think the steed wás wae and weary.

He has loupén on the bonny grey,
He rade the right gate and the ready ;
I trow he wóuld neither stint nor stay,
For he wás seeking his bonny ladye.

O he has ridden o'er field and fell,
Through muir and moss, and mony a mire:
His spurs o' steel wére sair to bide,
And fra her fore-feet flew the fire.

"Now, bonny grey, now play your part !
Gin ye be the steed that wins my deary,
Wi' corn and hay ye'se be fed for aye,
And never spur sall make you wearie."—

The grey wás a mare, and a right good mare !
But when she wán the Annan water,
She couldna hae ridden a furlong mair,
Had a thousand merks been wadded at her.

"O boatman, boatman, put off your boat !
Put off your boat for gowden money !
I cross the drumly stream the night,
Or never mair I see my honey."—

"O I was sworn sae late yestreen,
And not by ae aith, but by many ;
And for a' the gowd in fair Scotland,
I dare na take ye through to Annie."

The side was stey, and the bottom deep,
Frae bank to brae the water pouring ;
And the bonny grey mare did sweat for fear,
For she heard the water-kelpy roaring.

O he has pou'd aff his dapperpy coat,
The silver buttons glanced bonny ;
The waistcoat bursted aff his breast,
He was sae full of melancholy.

He has ta'en the ford at that stream tail ;
I wot he swam both strong and steady ,
But the stream was broad, and his strength did
fail,
And he never saw his bonny ladye !

"O wae betide the frush saugh wand !
And wae betide the bush of brier !
It brake into my true love's hand,
When his strength did fail, and his limbs did
tire.

"And wae betide ye, Annan Water,
This night that ye are a drumlie river !
For over thee I'll build a bridge,
That ye never more true love may sever."—

ANDREW LAMMIE.

"FROM a stall copy published at Glasgow several years ago, collated with a recited copy, which has furnished one or two verbal improvements." Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, p. 239.

Mr. Jamieson has published two other sets of the simple, but touching ditty, (i. 126, ii. 382,) one of which is placed after the present. Motherwell's text is almost verbatim that of Buchan's *Gleanings*, p. 29. The *Thistle of Scotland* copies Buchan and Jamieson without acknowledgment.

The story has been made the foundation of a rude drama in the North of Scotland. For a description of similar entertainments, see Cunningham's Introduction to his *Songs of Scotland*, i. 148.

The unfortunate maiden's name, according to Buchan, (*Gleanings*, p. 197.) "was Annie, or Agnes, (which are synonymous in some parts of Scotland) Snow, who died of a broken heart on the 9th of January 1731, as is to be found on a roughly cut stone, broken in many pieces, in the green churchyard of

Fyvie." "What afterwards became of Bonny Andrew Lammie," says Jamieson, "we have not been able to learn ; but the current tradition of the 'Lawland leas of Fyvie,' says, that some years subsequent to the melancholy fate of poor Tifty's Nanny, her sad story being mentioned, and the ballad sung in a company in Edinburgh when he was present, he remained silent and motionless, till he was discovered by a groan suddenly bursting from him, and *several of the buttons flying from his waistcoat.*"

At Mill o' Tifty liv'd a man,
In the neighbourhood of Fyvie ;
He had a lovely daughter fair,
Was called bonny Annie.

Her bloom was like the springing flower
That salutes the rosy morning ;
With innocence and graceful mien
Her beauteous form adorning.

Lord Fyvie had a trumpeter
Whose name was Andrew Lammie ;
He had the art to gain the heart
Of Mill o' Tiftie's Annie.

Proper he was, both young and gay,
His like was not in Fyvie ;
No one was there that could compare
With this same Andrew Lammie.

Lord Fyvie he rode by the door,
Where lived Tiftie's Annie ;
His trumpeter rode him before,
Even this same Andrew Lammie.

Her mother call'd her to the door :
" Come here to me, my Annie ;
Did you ever see a prettier man
Than this Trumpeter of Fyvie ? "

She sighed sore, but said no more,
Alas, for bonny Annie !
She durst not own her heart was won
By the Trumpeter of Fyvie.

At night when they went to their beds,
All slept full sound but Annie ;
Love so oppress'd her tender breast,
Thinking on Andrew Lammie.

" Love comes in at my bed side,
And love lies down beyond me ;
Love has possess'd my tender breast,
And love will waste my body.

" The first time I and my love met
Was in the woods of Fyvie ;
His lovely form and speech so sweet
Soon gain'd the heart of Annie.

" He called me mistress ; I said, No,
I'm Tiftie's bonny Annie ;
With apples sweet he did me treat,
And kisses soft and many.

" It's up and down in Tiftie's den,
Where the burn runs clear and bonny,
I've often gone to meet my love,
My bonny Andrew Lammie."

But now, alas ! her father heard
That the Trumpeter of Fyvie
Had had the art to gain the heart
Of Tiftie's bonny Anne.

Her father soon a letter wrote,
And sent it on to Fyvie,
To tell his daughter was bewitch'd
By his servant Andrew Lammie.

When Lord Fyvie had this letter read,
O dear ! but he was sorry ;
The bonniest lass in Fyvie's land
Is bewitched by Andrew Lammie.

Then up the stair his trumpeter
He called soon and shortly :
" Pray tell me soon, what's this you've done
To Tiftie's bonny Annie ? "

" In wicked art I had no part,
Nor therein am I canny ;
True love alone the heart has won
Of Tiftie's bonny Annie.

" Woe betide Mill o' Tiftie's pride,
For it has ruin'd many ;
He'll no ha'e 't said that she should wed
The Trumpeter of Fyvie.

" Where will I find a boy so kind,
That'll carry a letter canny,
Who will run on to Tiftie's town.
Give it to my love Annie ? "

" Here you shall find a boy so kind,
Who'll carry a letter canny,
Who will run on to Tiftie's town.
And gi'e 't to thy love Annie."

" It's Tiftie he has daughters three,
Who all are wondrous bonny ;
But ye'll ken her o'er a' the lave,
Gi'e that to bonny Annie."

" It's up and down in Tiftie's den,
Where the burn runs clear and bonny ,
There wilt thou come and meet thy love,
Thy bonny Andrew Lammie.

"When wilt thou come, and I'll attend?
My love, I long to see thee."

"Thou may'st come to the bridge of Sleugh,
And there I'll come and meet thee."

"My love, I go to Edinbro',
And for a while must leave thee ;"
She sighed sore, and said no more
But "I wish that I were wi' thee."

"I'll buy to thee a bridal gown,
My love, I'll buy it bonny ;"
"But I'll be dead, ere ye come back
To see your bonnie Annie."

"If you'll be true and constant too,
As my name's Andrew Lammie,
I shall thee wed, when I come back
To see the lands of Fyvie."

"I will be true, and constant too,
To thee, my Andrew Lammie ;
But my bridal bed will ere then be made,
In the green churchyard of Fyvie."

"Our time is gone, and now comes on,
My dear, that I must leave thee ;
If longer here I should appear,
Mill o' Tiftie he would see me."

"I now for ever bid adieu
To thee, my Andrew Lammie ;
Ere ye come back, I will be laid
In the green churchyard of Fyvie."

He hied him to the head of the house,
To the house top of Fyvie ;
He blew his trumpet loud and schill ;
'Twas heard at Mill o' Tifue.

Her father lock'd the door at night,
Laid by the keys fu' canny ;
And when he heard the trumpet sound,
Said, " Your cow is lowing, Annie."

" My father dear, I pray forbear,
And reproach no more your Annie ;
For I'd rather hear that cow to low,
Than ha'e a' the kine in Fyvie.

" I would not, for my braw new gown,
And a your gifts sae many,
That it were told in Fyvie's land
How cruel you are to Annie.

" But if ye strike me, I will cry,
And gentlemen will hear me ;
Lord Fyvie will be riding by,
And he'll come in and see me."

At the same time, the Lord came in ;
He said, " What ails thee, Annie ? "
" 'Tis all for love now I must die,
For bonny Andrew Lammie."

" Pray, Mill o' Tifty, gi'e consent,
And let your daughter marry."
" It will be with some higher match
Than the Trumpeter of Fyvie."

" If she were come of as high a kind
As she's adorned wuh beauty,
I would take her unto my self,
And make her mine own lady."

" It's Fyvie's lands are fair and wide,
And they are rich and bonny,
I would not leave my own true love,
For all the lands of Fyvie."

Her father struck her wondrous sore,
And also did her mother,
Her sisters always did her scorn ;
But woe be to her brother !

Her brother struck her wondrous sore,
Wuh cruel strokes and many ;
He brake her back in the hall door,
For liking Andrew Lammie.

" Alas ! my father and mother dear,
Why so cruel to your Annie ?
My heart was broken first by love,
My brother has broken my body.

" O mother dear, make ye my bed,
And lay my face to Fyvie ;
Thus will I ly, and thus will die,
For my love, Andrew Lammie !

" Ye neighbours, hear, both far and near ;
Ye pity Tiftie's Annie,
Who dies for love of one poor lad,
For bonny Andrew Lammie.

" No kind of vice e'er stain'd my life,
Nor hurt my virgin honour ;
My youthful heart was won by love,
But death will me exoner."

Her mother then she made her bed,
And laid her face to Fyvie ;
Her tender heart it soon did break,
And ne'er saw Andrew Lammie.

But the word soon went up and down,
Through all the lands of Fyvie,
That she was dead and buried,
Even Tiftie's bonny Annie.

Lord Fyvie he did wring his hands,
Said, "Alas, for Tiftie's Annie!
The fairest flower's cut down by love,
That e'er sprung up in Fyvie.

"O woe betide Mill o' Tiftie's pride!
He might have let them marry;
I should have giv'n them both to live
Into the lands of Fyvie."

Her father sorely now laments
The loss of his dear Annie,
And wishes he had gi'en consent
To wed with Andrew Lammie.

Her mother grieves both air and late:
Her sisters, 'cause they scorn'd her;
Surely her brother doth mourn and grieve.
For the cruel usage he'd giv'n her.

But now, alas! it was too late,
For they could not recal her;
Through life, unhappy is their fate.
Because they did controul her.

When Andrew hame from Edinburgh came,
With meikle grief and sorrow,
"My love has died for me to-day,
I'll die for her to-morrow.

" Now I will on to Tiftie's den,
Where the burn runs clear and bonny ;
With tears I'll view the bridge of Sleugh,¹
Where I parted last with Annie.

* Then will I speed to the churchyard,
To the green churchyard of Fyvie ;
With tears I'll water my love's grave,
Till I follow Tiftie's Annie."

Ye parents grave, who children have,
In crushing them be canny,
Lest when too late you do repent ;
Remember Tiftie's Annie.

¹ " In one printed copy this is 'Sheugh,' and in a recited copy it was called 'Skew'; which is the right reading, the editor, from his ignorance of the topography of the lands of Fyvie, is unable to say. It is a received superstition in Scotland, that, when friends or lovers part at a bridge, they shall never again meet." MOTHERWELL.

THE TRUMPETER OF FYVIE

"THE ballad was taken down by Dr. Leyden from the recitation of a young lady (Miss Robson) of Edinburgh, who learned it in Teviotdale. It was current in the Border counties within these few years, as it still is in the northeast of Scotland, where the scene is laid." Jamieson's *Popular Ballads*, i. 129.

At Fyvie's yetts there grows a flower,
It grows baith braid and bonny;
There's a daisie in the midst o' it,
And it's ca'd by Andrew Lammie.

"O gin that flower war in my breast,
For the love I bear the laddie;
I wad kiss it, and I wad clap it,
And daut it for Andrew Lammie.

"The first time me and my love met,
Was in the woods of Fyvie;

He kissed my lips five thousand times,
And ay he ca'd me bonny ;
And a' the answer he gat frae me,
Was, My bonny Andrew Lammie ! "

" Love, I maun gang to Edinburgh ;
Love, I maun gang and leave thee ;
I sighed right sair, and said nae mair,
But, O gin I were wi' ye ! "

" But true and trusty will I be,
As I am Andrew Lammie ;
I'll never kiss a woman's mouth,
Till I come back and see thee. "

" And true and trusty will I be,
As I am Tiftie's Annie ;
I'll never kiss a man again,
Till ye come back and see me. "

Syne he's come back frae Edinburgh,
To the bonny hows o' Fyvie ;
And ay his face to the nor-east,
To look for Tiftie's Annie.

" I ha'e a love in Edinburgh,
Sae ha'e I intill Leith, man ;
I hae a love intill Montrose,
Sae ha'e I in Dalkeith, man.

" And east and west, where'er I go,
My love she's always wi' me ;
For east and west, where'er I go,
My love she dwells in Fyvie.

" My love possesses a' my heart,
Nae pen can e'er indite her ;
She's ay sae stately as she goes,
That I see nae mae like her.

" But Tiflie winna gi'e consent
His dochter me to marry,
Because she has five thousand marks,
And I have not a penny.

" Love pines away, love dwines away,
Love, love, decays the body ;
For love o' thee, oh I must die ;
Adieu, my bonny Annie ! "

Her mither raise out o' her bed,
And ca'd on baith her women :
" What ails ye, Anne, my dochter dear ?
O Annie, was ye dreamin' ?

" What dule disturb'd my dochter's sleep ?
O tell to me, my Annie ! "
She sighed right sair, and said nae mair,
Bot, " O for Andrew Lammie ! "

Her father beat her cruellie,
Sae also did her mother ;
Her sisters sair did scoff at her ;
But wae betide her brother !

Her brother beat her cruellie,
Till his straits they werena canny ;
He brak her back, and he beat her sides,
For the sake o' Andrew Lammie.

" O fie, O fie, my brother dear,
The gentlemen 'll shame ye ;
The laird o' Fyvie he's gaun by,
And he'll come in and see me.

And he'll kiss me, and he'll clap me,
And he will speer what ails me ;
And I will answer him again,
It's a' for Andrew Lammie."

Her sisters they stood in the door,
Sair griev'd her wi' their folly ;
" O sister dear, come to the door,
Your cow is lowin on you."

" O fie, O fie, my sister dear,
Grieve me not wi' your folly ;
I'd rather hear the trumpet sound,
Than a' the kye o' Fyvie.

"Love pines away, love dwines away,
Love, love decays the body ;
For love o' thee now I maun die—
Adieu to Andrew Lammie !"

But Tiftie's wrote a braid letter,
And sent it into Fyvie,
Saying, his daughter was bewitch'd
By bonny Andrew Lammie.

"Now, Tiftie, ye maun gi'e consent,
And lat the lassie marry."
"I'll never, never gi'e consent
To the Trumpeter of Fyvie."

When Fyvie looked the letter on,
He was baith sad and sorry :
Says—"The bonniest lass o' the country-side
Has died for Andrew Lammie."

O Andrew's gane to the house-top
O' the bonny house o' Fyvie ;
He's blawn his horn baith loud and shill
O'er the lawland leas o' Fyvie.

"Mony a time ha'e I walk'd a' night,
And never yet was weary ;
But now I may walk wae my lane,
For I'll never see my deary.

Repent it shall I never,
Until the day I die,
But the lowlands of Holland
Hae twinn'd my love and me.

" My love lies in the saut sea,
And I am on the side,
Enough to break a young thing's heart,
Wha lately was a bride ;
Wha lately was a bonnie bride,
And pleasure in her e'e,
But the lowlands of Holland
Hae twinn'd my love and me.

" My love he built a bonnie ship,
And set her to the sea,
Wi' seven score brave mariners
To bear her companie ;
Threescore gaed to the bottom,
And threescore died at sea,
And the lowlands of Holland
Hae twinn'd my love and me.

" My love has built another ship
And set her to the main ;
He had but twenty mariners,
And all to bring her hame ;
The stormy winds did roar again,
The raging waves did rout.

And my love and his bonnie ship
Turn'd widdershins about.

"There shall nae mantle cross my back,
Nor kame gae in my hair,
Neither shall coal nor candle light
Shine in my bower mair;
Nor shall I chuse anither love,
Until the day I die,
Since the lowlands of Holland
Hae twinn'd my love and me."

"O laud your tongue, my daughter dear,
Be still, and be content;
There are mair lads in Galloway,
Ye need nae sair lament."
"O there is nane in Galloway,
There's nane at a' for me;
For I never loved a lad but ane,
And he's drowned in the sea."¹

¹ With the conclusion of this piece may be compared a passage from *Bonny Bee-Ho'm*, vol. iii. p. 57.

"Ohon, alas! what shall I do,
Tormented night and day!
I never loved a love but ane,
And now he's gone away.

"But I will do for my true iove
What ladies would think sair;

For seven year's shal' come an' gae,
Ere a kaim's gae in my hair.

" There shal' neither a shoe gae on my foot,
Nor a kaim's gae in my hair,
Nor ever a coal or candle light
Shine in my bower nae mair: "

See also The Weary Cilde o' Orkney

BOOK III.



THE TWA BROTHERS.

From Jamieson's *Popular Ballads*, i. 59.

THE ballad of the *Twa Brothers*, like many of the domestic tragedies with which it is grouped in this volume, is by no means the peculiar property of the island of Great Britain. It finds an exact counterpart in the Swedish ballad *Sven i Rosengård*, *Svenska F. V.*, No. 67, Arwidsson, No. 87, A, B, which, together with a Finnish version of the same story, thought to be derived from the Swedish, will be found translated in our Appendix. *Edward*, in Percy's *Reliques*, has the same general theme, with the difference that a father is murdered instead of a brother. Motherwell¹ has printed a ballad (*Son Davie*) closely agreeing with *Edward*, except

¹ The stanza mentioned by Motherwell, as occurring in Werner's *Twenty Fourth of February*, (Scene i.) is apparently only a quotation from memory of Herder's translation of *Edward*. When Motherwell became aware that a similar tradition was common to the Northern nations of Europe, he could no longer have thought it possible that an occurrence in the family history of the Somersclases gave rise to *The Twa Brothers*.

but the crime a again fratricide. He has also furnished another version of *The Two Brothers*, in which the catastrophe is the consequence of an accident, and this circumstance has led the excellent editor to tax Jamieson with altering one of the most essential features of the ballad, by filling out a defective stanza with four lines that make one brother to have slain the other in a quarrel. Jamieson is, however, justified in giving this more melancholy character to the story, by the tenor of all the kindred pieces and by the language of his own. It will be observed that both in *Edward and Son Dowie*, the wicked act was not only deliberate, but was even instigated by the mother. The departure from the original is undoubtedly on the part of Motherwell's copy, which has softened down a shocking incident to accommodate a modern and refined sentiment. But Jamieson is artistically, as well as critically right, since the effect of the contrast of the remorse of one party and the generosity of the other is heightened by representing the terrible event as the result of ungoverned passion.

The three Scottish ballads mentioned above, here follow, and Motherwell's *Two Brothers* will be found in the Appendix. Mr. Sharpe has inserted a third copy of this in his *Ballad Book*, p. 56. Another is said to be in *The Scots Magazine*, for June, 1822. Placing no confidence in any of Allan Cunningham's *sources* of Scottish Song, we simply state that one of them, composed upon the theme of the *Two Brothers*, is included in the *Songs of Scotland*, ii. 16.

"The common title of this ballad is, *The Two Brothers*, or, *The W'ard o' Warstin*, but the words o' *W'ar-*

in appearing to the editor, as will be seen in the text, to be a mistake for *a-crestling*, he took the liberty of altering it accordingly. After all, perhaps, the title may be right; and the wood may afterwards have obtained its denomination from the tragical event here celebrated. A very few lines inserted by the editor to fill up chasms, [some of which have been omitted,] are inclosed in brackets; the text, in other respects, is given genuine, as it was taken down from the recitation of Mrs. Arrott." JAMIESON.

"O WILL ye gae to the school, brother?
Or will ye gae to the ba'?
Or will ye gae to the wood a-warslin.
To see whilk o's maun fa'?"

"It's I winna gae to the school, brother;
Nor will I gae to the ba'?
But I will gae to the wood a-warslin:
And it is you maun fa'."

They warstled up, they warstled down,
The lee-lang simmer's day;
[And nane was near to part the strife,
That raise atween them tway,
Till out and Willie's drawn his sword.
And did his brother slay.]

"O lift me up upon your back;
Tak me to yon wall fair;

You'll wash my bluidy wounds o'er and o'er,
And syne they'll bleed nae mair.

"And ye'll tak aff my Hollin sark,
And riv't frae gair to gair ;
Ye'll stap it in my bluidy wounds,
And syne they'll bleed nae mair."

He's liftit his brother upon his back ;
Ta'en him to yon wall fair ;
He's washed his bluidy wounds o'er and o'er,
But ay they bled mair and mair.

And he's ta'en aff his Hollin sark,
And riven't frae gair to gair ;
He's stappit it in his bluidy wounds ;
But ay they bled mair and mair.

"Ye'll lift me up upon your back,
Tak me to Kirkland fair ;
Ye'll mak my greaf baith braid and lang,
And lay my body there.

"Ye'll lay my arrows at my head,
My bent bow at my feet ;

1 "The house of Inchmurry, formerly called Kirkland, was built of old by the abbot of Holyrood house, for his accommodation when he came to that country, and was formerly the minister's manse" *Stat Ac of Scotland*, vol. xiii. p. 506. J.

My sword and buckler at my side,
As I was wont to sleep.

"Whan ye gae hame to your father,
He'll speer for his son John :—
Say, ye left him into Kirkland fair,
Learning the school alone.

"When ye gae hame to my sister,
She'll speer for her brother John :—
Ye'll say, ye left him in Kirkland fair,
The green grass growin aboon.

"Whan ye gae hame to my true love,
She'll speer for her lord John :—
Ye'll say, ye left him in Kirkland fair,
But hame ye fear he'll never come."—

He's gane hame to his father ;
He speered for his son John :
"It's I left him into Kirkland fair,
Learning the school alone."

And whan he gaed hame to his sister,
She speered for her brother John :—
"It's I left him into Kirkland fair,
The green grass growin aboon."

And whan he gaed hame to his true love,
She speer'd for her lord John :

"It's I left him into Kirkland fair,
And hame I fear he'll never come."

"But whaten bluid's that on your sword, Willie?
lie?

Sweet Willie, tell to me."

"O it is the bluid o' my grey hounds;
They wadna rin for me."

"It's nae the bluid o' your hounds, Willie;
Their bluid was never so red;
But it is the bluid o' my true love,
That ye hae slain indeed."

That fair may wept, that fair may mourn'd,
That fair may mourn'd and pin'd;

"When every lady looks for her love,
I ne'er need look for mine."

"O whaten a death will ye die, Willie?
Now, Willie, tell to me."

"Ye'll put me in a bottomless boat,
And I'll gae sail the sea."

"Whan will ye come hame again, Willie?
Now, Willie, tell to me."

"Whan the sun and moon dances on the
green,
And that will never be"

EDWARD, EDWARD.

" THIS curious Song was transmitted to the Editor
by Sir David Dalrymple, Bart., late Lord Hailes."

PERCY, *Reliques*, i. 61.

" QUHY dois your brand sae drop w' bluid,
Edward, Edward ?

Quhy dois your brand sae drop wi' bluid,
And quhy sae sad gang zee O ? "

" O I hae killed my hauke sae guid,
Mither, mither :

O I hae killed my hauke sae guid,
And I had nae mair bot hee O."

" Zour haukis bluid was nevir sae reid,
Edward, Edward :

Zour haukis bluid was nevir sae reid,
My deir son I tell thee O."

" O I hae killed my reid-roan steid,
Mither, mither :
O I hae killed my reid-roan steid,
That erst was sae fair and free O."

" Zour steid was auld, and ze hae gat mair.
Edward, Edward :
Zour steid was auld, and ze hae gat mair,
Sum other dule ze drie O."

" O I hae killed my fadir deir,
Mither, mither :
O I hae killed my fadir deir,
Alas ! and wae is mee O !"

" And quhatten penance wul ze drie, for that
Edward, Edward ?
And quhatten penance will ze drie for that ?
My deir son, now tell me O."

" Ile set my feit in zonder boat,
Mither, mither :
Ile set my feit in zonder boat,
And Ile fare ovir the sea O."

" And quhat wul ze doe wi' zour towirs and zour
ha',

Edward, Edward ?
And quhat wul ze doe wi' zour towirs and zour ha',
That were sae fair to see O ?"

" Ile let thame stand til they doan fa',
Mither, mither :

He let thame stand til they doun fa',
For here nevir mair maun I bee O."

And quhat wul ze leive to zour bairns and
zour wife,

Edward, Edward?

And quhat wul ze leive to zour bairns and zour
wife,

Quhan ze gang ovir the sea O?"

"The warldis room, late them beg throw life,

Mither, mither:

The warldis room, late them beg throw life,

For thame nevir mair wul I see O."

"And quhat wul ze leive to zour ain mither deir,

Edward, Edward?

And quhat wul ze leive to zour ain mither deir?

My deir son, now tell me O."

"The curse of hell frae me sall ze beir,

Mither, mither:

The curse of hell frae me sall ze beir,

Sic counseils ze gave to me O."

SON DAVIE, SON DAVIE.

From the recitation of an old woman. Motherwell's *Me-
straly*, 339.

"WHAT bluid's that on thy coat lap?
Son Davie! son Davie!
What bluid's that on thy coat lap?
And the truth come tell to me O."

"It is the bluid of my great hawk,
Mother lady! mother lady!
It is the bluid of my great hawk,
And the truth I hae tald to thee O."

"Hawk's bluid was ne'er sae red,
Son Davie! son Davie!
Hawk's bluid was ne'er sae red,
And the truth come tell to me O."

"It is the bluid o' my grey hound,
Mother lady ! mother lady !
It is the bluid of my grey hound,
And it wudna rin for me O."

"Hound's bluid was ne'er sae red,
Son Davie ! son Davie !
Hound's bluid was ne'er sae red,
And the truth come tell to me O."

"It is the bluid o' my brother John,
Mother lady ! mother lady !
It is the bluid o' my brother John,
And the truth I hae tald to thee O."

"What about did the plea begin ?
Son Davie ! son Davie !"
"It began about the cutting o' a willow wand,
That would never hae been a tree O."

"What death dost thou desire to die ?
Son Davie ! son Davie !
What death dost thou desire to die ?
And the truth come tell to me O."

"I'll set my foot in a bottomless ship,
Mother lady ! mother lady !
I'll set my foot in a bottomless ship,
And ye'll never see mair o' me O."

"What wilt thou leave to thy poor wife?
Son Davie! son Davie!"

"Grief and sorrow all her life,
And she'll never get mair frae me O."

"What wilt thou leave to thy auld son?
Son Davie! son Davie!"

"The weary warld to wander up and down,
And he'll never get mair o' me O."

"What wilt thou leave to thy mother dear?
Son Davie! son Davie!"

"A fire o' coals to burn her wi' hearty cheer,
And she'll never get mair o' me O."

THE CRUEL SISTER.

THE earliest printed copy of this ballad is the curious piece in *Wit Restor'd*, (1658,) called *The Miller and the King's Daughter*, improperly said to be a parody, by Jamieson and others. (See Appendix.) Pinkerton inserted in his *Tragic Ballads*, (p. 72,) a ballad on the subject, which preserves many genuine lines, but is half his own composition. Complete versions were published by Scott and Jamieson, and more recently a third has been furnished in Sharpe's *Ballad Book*, p. 30, and a fourth in Buchan's *Ballads of the North of Scotland* (given at the end of this volume). The burden of Mr Sharpe's copy is nearly the same as that of the *Cruel Mother*, *post*, p. 372. Jamieson's copy had also this burden, but he exchanged it for the more popular, and certainly more tasteful, *Binnorie*. No ballad furnishes a closer link than this between the popular poetry of England and that of the other nations of Northern Europe. The same story is found in Icelandic, Norse, Faroish, and Estnish ballads, as well as in the Swedish and Danish and a nearly related one in many other ballads or tales, German, Polish, Lithuanian, etc., etc. — See *Svenska Folk-Visor*, iii. 16, i. 81, 86, Arwidsson, ii. 139, and especially *Den Talende Strengelæg*, Grundtvig, No 95, and the notes to *Der Singende Knochen*, K. u. H. Märchen, iii. 55, vol. 1856.

Of the edition in the *Border Minstrelsy*, Scott gives the following account, (in 287.)

“ It is compiled from a copy in Mrs. Brown’s MSS., intermixed with a beautiful fragment, of fourteen verses, transmitted to the Editor by J. C. Walker, Esq. the ingenious historian of the Irish bards. Mr. Walker, at the same time, favored the Editor with the following note: ‘ I am indebted to my departed friend, Miss Brook, for the foregoing pathetic fragment. Her account of it was as follows: This song was transcribed, several years ago, from the memory of an old woman, who had no recollection of the concluding verses; probably the beginning may also be lost, as it seems to commence abruptly.’ The first verse and burden of the fragment ran thus:—

‘O sister, sister, reach thy hand!
Hey ho, my Nanny, O.
 And you shall be heir of all my land,
While the swan swims bonney, O.’”

THERE were two sisters sat in a hour;
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
 There came a knight to be their wooer;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

He courted the eldest with glove and ring,
Binnorie, O Binnorie ;
 But he lo'ed the youngest abune a' thing ;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

He courted the eldest with brooch and knife,
 Binnorie, O Binnorie ;
But he lo'ed the youngest above his life ;
 By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

The eldest she was vexed sair,
 Binnorie, O Binnorie ;
And sore envied her sister fair ;
 By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

The eldest said to the youngest aye,
 Binnorie, O Binnorie ;
" Will ye go and see our father's ships come in ? "
 By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

She's ta'en her by the lily hand,
 Binnorie, O Binnorie ;
And led her down to the river strand ;
 By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

The youngest stude upon a stane,
 Binnorie, O Binnorie ;
The eldest came and pushed her in ;
 By the bonny milldams of Binnorie

She took her by the middle sma',
 Binnorie, O Binnorie ;
And dash'd her bonny back to the jaw ;
 By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

"O sister, sister, reach your hand,
 Binnorie, O Binnorie ;
And ye shall be heir of half my land."—
 By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

"O sister, I'll not reach my hand,
 Binnorie, O Binnorie ;
And I'll be heir of all your land ;
 By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

"Shame fa' the hand that I should take,
 Binnorie, O Binnorie ;
It's twin'd me and my world's make."—
 By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

"O sister, reach me but your glove,
 Binnorie, O Binnorie ;
And sweet William shall be your love."—
 By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

"Sink on, nor hope for hand or glove !
 Binnorie, O Binnorie ;
And sweet William shall better be my love,
 By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

"Your cherry cheeks and your yellow hair,
 Binnorie, O Binnorie,
Garr'd me gang maiden evermair."—
 By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

Sometimes she sunk, and sometimes she swam,
Binnorie, O Binnorie ;

Until she cam to the miller's dam ;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

" O father, father, draw your dam !
Binnorie, O Binnorie ;
There's either a mermaid, or a milk-white swan."
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

The miller hasted and drew his dam,
Binnorie, O Binnorie ;
And there he found a drown'd woman ;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

You could not see her yellow hair,
Binnorie, O Binnorie ;
For gowd and pearls that were so rare ;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

You could not see her middle sma',
Binnorie, O Binnorie ;
Her gowden girdle was sae bra' ;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

A famous harper passing by,
Binnorie, O Binnorie ;
The sweet pale face he chanced to spy ;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

" And yonder stands my brother Hugh,
 Binnorie, O Binnorie ;
And by him my William, sweet and true."
 By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

But the last tune that the harp play'd then,
 Binnorie, O Binnorie ;
Was—" Woe to my sister, false Helen ! "
 By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

THE TWA SISTERS.

Verbatim (with one interpolated stanza) from the recitation of Mrs. Brown. Jamieson's *Popular Ballads*, i. 50.

THERE was twa sisters liv'd in a bower,
 Binnorie, O Binnorie!
There came a knight to be their wooer,
 By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

He courted the eldest wi' glove and ring,
 Binnorie, O Binnorie!
But he loved the youngest aboon a' thing,
 By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

He courted the eldest wi' broach and knife,
 Binnorie, O Binnorie!
But he loved the youngest as his life,
 By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

The eldest she was vexed sair,
 Binnorie, O Binnorie!
And sair envied her sister fair,
 By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

Intill her bower she coudna rest,
 Binnorie, O Binnorie!
Wi' grief and spite she maistly brast,
 By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

Upon a morning fair and clear,
 Binnorie, O Binnorie!
She cried upon her sister dear,
 By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

"O sister, come to yon sea strand,
 Binnorie, O Binnorie!
And see our father's ships come to land,"
 By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

She's ta'en her by the milk-white hand,
 Binnorie, O Binnorie!
And led her down to yon sea strand,
 By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

The youngest stood upon a stane,
 Binnorie, O Binnorie!
The eldest came and threw her in,
 By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

She took her by the middle sma'
Binnorie, O Binnorie!
And dashed her bonny back to the jaw,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

"O sister, sister, tak my hand,
Binnorie, O Binnorie!
And I'se mak ye heir to a' my land,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

"O sister, sister, tak my middle,
Binnorie, O Binnorie!
And ye's get my goud and my gouden girdle,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

"O sister, sister, save my life,
Binnorie, O Binnorie!
And I swear I'se never be nae man's wife,"
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

"Foul fa' the hand that I should tak,
Binnorie, O Binnorie!
It twin'd me o' my warldes mak,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

"Your cherry cheeks and yellow hair
Binnorie, O Binnorie!
Gars me gang maiden for evermair,"
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

Sometimes she sank, sometimes she swam,
Binnorie, O Binnorie!
Till she came to the mouth o' yon mill-dam,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

O out it came the miller's son,
Binnorie, O Binnorie!
And saw the fair maid soummin in,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

"O father, father, draw your dam,
Binnorie, O Binnorie!
There's either a mermaid or a swan,"
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

[The miller quickly drew the dam,
Binnorie, O Binnorie!
And there he found a drown'd woman,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.]

"And sair and lang mat their teen last,
Binnorie, O Binnorie!
That wrought thee sic a dowie cast,"
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie!

You coudna see her yellow hair
Binnorie, O Binnorie!
For goud and pearl that was sae rare,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

You coudna see her middle sma
Binnorie, O Binnorie!
For gouden girdle that was sae braw,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

You coudna see her fingers white,
Binnorie, O Binnorie!
For gouden rings that were sae gryte,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

And by there came a harper fine,
Binnorie, O Binnorie!
That harped to the king at dine,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

Whan he did look that lady upon,
Binnorie, O Binnorie!
He sigh'd and made a heavy moan,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

He's ta'en three locks o' her yellow hair,
Binnorie, O Binnorie!
And wi' them strung his harp sae fair,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

The first tune it did play and sing,
Binnorie, O Binnorie!
Was, "Fareweel to my father the king,"
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie

The nexten tune that it play'd seen,
 Binnorie, O Binnorie!
Was, "Fareweel to my mither the queen,"
 By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

The thirden tune that it play'd then,
 Binnorie, O Binnorie!
Was, "Wae to my sister, fair Ellen,"
 By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie!

LORD DONALD.

Kinloch's *Ancient Scottish Ballads*, p. 110.

LIKE the two which preceded it, this ballad is common to the Gothic nations. It exists in a great variety of forms. Two stanzas, recovered by Burns, were printed in Johnson's *Museum*, i. 337; two others were inserted by Jamieson, in his *Illustrations*, p. 319. The *Border Minstrelsy* furnished five stanzas, giving the *story*, without the bequests. Allan Cunningham's alteration of Scott's version, (*Scottish Songs*, i. 285,) has one stanza more. Kinloch procured from the North of Scotland the following complete copy.

In the Appendix, we have placed a nursery song on the same subject, still familiar in Scotland, and translations of the corresponding German and Swedish ballads—both most remarkable cases of parallelism in popular romance.

Lord Donald, as Kinloch remarks, would seem to have been poisoned by eating toads prepared as fishes. Scott, in his introduction to *Lord Randal*, has quoted from an old chronicle, a fabulous account of the poisoning of King John by means of a cup of ale, in which the venom of this reptile had been infused.

"O WHARE hae ye been a' day, Lord Donald, my son?

O whare hae ye been a' day, my jollie young man?"

"I've been awa courtin:—mither, mak my bed sune,

For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie down."

"What wad ye hae for your supper, Lord Donald, my son?

What wad ye hae for your supper, my jollie young man?"

"I've gotten my supper:—mither, mak my bed sune,

For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie down."

"What did ye get for your supper, Lord Donald, my son?

What did ye get for your supper, my jollie young man?"

"A dish of sma' fishes:—mither mak my bed sune,

For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie down."

"Whare gat ye the fishes, Lord Donald, my son?

Whare gat ye the fishes, my jollie young man?"

" In my father's black ditches :—mither, mak my
bed sune,
For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie
doun."

" What like were your fishes, Lord Donald, my
son ?

What like were your fishes, my jollie young
man ? "

" Black backs and spreckl'd bellies :—mither, mak
my bed sune,

For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie
doun."

" O I fear ye are poison'd, Lord Donald, my son !

O I fear ye are poison'd, my jollie young man ! "

" O yes ! I am poison'd :—mither mak my bed
sune,

For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie
doun."

" What will ye leave to your father, Lord Don-
ald my son ?

What will ye leave to your father, my jollie young
man ? "

" Baith my houses and land :—mither, mak my
bed sune,

For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie
doun."

"What will ye leave to your brither, Lord Donald,
my son?

What will ye leave to your brither, my jollie
young man?"

"My horse and the saddle:—mither, mak my bed
sune.

For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie
doun."

"What will ye leave to your sister, Lord Donald,
my son?

What will ye leave to your sister, my jollie young
man?"

"Baith my gold box and rings:—mither, mak my
bed sune,

For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie
doun."

"What will ye leave to your true-love, Lord
Donald, my son?

What will ye leave to your true-love, my jollie
young man?"

"The tow and the halter, for to hang on yon tree,
And lat her hang there for the poysoning o'
me."

LORD RANDAL (B).

From Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, (iii. 49.)

SCOTT changed the name of the hero of this piece from *Lord Ronald* to *Lord Randal*, on the authority of a single copy. The change is unimportant, but the reason will appear curious, if we remember that the Swedes and Germans have the ballad as well as the Scotch: "because, though the circumstances are so very different, I think it not impossible, that the ballad may have originally regarded the death of Thomas Randolph, or Randal, Earl of Murray, nephew to Robert Bruce, and governor of Scotland."

"O WHERE hae ye been Lord Randal, my son?
O where hae ye been, my handsome young
man?"—

"I hae been to the wild wood; mother make my
bed soon,
For I'm weary wi' hunting, and fain wald lie
down."—

"Where gat ye your dinner, Lord Randal, my son?

Where gat ye your dinner, my handsome young man?"

"I dined wi' my true-love; mother, make my bed soon,

For I'm weary wi' hunting, and fain wald lie down."—

"What gat ye to your dinner, Lord Randal, my son?

What gat ye to your dinner, my handsome young man?"—

"I gat eels boil'd in broo; mother, make my bed soon,

For I'm weary wi' hunting, and fain wald lie down."—

"What became of your bloodhounds, Lord Randal, my son?

What became of your bloodhounds, my handsome young man?"—

"O they swell'd and they died; mother, make my bed soon,

For I'm weary wi' hunting, and fain wald lie down."—

"O I fear ye are poison'd, Lord Randal, my son!

O I fear ye are poisoned, my handsome young man!"—

"O yes! I am poison'd; mother, make my bed soon,

For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie down."

THE CRUEL BROTHER:

OR,

THE BRIDE'S TESTAMENT.

Of this ballad, which is still commonly recited and sung in Scotland, four copies have been published. The following is from Jamieson's collection, i. 66, where it was printed *verbatim* after the recitation of Mrs. Arrott. A copy from Aytoun's collection is subjoined, which is nearly the same as a less perfect one in Herd, i. 149, and the fourth, from Gilbert's *Ancient Christmas Carols*, &c., is in the Appendix to this volume.

The conclusion, or testamentary part, occurs very frequently in ballads, e. g. *Den lilla Testamente*, *Swenska Folk-Visor*, No. 68, translated in the Appendix to this volume, the end of *Den onde Sangermøder*, *Danske Viser*, i. 261, translated in *Illustrations of Northern Antiquities*, p. 344, *Møen paa Bualet*, Grundtvig, No. 109, A, st. 18-21, and *Kong Valdemar og hans Søster*, Grundtvig, No. 126, A, st. 101-105. See also *Edward*, and *Lord Donald*, p. 225, p. 244.

THERE was three ladies play'd at the ba',
With a heigh-ho! and a lily gay:
There came a knight, and play'd o'er them a',
As the primrose spreads so sweetly.

The eldest was baith tall and fair,
 With a heigh-ho ! and a lily gay ;
But the youngest was beyond compare,
 As the primrose spreads so sweetly.

The midmost had a gracefu' mien,
 With a heigh-ho ! and a lily gay ;
But the youngest look'd like beauty's queen,
 As the primrose spreads so sweetly.

The knight bow'd low to a' the three,
 With a heigh-ho ! and a lily gay ;
But to the youngest he bent his knee,
 As the primrose spreads so sweetly.

The lady turned her head aside,
 With a heigh-ho ! and a lily gay ;
The knight he woo'd her to be his bride.
 As the primrose spreads so sweetly.

The lady blush'd a rosy red,
 With a heigh-ho ! and a lily gay ;
And said, " Sir knight, I'm o'er young to wed."
 As the primrose spreads so sweetly.

" O lady fair, give me your hand,
 With a heigh-ho ! and a lily gay ;
And I'll mak you ladie of a' my land,"
 As the primrose spreads so sweetly.

"Sir knight, ere you my favor win,
 With a heigh-ho ! and a lily gay ;
Ye maun get consent frae a' my kin,"
 As the primrose spreads so sweetly.

He has got consent fra her parents dear,
 With a heigh-ho ! and a lily gay ;
And likewise frae her sisters fair.
 As the primrose spreads so sweetly.

He has got consent frae her kin each one,
 With a heigh-ho ! and a lily gay ;
But forgot to speer at her brother John,
 As the primrose spreads so sweetly.

Now, when the wedding day was come,
 With a heigh-ho ! and a lily gay ;
The knight would take his bonny bride home.
 As the primrose spreads so sweetly.

And many a lord and many a knight,
 With a heigh-ho ! and a lily gay ;
Came to behold that lady bright.
 As the primrose spreads so sweetly.

And there was nae man that did her see,
 With a heigh-ho ! and a lily gay,
But wished himself bridegroom to be,
 As the primrose spreads so sweetly.

Her father dear led her down the stair,
 With a heigh-ho ! and a lily gay ;
And her sisters twain they kiss'd her there,
 As the primrose spreads so sweetly.

Her mother dear led her through the close,
 With a heigh-ho ! and a lily gay ;
And her brother John set her on her horse,
 As the primrose spreads so sweetly.

She lean'd her o'er the saddle-bow,
 With a heigh-ho ! and a lily gay,
To give him a kiss ere she did go,
 As the primrose spreads so sweetly.

He has ta'en a knife, baith lang and sharp,
 With a heigh-ho ! and a lily gay,
And stabb'd the bonny bride to the heart,
 As the primrose spreads so sweetly.

She hadna ridden half thro' the town,
 With a heigh-ho ! and a lily gay,
Until her heart's blood stained her gown,
 As the primrose spreads so sweetly.

" Ride saftly on," said the best young man,
 With a heigh-ho ! and a lily gay ;
" For I think our bonny bride looks pale and
 wan,"
 As the primrose spreads so sweetly.

"O lead me gently up yon hill,
 With a heigh-ho ! and a lily gay,
And I'll there sit down, and make my will,"
 As the primrose spreads so sweetly.

"O what will you leave to your father dear ?
 With a heigh-ho ! and a lily gay ;
"The silver-shod steed that brought me here,"
 As the primrose spreads so sweetly.

"What will you leave to your mother dear ?"
 With a heigh-ho ! and a lily gay ;
"My velvet pall and silken gear,"
 As the primrose spreads so sweetly.

"And what will ye leave to your sister Ann ?"
 With a heigh-ho ! and a lily gay ;
"My silken scarf, and my golden fan,"
 As the primrose spreads so sweetly.

"What will ye leave to your sister Grace ?"
 With a heigh-ho ! and a lily gay ;
"My bloody cloaths to wash and dress,"
 As the primrose spreads so sweetly.

"What will ye leave to your brother John ?"
 With a heigh-ho ! and a lily gay ;
"The gallows-tree to hang him on,"
 As the primrose spreads so sweetly.

"What will ye leave to your brother John's wife?"

With a heigh-ho! and a lily gay;

"The wilderness to end her life,"

As the primrose spreads so sweetly.

His fair lady in her grave was laid,

With a heigh-ho! and a lily gay;

And a mass was o'er her said,

As the primrose spreads so sweetly.

But it would have made your heart right sair,

With a heigh-ho! and a lily gay;

To see the bridegroom rive his hair,

As the primrose spreads so sweetly.

THE CRUEL BROTHER.

From Aytoun's *Ballads of Scotland* (2d ed.), i. 232, "taken down from recitation." Found also, but with several stanzas wanting, in Herd's *Scottish Songs*, i. 149. The title in both collections is *Fine Flowers i' the Valley*. This part of the refrain is found in one of the versions of the *Cruel Mother*, p. 269. To Herd's copy are annexed two fragmentary stanzas with nearly the same burden as that of the foregoing ballad.

She hasted down to gie a kiss,
With a hey and a ho gay;
He stuck his penkin in her lass,
And the rose it smells so sweetly.

"Ride up, ride up," cry'd the foremost man,
With a hey and a ho gay;
'I think our bride looks fine and wan,"
And the rose it smells so sweetly.

THERE were three sisters in a ha',
Fine flowers i' the valley,
There came three lords among them a',
The red, green, and the yellow.

The first o' them was clad in red,

Fine flowers i' the valley ;

" O lady, will ye be my bride ? "

Wi' the red, green, and the yellow.

The second o' them was clad in green,

Fine flowers i' the valley ;

" O lady, will ye be my queen ? "

Wi' the red, green, and the yellow.

The third o' them was clad in yellow,

Fine flowers i' the valley ;

" O lady, will ye be my marrow ? "

Wi' the red, green, and the yellow.

" O ye maun ask my father dear,"

Fine flowers i' the valley,

" Likewise the mother that did me bear."

Wi' the red, green, and the yellow.

" And ye maun ask my sister Ann,"

Fine flowers i' the valley ;

" And not forget my brother John,"

Wi' the red, green, and the yellow.

" O I have asked thy father dear,"

Fine flowers i' the valley,

" Likewise the mother that did thee bear,"

Wi' the red, green, and the yellow.

"And I have asked your sister Ann,"

Fine flowers i' the valley :

"But I forgot your brother John ;"

Wi' the red, green, and the yellow.

Now when the wedding-day was come,

Fine flowers i' the valley,

The knight would take his bonny bride home,

Wi' the red, green, and the yellow.

And mony a lord, and mony a knight,

Fine flowers i' the valley,

Came to behold that lady bright,

Wi' the red, green, and the yellow.

There was nae man that did her see,

Fine flowers i' the valley,

But wished himsell bridegroom to be,

Wi' the red, green, and the yellow.

Her father led her down the stair,

Fine flowers i' the valley.

And her sisters twain they kissed her there,

Wi' the red, green, and the yellow.

Her mother led her through the close,

Fine flowers i' the valley ;

Her brother John set her on her horse,

Wi' the red, green, and the yellow.

"You are high and I am low."

Fine flowers i' the valley ;

"Give me a kiss before you go."

Wi' the red, green, and the yellow.

She was louting down to kiss him sweet,

Fine flowers i' the valley ;

When wi' his knife he wounded her deep,

Wi' the red, green, and the yellow.

She hadna ridden through half the town,

Fine flowers i' the valley,

Until her heart's blood stained her gown.

Wi' the red, green, and the yellow.

"Ride safely on," said the best young man,

Fine flowers i' the valley ;

"I think our brude looks pale and wan !"

Wi' the red, green, and the yellow.

"O lead me over into yon stile,"

Fine flowers i' the valley,

"That I may stop as I breathe awhile,"

Wi' the red, green, and the yellow.

"O lead me over into yon stair,"

Fine flowers i' the valley,

"For there I'll lie and bleed nae mair,"

Wi' the red, green, and the yellow.

"O what will you leave to your father dear?"

Fine flowers i' the valley;

"The siller-shod steed that brought me here,"

Wi' the red, green, and the yellow.

"What will you leave to your mother dear?"

Fine flowers i' the valley;

"My velvet park, and my pearlin' gear."

Wi' the red, green, and the yellow.

"What will you leave to your sister Ann?"

Fine flowers i' the valley;

"My saken gown that stands its lane,"

Wi' the red, green, and the yellow.

"What will you leave to your sister Grace?"

Fine flowers i' the valley;

"My blady shirt to wash and dress,"

Wi' the red, green, and the yellow.

"What will you leave to your brother John?"

Fine flowers i' the valley;

"The gates o' hell to let him in,"

Wi' the red, green, and the yellow.

LADY ANNE

From Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, iii. 18.

"The ballad was communicated to me by Mr. Kirkpatrick Sharpe of Haddington, who mentions having copied it from an old manuscript. Although it has recently received some modern corrections, the general turn seems to be ancient, and corresponds with that of a fragment which I have often heard sung in my childhood."

The version to which Sir Walter Scott refers, and part of which he proceeds to quote, had been printed in Johnson's *Museum*. It is given immediately after the present, with other copies of the ballad from *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*.

In Buchan's *Library of the North of Scotland* there are two more, which are repeated with slight variations in the XVII. Vol. of the *Poet's Society*, p. 46, p. 50. Both will be found in the Appendix. The copy in Buchan's *Gleanings*, p. 30, seems to be taken from Scott Smith's *Scottish Minstrel*, iv. 53, and is still another variety.

In Germany, *Die Kindersagen*, Erzb. *Lothar*, No. 41, five copies. Erzb. *148*, Hoffmann, *Scythianer*, F. L. No. 31, 32. Wunderhorn, i. 207, *Zwetschmagen*, No. 27, *M. vert.*, No. 81; *Sammek*, p. 87. (But some of these are repetitions.) Werdisk, Haupt and Schöler, I. No. 292, and with considerable differences, I. No. 290, II. 197. This last reference is taken from GrunDTVag, ii. 531.

FAIR Lady Anne sate in her bower,
Down by the greenwood side,
And the flowers did spring, and the birds did
sing,
"Twas the pleasant May-day tide.

But fair Lady Anne on Sir William call'd,
With the tear grit in her ee,
"O though thou be fause, may Heaven thee
guard,
In the wars ayont the sea!"—

Out of the wood came three bonnie boys,
Upon the simmer's morn,
And they did sing and play at the ba',
As naked as they were born.

"O seven lang years wad I sit here,
Among the frost and snaw,
A' to hae but ane o' these bonnie boys,
A playing at the ba'"—

Then up and spake the eldest boy,
"Now listen, thou fair ladie,
And ponder well the rede that I tell,
Then make ye a choice of the three.

"'Tis I am Peter, and this is Paul,
And that ane, sae fair to see,

But a twelve-month sinsyne to paradise came,
To join with our companie."—

"O I will hae the snaw-white boy,
The bonniest of the three."—

"And if I were thine, and in thy propine,
O what wad ye do to me?"—

"Tis I wad clead thee in silk and gowd,
And nourice thee on my knee."—

"O mither! mither! when I was thine,
Sic kindness I couldna see.

"Beneath the turf, where now I stand,
The fause nurse buried me:
The cruel penknife sticks still in my heart,
And I come not back to thee."—

• • • • •

FINE FLOWERS IN THE VALLEY.

From Johnson's *Musical Museum*, p. 331.

THE first line of the burden is found also in *The Cruel Brother*, p. 258.

SHE sat down below a thorn,
 Fine flowers in the valley ;
And there she has her sweet babe horn,
 And the green leaves they grow rarely.

“ Smile na sae sweet, my bonnie babe,
 Fine flowers in the valley,
And ye smile sae sweet, ye'll smile me dead,”
 And the green leaves they grow rarely.

She's taen out her little penknife,
 Fine flowers in the valley,
And twinn'd the sweet babe o' its life,
 And the green leaves they grow rarely.

She's howket a grave by the light o' the moon,
Fine flowers in the valley,
 And there she's buried her sweet babe in,
And the green leaves they grow rarely.

As she was going to the church,
Fine flowers in the valley,
 She saw a sweet babe in the porch,
And the green leaves they grow rarely.

"O sweet babe, and thou were mine,
Fine flowers in the valley,
 I wad clad thee in the silk so fine,"
And the green leaves they grow rarely.

"O mother dear, when I was thine,
Fine flowers in the valley,
 Ye did na prove to me sae kind,"
And the green leaves they grow rarely.

THE CRUEL MOTHER.

From Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, p. 161.

SHE leaned her back unto a thorn,
Three, three, and three by three ;
And there she has her two babes born,
Three, three, and thirty-three.

She took frae 'bout her ribbon-belt,
And there she bound them hand and foot.

She has ta'en out her wee penknife,
And there she ended baith their life.

She has howked a hole baith deep and wide,
She has put them in baith side by side.

She has covered them o'er wi' a marble stane,
Thinking she would gang maiden hame.

As she was walking by her father's castle wa',
She saw twa pretty babes playing at the ha'

Bonnie were the twa boys she did bear—
Down by the greenwud sae bonnie.

But out she's tane a little penknife —
All alone, and alonie ;
And she's parted them and their sweet life—
Down by the greenwud sae bonnie.

She's aff unto her father's ha'—
All alone, and alonie ;
She seem'd the lealest maiden amang them a'—
Down by the greenwud sae bonnie.

As she lookit our the castle wa'—
All alone, and alonie ;
She spied twa bonnie boys playing at the ba'—
Down by the greenwud sae bonnie.

"O an thae twa babes were mine"—
All alone, and alonie ;
"They should wear the silk and the sabelline"—
Down by the greenwud sae bonnie.

"O mother dear, when we were thine,"
All alone, and alonie ;
"We neither wore the silks nor the sabelline"—
Down by the greenwud sae bonnie.

"But out ye took a little penknife"—
All alone, and alonie :

"An ye parted us and our sweet life"—
Down by the greenwood sae bonnie.

"But now we're in the heavens hie"—
All alone, and alonie;

"And ye have the pains o' hell to dree"—
Down by the greenwood sae bonnie.

MAY COLVIN, OR FALSE SIR JOHN.

In the very ancient though corrupted ballads of *Lady Isabel and the Elf-Knight*, and *The Water o' Wearie's Well* (vol. i. p. 195, 198), an Elf or a Mer-man occupies the place here assigned to False Sir John. Perhaps *May Colvin* is the result of the same modernizing process by which *Hynde Eton* has been converted into *Young Hastings the Groom* (ol. i. p. 294, 189). The coincidence of the name with *Clerk Colvill*, in vol. i. p. 192, may have some significance. This, however, would not be the opinion of Grundtvig, who regards the Norse and German ballads resembling *Lady Isabel*, &c., as compounded of two independent stories. If this be so, then we should rather say that a ballad similar to *May Colvin* has been made to furnish the conclusion to the pieces referred to.

The story of this ballad has apparently some connection with *Bluebeard*, but it is hard to say what the connection is. (See *Fitchers Vogel* in the Grimms' *K. u. N.-Märchen*, No. 46, and notes.) The versions of the ballad in other languages are all but innumerable; e. g. *K. Jensei Rymer*, *Refaren Brun*, *Svenska F.-T.*, No. 82, 83; *Den Falske Riddaren*, *Arwidsson*, No. 44; *Ulrich und Aenchen*, *Schön U'rah u. Ruth Aenchen*, *Schön Ulrich und Rautendelein*, *Unter, Herr Halmwyrn*, etc., in *Wunderhorn*, i. 274; *Uhländ*, 141-157 (four copies); *Eck*, *Liederaort*, 91, 93; *Erlach*, iii. 450; *Zaccalmaglio*, *Deutsche Volkslieder*, No. 15; *Hoffmann*, *Sächsische Volkslieder*, No. 12, 13, and *Niederländische Volkslieder*, No. 9, 10; etc. etc. A very brief Italian ballad will be found in the Appendix, p. 321 which seems to have the same theme. In some of the ballads the treacherous seducer is an enchanter, who prevails upon the maid to go with him by the power of a spell.

May Colvin was first published in Herd's Collection, vol. i. 153. The copy here given is one obtained from recitation by Motherwell, (*Minstrelsy*, p. 67.) collated by him with that of Herd. It is defective at the end. The other versions in Sharpe's *Ballad Book*, p. 45, and Buchanan's *Ballads of the North of Scotland*, ii. 45, though they are provided with some sort of conclusion, are not worth reprinting. A modernized version, styled *The Outlandish Knight*, is inserted in the Notes to *Scottish Traditional Versions of Ancient Ballads*, Percy Society, vol. xvii. 101.

Carlton Castle, on the coast of Carriek, is affirmed by the country people, according to Mr Chambers, to have been the residence of the perfidious knight, and

a precipice overhanging the sea, called "Fause Sir John's Leap," is pointed out as the place where he was wont to drown his wives. May Colvin is equally well ascertained to have been "a daughter of the family of Kennedy of Colzean, now represented by the Earl of Cassilis." Buchanan's version assigns a different locality to the transaction—that of "Binyan's Bay"—which, says the editor, is the old name of the mouth of the River Ugie.

FALSE Sir John a wooing came
To a maul of beauty fair;
May Colvin was the lady's name,
Her father's only heir.

He's courted her butt, and he's courted her ben,
And he's courted her into the ha',
Till once he got this lady's consent
To mount an' ride awa'.

She's gane to her father's coffers,
Where all his money lay;
And she's taken the red, and she's left the white,
And so lightly as she tripped away.

She's gane down to her father's stable,
Where all his steeds did stand;
And she's taken the best, and she's left the
warst,
That was in her father's land.

He rode on, and she rode on,
They rode a lang simmer's day,
Until they came to a broad river,
An arm of a lonesome sea.

"Loup off the steed," says false Sir John ;
"Your bridal bed you see ;
For it's seven king's daughters I have drowned
here,
And the eighth I'll out make with thee.

"Cast off, cast off your silks so fine,
And lay them on a stone,
For they are o'er good and o'er costly
To rot in the salt sea foam.

"Cast off, cast off your Holland smock,
And lay it on this stone,
For it is too fine and o'er costly
To rot in the salt sea foam."

"O turn you about, thou false Sir John,
And look to the leaf o' the tree ;
For it never became a gentleman
A naked woman to see."

He's turn'd himself straight round about,
To look to the leaf o' the tree ;
She's twined her arms about his waist,
And thrown him into the sea.

"O hold a grip of me, May Colvin,
For fear that I should drown;
I'll take you hame to your father's gates,
And safely I'll set you down."

"O lie you there, thou false Sir John,
O lie you there," said she;
"For you lie not in a caulder bed
Than the ane you intended for me."

So she went on her father's steed,
As swift as she could flee,
And she came hame to her father's gates
At the breaking of the day.

Up then spake the pretty parrot:
"May Colvin, where have you been?
What has become of false Sir John,
That wooed you so late yestreen?"

Up then spake the pretty parrot,
In the bonnie cage where it lay:
"O what hae ye done with the false Sir John,
That he behind you does stay?"

"He wooed you butt, he wooed you ben,
He wooed you into the ha',
Until he got your own consent
For to mount and gang awa'."

"O hold your tongue, my pretty parrot,
Lay not the blame upon me ;
Your cage will be made of the beaten gold,
And the spakes of ivorie."

Up then spake the king himself,
In the chamber where he lay :
"O what ails the pretty parrot,
That prattles so long ere day ?"

"It was a cat cam to my cage door ;
I thought 't would have worried me ;
And I was calling on fair May Colvin
To take the cat from me."

BABYLON,

OR,

THE BONNIE BANKS O' FORDIE.

"This ballad is given from two copies obtained from recitation, which differ but little from each other. Indeed, the only variation is in the verse where the outlawed brother unwittingly slays his sister. One reading is, —

'He's taken ont his wee penknife,
 Hey now bonnie;
An' he's braced her o' her ain sweet life,
 On the bonnie banks o' Fordie.'

The other reading is that adopted in the text. This ballad is popular in the southern parishes of Perthshire, but where the scene is laid the editor has been unable to ascertain. Nor has any research of his enabled him to throw farther light on the history of its hero with the fantastic name, than what the ballad itself supplies." Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, p. 88.

Another version is subjoined, from Kinloch's collection.

This ballad is found in Danish: *Herr Truels's Duet-ter*, *Danske Viser*, No. 164. In a note the editor endeavors to show that the story is based on fact:

THERE were three ladies lived in a bower,
Eh row bonnie,
And they went out to pull a flower,
On the bonnie banks o' Fordie.

They hadna pu'd a flower but ane,
Eh row bonnie,
When up started to them a banisht man,
On the bonnie banks o' Fordie.

He's ta'en the first sister by her hand,
Eh row bonnie,
And he's turned her round and made her stand
On the bonnie banks o' Fordie.

"It's whetler will ye be a rank robber's wife,
Eh row bonnie,
Or will ye die by my wee penknife,"
On the bonnie banks o' Fordie?

"It's I'll not be a rank robber's wife,
Eh row bonnie,
But I'll rather die by your wee penknife,"
On the bonnie banks o' Fordie.

He's killed this may and he's laid her by,
Eh row bonnie,
For to bear the red rose company,
On the bonnie banks o' Fordie.

He's taken the second ane by the hand,
Eh row bonnie,
And he's turned her round and made her stand,
On the bonnie banks o' Fordie.

"It's whether will ye be a rank robber's wife,
Eh row bonnie,
Or will ye die by my wee penknife,"
On the bonnie banks o' Fordie?

"I'll not be a rank robber's wife,
Eh row bonnie,
But I'll rather die by your wee penknife,"
On the bonnie banks o' Fordie.

He's killed this may and he's laid her by,
Eh row bonnie,
For to bear the red rose company,
On the bonnie banks o' Fordie.

He's taken the youngest ane by the hand,
Eh row bonnie,
And he's turned her round and made her stand,
On the bonnie banks o' Fordie.

Says, "Will ye be a rank robber's wife,
Eh row bonnie,
Or will ye die by my wee penknife,"
On the bonnie banks o' Fordie?

" I'll not be a rank robber's wife,
Eh row bonnie,
Nor will I die by your wee penknife,
On the bonnie banks o' Fordie.

" For I hae a brother in this wood,
Eh row bonnie,
And gin ye kill me, it's he'll kill thee,"
On the bonnie banks o' Fordie.

" What's thy brother's name? come tell to me."
Eh row bonnie;
" My brother's name is Babylon,"
On the bonnie banks o' Fordie.

" O sister, sister, what have I done,
Eh row bonnie?
O have I done this ill to thee,
On the bonnie banks o' Fordie?

" O since I've done this evil deed,
Eh row bonnie,
Good sall never be seen o' me,"
On the bonnie banks o' Fordie.

He's taken out his wee penknife,
Eh row bonnie,
And he's twyned himsel o' his ain sweet life,
On the bonnie banks o' Fordie.

DUKE OF PERTH'S THREE DAUGHTERS

From Kulloch's *Ancient Scottish Ballads*, p. 212.

THE Duke o' Perth had three daughters,
Elizabeth, Margaret, and fair Marie;
And Elizabeth's to the green wud gane,
To pu' the rose and the fair lilie.

But she hadna pu'd a rose, a rose,
A double rose, but barely three,
Whan up and started a Loudon lord,
Wi' Loudon lose, and Loudon sheen.

"Will ye be called a robber's wife?
Or will ye be stickit wi' my bloody knife?
For pu'in the rose and the fair lilie,
For pu'in them sae fair and free."

"Before I'll be called a robber's wife,
I'll rather be stickit wi' your bloody knife,
For pu'in the rose and the fair lilie,
For pu'in them sae fair and free."

282 DUKE OF PERTH'S THREE DAUGHTERS.

The out he's tane his little penknife,
And he's parted her and her sweet life,
And thrown her o'er a bank o' brume,
There never more for to be found.

The Duke o' Perth had three daughters,
Elizabeth, Margaret, and fair Marie;
And Margaret's to the greenwood gane,
To pu' the rose and the fair lilie.

She hadna pu'd a rose, a rose,
A double rose, but barely three,
When up and started a Loudon lord,
Wi' Loudon hose, and Loudon sheen.

"Will ye be called a robber's wife?
Or will ye be stickit wi' my bloody knife?
For pu'in the rose and the fair lilie,
For pu'in them sae fair and free."

"Before I'll be called a robber's wife,
I'll rather be sticket wi' your bloody knife,
For pu'in the rose and the fair lilie,
For pu'in them sae fair and free."

Then out he's tane his little penknife,
And he's parted her and her sweet life,
For pu'in the rose and the fair lilie,
For pu'in them sae fair and free.

DUKE OF PERTH'S THREE DAUGHTERS. 283

The Duke o' Perth had three daughters,
Elizabeth, Margaret, and fair Marie;
And Mary's to the greenwood gane,
To pu' the rose and the fair lillie.

She hadna pu'd a rose, a rose,
A double rose, but barely three,
When up and started a Loudon lord,
Wi' Loudon hose, and Loudon sheen.

"O will ye be called a robber's wife?
Or will ye be stickit wi' my bloody knife?
For pu'in the rose and the fair lillie,
For pu'in them sae fair and free."

"Before I'll be called a robber's wife,
I'll rather be stickit wi' your bloody knife,
For pu'in the rose and the fair lillie,
For pu'in them sae fair and free."

But just as he took out his knife,
To tak frae her her ain sweet life,
Her brother John cam ryding bye,
And this bloody robber he did espy.

But when he saw his sister fair,
He kenn'd her by her yellow hair;
He call'd upon his pages three,
To find this robber speedilie.

281 DUKE OF PERTH'S THREE DAUGHTERS.

" My sisters twa that are dead and gane,
For whom we made a heavy maene,
It's you that's twinn'd them o' their life,
And wi' your cruel bloody knife.

Then for their life ye sair shall dree ·
Ye sall be hangit on a tree,
Or thrown into the poison'd lake,
To feed the toads and rattle-snake. "

JELLON GRAME.

From Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, iii. 162.

"THIS ballad is published from tradition, with some conjectural emendations. It is corrected by a copy in Mrs. Brown's MS., from which it differs in the concluding stanzas. Some verses are apparently modernized.

"*Jellon* seems to be the same name with *Jyllian*, or *Julian*. 'Jyl of Brentford's Testament' is mentioned in Watton's *History of Poetry*, vol. ii. p. 46. The name repeatedly occurs in old ballads, sometimes as that of a man, at other times as that of a woman. Of the former is an instance in the ballad of *The Knight and the Shepherd's Daughter*. [See this collection, vol. iii. p. 253.]

'Some do call me Jack, sweetheart,
And some do call me *Jille*.'

"Witton Gilbert, a village four miles west of Durham, is, throughout the bishopric, pronounced Wilton Jilbert. We have also the common name of Gile, always in Scotland pronounced Jill. For Gille, or

Juliana, as a female name, we have *Fair Colleen of Croyden*, and a thousand authorities. Such being the case, the Editor must enter his protest against the conversion of *Gid Morrice* into *Chad Maurice*, an epithet of chivalry. All the circumstances in that ballad argue, that the unfortunate hero was an obscure and very young man, who had never received the honour of knighthood. At any rate there can be no reason, even were internal evidence totally wanting, for altering a well known proper name, which, till of late years, has been the uniform title of the ballad." SCOTT.

May-a-Roe, in Buchan's larger collection, n. 231, is another, but an inferior, version of this ballad.

O JELLON GRAME sat in Silverwood,¹
 He sharp'd his broadsword lang;
 And he has cul'd his little foot-page
 An errand for to gang.

"Win up, my bonny boy," he says,
 "As quickly as ye may;
 For ye maun gang for Lilie Flower
 Before the break of day."—

¹ Silverwood, mentioned in this ballad, occurs in a medley MS. song, which seems to have been copied from the first edition of the *Aberdeen Cantus*, *per* John G. Duxie Esq. advocate. One line only is cited, apparently the beginning of some song:—

"Silverwood, gin ye were mae." SCOTT.

The boy has buckled his belt about,
And through the green-wood ran ;
And he came to the lady's bower
Before the day did dawn.

" O sleep ye, wake ye, Lillie Flower ?
The red sun's on the rain :
Ye're bidden come to Silverwood,
But I doubt ye'll never win hame."—

She hadna ridden a mile, a mile,
A mile but barely three,
Ere she came to a new-made grave,
Beneath a green aik tree.

O then up started Jellon Grame,
Out of a bush thereby ;
" Light down, light down, now, Lillie Flower,
For it's here that ye maun lye."—

She lighted aff her milk-white steed,
And kneel'd upon her knee ;
" O mercy, mercy, Jellon Grame,
For I'm no prepared to die !

" Your bairn, that stirs between my sides,
Maun shortly see the light :
But to see it weltering in my blood,
Would be a piteous sight."—

"O should I spare your life," he says,
"Until that bairn were born,
Full weel I ken your auld father
Would hang me on the morn."—

"O spare my life, now, Jellon Grame !
My father ye needna dread :
I'll keep my babe in gude green-wood,
Or wi' it I'll beg my bread."—

He took no pity on Lillie Flower,
Though she for life did pray ;
But pierced her through the fair body
As at his feet she lay.

He felt nae pity for Lillie Flower,
Where she was lying dead :
But he felt some for the bonny bairn,
That lay weltering in her bluid.

Up has he ta'en that bonny boy,
Given him to nurses nine ;
Three to sleep, and three to wake,
And three to go between.

And he bred up that bonny boy,
Call'd him his sister's son ;
And he thought no eye could ever see
The deed that he had done.

O so it fell upon a day,
When hunting they might be,
They rested them in Silverwood,
Beneath that green aik tree.

And many were the green-wood flowers
Upon the grave that grew,
And marvell'd much that bonny boy
To see their lovely hue.

"What's paler than the prymrose wan?
What's redder than the rose?
What's fairer than the lilye flower
On this wee know that grows?"—

O out and answer'd Jellon Grame,
And he spak hastilie—
"Your mother was a fairer flower,
And lies beneath this tree.

"More pale she was, when she sought my grace,
Than prymrose pale and wan;
And redder than rose her ruddy heart's blood,
That down my broadsword ran."—

Wi' that the boy has bent his bow,
It was baith stout and lang;
An thro' and thro' him, Jellon Grame,
He gar'd an arrow gang.

Says,—“ Lie ye there, now, Jellon Grame !
My malisoun gang you wi' !
The place that my mother lies buried in
Is far too good for thee.”

YOUNG JOHNSTONE.

A FRAGMENT of this fine ballad (which is commonly called *The Cruel Knight*) was published by Herd, (i. 222,) and also by Pinkerton, (*Select Scottish Ballads*, i. 69.) with variations. Finlay constructed a nearly complete edition from two recited copies, but suppressed some lines. (*Scottish Ballads*, ii. 72) The present copy is one which Motherwell obtained from recitation, with a few verbal emendations by that editor from Finlay's.

With respect to the sudden and strange catastrophe, Motherwell remarks:—

“The reciters of old ballads frequently supply the best commentaries upon them, when any obscurity or want of connection appears in the poetical narrative. This ballad, as it stands, throws no light on young Johnstone's motive for stabbing his lady; but the person from whose lips it was taken down alleged that the barbarous act was committed unwittingly, through young Johnstone's suddenly waking from sleep, and, in that moment of confusion and alarm, unhappily mistaking his mistress for one of his pursuers. It is not improbable but the ballad may have had, at one time,

a stanza to the above effect, the substance of which is still remembered, though the words in which it was couched have been forgotten." *Minstrelsy*, p. 193.

Buchan's version, (*Lord John's Murder*, ii. 20,) it will be seen, supplies this deficiency.

Young Johnstone and the young Col'nel
Sat drinking at the wine :
"O gin ye wad marry my sister,
It's I wad marry thine."

"I wadna marry your sister,
For a' your houses and land ;
But I'll keep her for my leman,
When I come o'er the strand.

"I wadna marry your sister,
For a' your gowd so gay ;
But I'll keep her for my leman,
When I come by the way."

Young Johnstone had a nut-brown sword,
Hung low down by his gait,
And he ritted ¹ it through the young Col'nel
That word he ne'er spak mair.

¹ In the copy obtained by the Editor, the word "ritted" did not occur, instead of which the word "stabbed" was used. The "nut-brown sword" was also changed into "a little sinah sword." MORTIMER.

But he's awa' to his sister's bower,
He's tirl'd at the puir :

"Whare hae ye been, my dear brither,
Sae late a coming in?"

"I hae been at the school, sister,
Learning young clerks to sing."

"I've dream'd a dreary dream this night,
I wish it may be for good ;
They were seeking you with hawks and hounds,
And the young Col'nel was dead."

"Hawks and hounds they may seek me,
As I trow, well they be ;
For I hae killed the young Col'nel,
And thy own true love was he."

"If ye hae kiled the young Col'nel,
O dule and wae is me ;
But I wish ye may be hanged on a hie gallows,
And hae nae power to flee."

And he's awa' to his true love's bower,
He's tirl'd at the puir :

"Whar hae ye been, my dear Johnstone,
Sae late a coming in?"

"It's I hae been at the school," he says,
"Learning young clerks to sing."

"I have dreamed a dreary dream," she says,
"I wish it may be for good ;
They were seeking you with hawks and hounds,
And the young Col'nel was dead."

"Hawks and hounds they may seek me,
As I trow well they be ;
For I hae killed the young Col'nel,
And thy ae brother was he."

"If ye hae killed the young Col'nel,
O dule and wae is me ;
But I care the less for the young Col'nel,
If thy ain body be free."

"Come in, come in, my dear Johnstone,
Come in and take a sleep ;
And I will go to my casement,
And carefully I will thee keep."

He had not weel been in her bower door,
No not for half an hour,
When four-and-twenty belted knights
Came riding to the bower.

"Well may you sit and see, Lady,
Well may you sit and say ;
Did you not see a bloody squire
Come riding by this way ?"

"What colour were his hawks?" she says,
"What colour were his hounds?
What colour was the gallant steed
That bore him from the bounds?"

"Bloody, bloody were his hawks,
And bloody were his hounds;
But milk-white was the gallant steed
That bore him from the bounds."

"Yes, bloody, bloody were his hawks,
And bloody were his hounds;
And milk-white was the gallant steed
That bore him from the bounds."

"Light down, light down now, gentlemen,
And take some bread and wine;
And the steed be swift that he rides on,
He's past the brig o' Lyne."

"We thank you for your bread, fair Lady,
We thank you for your wine;
But I wad gie thrice three thousand pound,
That bloody knight was ta'en."

"Lie still, lie still, my dear Johnstone,
Lie still and take a sleep;
For thy enemies are past and gone,
And carefully I will thee keep."

But young Johnstone had a little wee sword,
 Hung low down by his gair,
 And he stabbed it in fair Annet's breast,
 A deep wound and a sair.¹

"What aileth thee now, dear Johnstone?
 What aileth thee at me?
 Hast thou not got my father's gold,
 Bot and my mither's fee?"

"Now live, now live, my dear Ladye,
 Now live but half an hour,
 And there's no a leech in a' Scotland
 But shall be in thy bower."

"How can I live, how shall I live?
 Young Johnstone, do not you see
 The red, red drops o' my bonny heart's blood
 Rin trinkling down my knee?"

"But take thy harp into thy hand,
 And harp out owre yon plain,

¹ Buchan's version furnishes the necessary explanation of Young Johnstone's apparent cruelty:—

"Ohon, alas, my lady gay,
 To come she hacht &c'
 I thought it was my leal ly foe,
 Ye had trysted in to me."

And ne'er think mair on thy true love
Than if she had never been."

He hadna weel been out o' the stable,
And on his saddle set,
Till four-and-twenty broad arrows
Were thrilling in his heart.

YOUNG BENJIE.

FROM the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, iii. 10. *Bondsey and Maisry*, another version of the same story, from Buchan's collection, is given in the Appendix.

"In this ballad the reader will find traces of a singular superstition, not yet altogether discredited in the wilder parts of Scotland. The lykewake, or watching a dead body, in itself a melancholy office, is rendered, in the idea of the assistants, more distastefully awful, by the mysterious horrors of superstition. In the interval betwixt death and interment, the disembodied spirit is supposed to hover round its mortal habitation, and, if invoked by certain rites, retains the power of communicating, through its organs, the cause of its dissolution. Such inquiries, however, are always dangerous, and never to be resorted to, unless the deceased is suspected to have suffered *foul play*, as it is called. It is the more unsafe to tamper with this charm in an unauthorized manner, because the inhabitants of the infernal regions are, at such periods, peculiarly active. One of the most potent ceremonies in the charm, for

causing the dead body to speak, is, setting the door ajar, or half open. On this account, the peasants of Scotland sedulously avoid leaving the door ajar, while a corpse lies in the house. The door must either be left wide open, or quite shut; but the first is always preferred, on account of the exercise of hospitality usual on such occasions. The attendants must be likewise careful never to leave the corpse for a moment alone, or, if it is left alone, to avoid, with a degree of superstitious horror, the first sight of it.

"The following story, which is frequently related by the peasants of Scotland, will illustrate the imaginary danger of leaving the door ajar. In former times, a man and his wife lived in a solitary cottage, on one of the extensive Border fells. One day the husband died suddenly; and his wife, who was equally afraid of staying alone by the corpse, or leaving the dead body by itself, repeatedly went to the door, and looked anxiously over the lonely moor for the sight of some person approaching. In her confusion and alarm she accidentally left the door ajar, when the corpse suddenly started up, and sat in the bed, frowning and grinning at her frightfully. She sat alone, crying bitterly, unable to avoid the fascination of the dead man's eye, and too much terrified to break the sullen silence, till a Catholic priest, passing over the wild, entered the cottage. He first set the door quite open, then put his little finger in his mouth, and said the paternoster backwards; when the horrid look of the corpse relaxed, it fell back on the bed, and behaved itself as a dead man ought to do.

"The ballad is given from tradition. I have been informed by a lady, [Miss Joanna Baillie,] of the highest literary eminence, that she has heard a ballad on

the same subject, in which the scene was laid upon the banks of the Clyde. The chorus was,

"O Bothwell banks bloom bonny,"

and the watching of the dead corpse was said to have taken place in Bothwell church. SCOTT.

Of a' the maids o' fair Scotland,
The fairest was Marjorie;
And young Benjie was her ae true love,
And a dear true love was he.

And wow but they were lovers dear,
And loved fu' constanthe;
But aye the mair when they fell out,
The saurer was their plea.

And they hae quarrell'd on a day,
Till Marjorie's heart grew wae;
And she said she'd chuse another luvie,
And let young Benjie gae.

And he was stout, and proud-hearted,
And thought o't bitterlie;
And he's gane by the wan moonlight,
To meet his Marjorie.

"O open, open, my true love,
O open, and let me in!"—

"I darena open, young Benjie,
My three brothers are within."—

"Ye lied, ye lied, ye bonny burd,
Sae loud's I hear ye lie;
As I came by the Lowden banks,
They bade gude e'en to me.

"But fare ye weel, my ae fause love,
That I have loved sae lang!
It sets ye cluse another love,
And let young Benjie gang."—

Then Marjorie turn'd her round about,
The tear blinding her ee,—
"I darena, darena let thee in,
But I'll come down to thee."—

Then saft she smiled, and said to him,
"O what ill hae I done?"—
He took her in his arms twa,
And threw her o'er the linn.

The stream was strang, the maid was stout,
And laith, laith to be dang,
But, ere she wan the Lowden banks,
Her fair colour was wan.

Then up bespak her eldest brother,
"O see na ye what I see?"—

And out then spak her second brother,
"It's our sister Marjorie!"—

Out then spak her eldest brother,
"O how shall we her ken?"—
And out then spak her youngest brother,
"There's a honey mark on her chin."—

Then they've ta'en up the comely corpse,
And laid it on the ground:
"O wha has killed our ae sister,
And how can he be found?"

"The night it is her low lykewake,
The morn her burial day,
And we maun watch at mirk midnight,
And hear what she will say."—

Wi' doors ajar, and candle light,
And torches burning clear,
The streikit corpse, till still midnight,
They waked, but naething hear.

About the middle o' the night,
The cocks began to crow;
And at the dead hour o' the night,
The corpse began to thraw.

"O whae has done the wrang, sister,
Or dared the deadly sin?"

Whae was sae stout, and fear'd nae dout,
As thraw ye o'er the linn?"

"Young Benjie was the first ae man
I laid my love upon;
He was sae stout and proud-hearted,
He threw me o'er the linn."—

"Sall we young Benjie head, sister,
Sall we young Benjie hang,
Or sall we pike out his twa gray een,
And punish him ere he gang?"

"Ye maunna Benjie head, brothers,
Ye maunna Benjie hang,
But ye maun pike out his twa gray een,
And punish him ere he gang.

"Tie a green gravat round his neck,
And lead him out and in,
And the best ae servant about your house
To wait young Benjie on.

"And aye, at every seven years' end,
Ye'll tak him to the linn;
For that's the penance he maun dree,
To scug his deadly sin."

12. 1. 1954

1

APPENDIX

VOL. II

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1. The first step is to identify the problem or question that needs to be answered. This involves understanding the context and the specific requirements of the task.

[REDACTED]

LORD BARNABY.

Scottish version of *Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard*. See p. 15.

From Jamieson's *Popular Ballads and Songs*, i. 170.

" I HAVE a tower in Dalisberry,
Which now is dearly dight,
And I will gie it to young Musgrave
To lodge wi' me a' night."

" To lodge wi' thee a' night, fair lady,
Wad breed baith sorrow and strife ;
For I see by the rings on your fingers,
You're good lord Barnaby's wife."

" Lord Barnaby's wife although I be,
Yet what is that to thee ?
For we'll beguile him for this ae night—
He's on to fair Dundee.

"Come here, come here, my little foot-page,
This gold I will give thee,
If ye will keep thir secrets close
"Tween young Musgrave and me.

"But here I hae a little pen-knife,
Hings low down by my gare;
Gin ye winna keep thir secrets close
Ye'll find it wonder sair."

Then she's ta'en him to her chamber,
And down in her arms lay he:
The boy coost all his hose and shoon,
And ran to fair Dundee.

When he cam to the wan water,
He slack'd¹ his bow and swam;
And when he cam to growin grass,
Set down his feet and ran.

And when he cam to fair Dundee,
Wad neither chap nor ca';
But set his brent bow to his breast,
And merrily jump'd the wa'.

"O waken ye, waken ye, my good lord,
Waken, and come away!"—
"What ails, what ails my wee toot page,
He cries sae lang ere day.

"O is my bowers brent, my boy?
Or is my castle won?

¹ For *slack'd* read *bent*. J.

Or has the lady that I lo'e best
Brought me a daughter or son ? "

- Your ha's are safe, your bowers are safe,
And free frae all alarms ;
But, oh ! the lady that ye lo'e best
Lies sound in Musgrave's arms."

" Gae saddle to me the black," he cried,
" Gae saddle to me the gray ;
Gae saddle to me the swiftest steed,
To lie me on my way."

" O lady, I heard a wee horn toot,
And it blew wonder clear ;
And ay the turning o' the note,
Was, ' Barnaby will be here ! '

" I thought I heard a wee horn blaw,
And it blew loud and high ;
And ay at ilka turn it said,
' Away, Musgrave, away ! ' "

" Lie still, my dear ; lie still, my dear ;
Ye keep me frae the cold ;
For it is but my father's shepherds
Driving their flocks to the fold."

Up they lookit, and down they lay,
And they're fa'en sound asleep,
Till up stood good lord Barnaby,
Just close at their bed feet.

" How do you like my bed, Musgrave ?
And how like ye my sheets ?

And how like ye my fair lady,
Lies in your arms and sleeps ? ”

“ Weel like I your bed, my lord,
And weel like I your sheets ;
But ill like I your fair lady,
Lies in my arms and sleeps.

“ You got your wale o’ se’en sisters,
And I got mine o’ five ;
Sae tak ye mine, and I’s tak thine,
And we nae mair sall strive.”

“ O my woman’s the best woman
That ever brak world’s bread ;
And your woman’s the worst woman
That ever drew coat o’er head.

“ I hae twa swords in ae scabbert,
They are baith sharp and clear ;
Take ye the best, and I the warst,
And we’ll end the matter here.

“ But up, and arm thee, young Musgrave,
We’ll try it han’ to han’ ;
It’s ne’er be said o’ lord Barnaby,
He strack at a naked man.”

The first straik that young Musgrave got,
It was baith deep and sair ;
And down he fell at Barnaby’s feet,
And word spak never mair.

• • • • •

"A grave, a grave!" lord Barnaby cried,
 "A grave to lay them in;
 My lady shall lie on the sunny side,
 Because of her noble kin."

But oh, how sorry was that good lord,
 For a' his angry mood,
 When he beheld his ain young son
 All weltring in his blood!

NOTE. [In v. 31] the term "*braid bow*" has been altered by the editor into "*brent bow*," i. e. *straight*, or *unbent* bow. In most of the old ballads, where a page is employed as the bearer of a message, we are told, that,

"When he came to wan water,
 He *bent* his bow and swam;"

And

"He set his *bent* bow to his breast,
 And lightly lap the wa'," &c.

The application of the term *bent*, in the latter instance, does not seem correct, and is probably substituted for *brent*.

In the establishment of a feudal baron, every thing wore a military aspect; he was a warrior by profession; every man attached to him, particularly those employed about his person, was a soldier; and his little foot-page was very appropriately equipped in the light accoutrements of an archer. His bow, in the old ballad, seems as inseparable from his character as the bow of Cupid or of Apollo, or the caduceus of his celestial prototype Mercury. This bow, which he carried unbent, he seems to have *bent* when he had occasion to swim, in order that he might the more easily carry it in his teeth, to prevent the string from being injured by getting wet. At other times he availed himself of its length and elasticity in the *brent*, or straight state, and used it (as hunters do a leaping pole) in

vaulting over the wall of the outer court of a castle, when his business would not admit of the tedious formality of blowing a horn, or ringing a bell, and holding a long parley with the porter at the gate, before he could gain admission. This, at least, appears to the editor to be the meaning of these passages in the old ballads. JAMIESON. .

CHILDE MAURICE. See p. 30.

From Jam eson's *Popular Ballads and Songs*, I. 8.

CHILDE MAURICE hunted i' the silver wood,
He hunted it round about,
And noebody yt he found thereen,
Nor noebody without.

• • • • •
• • • • •
And tooke his silver combe in his hand
To kembe his yellow lockes.

He sayes, " come hither, thou litle footpage,
That runneth lowly by my knee ;
Efor thou shalt goe to John Steward's wiffe,
And pray her speake with mee.

1. MS. silver.

" And as it falls out,¹ many times
 As knotts been knitt on a kell,
 Or merchant men gone to leeve London,
 Either to buy ware or sell,

• • • • • • •
 • • • • • • •

And grete thou doe that ladye well,
 Ever soe well fthroo mee.

" And as it falls out, many times
 As any harte can thinke,
 As schoole masters are in any schoole house,
 Writting with pen and inke,

• • • • • • •
 • • • • • • •

Ffor if I might as well as shee may,
 This night I wold with her speake.

" And heere I send a mantle of greene,
 As greene as any grasse,
 And bid her come to the silver wood,
 To hunt with Child Maurice.

" And there I send her a ring of gold,
 A ring of precyous stone ;
 And bid her come to the silver wood,
 Let for no kind of man."

One while this htle boy he yode,
 Another while he ran ;

¹ out out.

Until he came to John Steward's hall,
Iwis he never blan.

And of nurture the child had good ;
He ran up hall and bower ffree,
And when he came to this lady ffaire,
Sayes, " God you save and see.

" I am come ffrom Childe Maurice.
A message unto thee.
And Childe Maurice he greetes you well.
And ever soe well ffrom me.

" And as it ffalls out, oftentimes
As knotts been knitt on a k'ell,
Or merchant men gone to leeve London
Either to buy or sell,

" And as oftentimes he greetes you well,
As any hart can thinke,
Or schoolemaster in any schoole,
Wryting with pen and inke.

" And heere he sends a mantle of greene,
As greene as any grasse,
And he bids you come to the silver wood.
To hunt with child Maurice.

" And heere he sends you a ring of gold,
A ring of precyous stone ;
He prayes you to come to the silver wood,
Let for no kind of man."

" Now peace, now peace, thou litle fotpage,
Ffor Christes sake I pray thee :

Ffor if my lord heare one of those words,
Thou must be hanged hye "

John Steward stood under the castle wall,
And he wrote the words every one ;

• • • • •
• • • • •

And he called unto his horssekeeper,
" Make ready you my steede , "
And soe he led to his chamberlaine,
" Make readye then my weede . "

And he cast a leese upon his baake,
And he rode to the silver wood,
And there he sought all about,
About the silver wood.

And there he found him Childe Maurice,
Sitting upon a blocke,
With a silver combe in his hand,
Kemming his yellow locke

He sayes, " how now, how now, Childe Maurice,
Alacke how may this bee ? "
But then stood by him Childe Maurice,
And sayd these words trulye .

" I do not know your ladye, " he said,
" If that I doe her seee . "
" Ffor thou hast sent her love tokens,
More now than two or three

" For thou hast sent her a mantle of greene,
As greene as any grasse,

And bade her come to the silver wood,
To hunt with Childe Maurice.

"And by my faith now, Childe Maurice,
The tane of us shall dye ;"
"Now by my troth," sayd Childe Maurice,
"And that shall not be L"

But he pulled out a bright browne sword,
And dryed it on the grasse,
And soe fast he smote at John Steward,
Iwis he never rest.

Then hee pulled forth his bright browne sword.
And dryed itt on his sleeve,
And the first good stroke John Steward stroke,
Child Maurice head he did cleave.

And he pricked it on his swords poynt,
Went singing there beside,
And he rode till he came to the ladye faire,
Whereas his ladye lyed.

And sayes, "dost thou know Childe Maurice head,
Iff that thou dost it see ?
And llap it soft, and kisse itt off,
Ffor thou lovedst him better than mee."

But when shee looked on Child Maurice head,
Shee never spake words but three :
"I never beare noe child but one,
And you have slain him trulye."

Sayes, "wicked be my merry men all,
I gave meate, drinke, and clothe ;

But could they not have holden me,
When I was in all that wrath !

“ Ffor I have slaine one of the courtecous
knights
That ever bestrode a steede ;
Soe have I done one of the fairest ladyes
That ever ware womans weede.”

CLERK SAUNDERS. See p. 45.

From Jamieson's *Popular Ballads and Songs*, t. 58.

“ The following copy was transmitted by Mrs. Arrott of Aberbrothick. The stanzas, where the seven brothers are introduced, have been enlarged from two fragments, which, although very defective in themselves, furnished lines which, when incorporated with the text, seemed to improve it. Stanzas 21 and 22, were written by the editor ; the idea of the *rose* being suggested by the gentleman who recited, but who could not recollect the language in which it was expressed.”

This copy of *Clerk Saunders* bears traces of having been made up from several sources. A portion of the

concluding stanzas (v. 107-130) have a strong resemblance to the beginning and end of *Proud Lady Margaret* (vol. viii. 83, 278), which ballad is itself in a corrupt condition. It may also be doubted whether the fragments Jamieson speaks of did not belong to a ballad resembling *Lady Mary*, p. 78 of this volume.

Accepting the ballad as it stands here, there is certainly likeness enough in the first part to suggest a community of origin with the Swedish ballad *Den Grymma Brodern*, *Scenska Folk-Visor*, No. 86 (translated in *Lat. and Rom. of Northern Europe*, p. 261). W. Grimm mentions (*Alt-dän. Heldenl.*, p. 519) a Spanish ballad, *De la Blanca Niña*, in the *Romancero de Amberes*, in which the similarity to *Den Grymma Brodern* is very striking. The series of questions (v. 30-62) sometimes appears apart from the story, and with a comic turn, as in *Det Hurtige Svar*, *Danske V.*, No. 204, or *Thore och hans Syster*, *Arwidsson*, i. 358. In this shape they closely resemble the familiar old song, *Our gudeman came hame at e'en*, *Herd, Scottish Songs*, ii. 74.

CLERK SAUNDERS was an earl's son,
He liv'd upon sea-sand;
May Margaret was a king's daughter,
She liv'd in upper land.

Clerk Saunders was an earl's son,
Weel learned at the scheel;
May Margaret was a king's daughter;
They bairn lo'ed ither weel.

He's throw the dark, and throw the mark,
And throw the leaves o' green ;
Till he came to May Margaret's door,
And tirl'd at the pin.

" O sleep ye, wake ye, May Margaret,
Or are ye the bower within ? "
" O wha is that at my bower door,
Sae weel my name does ken ? "
" It's I, Clerk Saunders, your true love,
You'll open and lat me in.

" O will ye to the cards, Margaret,
Or to the table to dine ?
Or to the bed, that's weel down spread,
And sleep when we get time."

" I'll no go to the cards," she says,
" Nor to the table to dine ;
But I'll go to a bed, that's weel down spread,
And sleep when we get time."

They were not weel lyen down,
And no weel fa'en asleep,
When up and stood May Margaret's brethren,
Just up at their bed feet.

" O tell us, tell us, May Margaret,
And dhanna to us len,
O wha is aught yon noble steed,
That stands your stable in ?

" The steed is mine, and it may be thine,
To ride whan ye ride in hie——

• • • • •
"But awa', awa', my bald brethren,
Awa', and mak nae din ;
For I am as sick a lady the nicht
As e'er lay a bower within."

"O tell us, tell us, May Margaret,
And dinna to us len,
O wha is aught yon noble hawk,
That stands your kitchen in ?"

"The hawk is mine, and it may be thine,
To hawk whan ye hawk in hie——

• • • • •
"But awa', awa', my bald brethren !
Awa', and mak nae din ;
For I'm ane o' the sickest ladies this nicht
That e'er lay a bower within."

"O tell us, tell us, May Margaret,
And dinna to us len,
O wha is that, May Margaret,
You and the wa' between ?"

"O it is my bower-maiden," she says,
"As sick as sick can be ;
O it is my bower maiden," she says,
And she's thrice as sick as me."

"We hae been east, and we've been west,
And low beneath the moon ;

But a' the bower-women e'er we saw
Hada goud buckles in their shoon."

Then up and spak her eldest brither,
Ay in ill time spak he:
"It is Clerk Saunders, your true love,
And never mat I the,
But for this scorn that he has done,
This moment he sall die."

But up and spak her youngest brother,
Ay in good time spak he:
"O but they are a gudolie pair!—
True lovers an ye be,
The sword that hangs at my sword belt
Sall never sinder ye!"

Syne up and spak her nexten brother,
And the tear stood in his ee:
"You've lo'ed her lang, and lo'ed her weel,
And pity it wad be,
The sword that hangs at my sword-belt
Shoud ever sinder ye!"

But up and spak her fifthen brother,
"Sleep on your sleep for me;
But we baith sall never sleep again,
For the tane o' us sall die!"

[But up and spak her midmaist brother:
And an angry laugh leugh he:
"The thorn that dabs, I'd cut it down,
Though fair the rose may be.

"The flower that smell'd sae sweet yestreen
 Has lost its bloom wi' thee ;
 And though I'm wae it should be sae,
 Clerk Saunders, ye maun die."]

And up and spak her thirde brother,
 Ay in ill time spak he :
 "Curse on his love and comeliness !—
 Dishonour'd as ye be,
 The sword that hangs at my sword-belt
 Shall quickly smiter ye !"

Her eldest brother has drawn his sword ;
 Her second has drawn anither ;
 Between Clerk Saunders' house and collar bone
 The cold iron met thegither.

"O wae be to you, my fause brethren,
 And an ill death mat ye die !
 Ye muth slain Clerk Saunders in open field,
 And no in the bed wi' me."

When seven years were come and gane,
 Lady Margaret she thought lang ;
 And she is up to the highest tower,
 By the lee light o' the moon.

She was lookin o'er her castle high,
 To see what she might fa' ;
 And there she saw a grieved ghost
 Comin waukin o'er the wa.'¹

¹ The w^a here is supposed to mean the wall, which, in some old castles, surrounded the court. J.

"O are ye a man of mean," she says,
"Seekin ony o' my meat?
Or are you a rank robber,
Come in my bower to break?"

"O I'm Clerk Saunders, your true love;
Behold, Margaret, and see,
And mind, for a' your meikle pride,
Sae will become of thee."

"Gin ye be Clerk Saunders, my true love,
This meikle marvels me:
O wherein is your bonny arms
That wont to embrace me?"

"By worms they're eaten, in mools they're rotten,
Behold, Margaret, and see;
And mind, for a' your mickle pride,
Sae will become o' thee!"

• • • • •

O, bonny, bonny sang the bird,
Sat on the coil o' hay;
But dowie, dowie was the maid,
That follow'd the corpse o' clay.

"Is there ony room at your head, Saunders,
Is there ony room at your feet?
Is there ony room at your twa sides,
For a lady to lie and sleep?"

"There is nae room at my head, Margaret,
As little at my feet;

There is nae room at my twa sides,
For a lady to lie and sleep.

"But gae hame, gae hame, now, May Margaret,
Gae hame and sew your seam;
For if ye were laid in your weel-made bed,
Your days will nae be lang."

LORD WA'YATES AND AULD INGRAM.

A FRAGMENT. See p. 72.

Jamieson's *Popular Ballads*, ii. 385.

"From Mr. Herd's MS., transmitted by Mr. Scott."

LADY MAISERY was a lady fair,
She made her mother's bed ;
Auld Ingram was an aged knight,
And her he sought to wed.

"Its I forbid ye, auld Ingram,
For to seek me to spouse ;
For Lord Wa'yates, your sister's son,
Has been into my bowers.

"Its I forbid ye, auld Ingram,
For to seek me to wed ;
For Lord Wa'yates, your sister's son,
Has been into my bed."

He has brocht to this ladie
The robes of the brown ;
And ever, " Alas " says this ladie,
" Thae robes will put me down."

And he has brocht to that ladie
The robes of the red ;
And ever, " Alas " says that ladie,
" Thae robes will be my dead."

And he has brocht to that ladie
The chrystal and the hammer ;
Sae has he brocht to her mither
The curches o' the cannell.

Every ane o' her seven brethren
They had a hawk in hand,
And every lady in the place
They got a good garland.

Every cuik in that kitchen
They got a noble claith ;
A' was blyth at auld Ingram's coming,
But Lady Maisery was wraith.

" Where will I get a bonny boy,
Wad fain win hose and shoon,
That wad rin on to my Wa'yates,
And quickly come again ? "

" Here am I, a bonny boy,
Wad fain win hose and shoon :
Wha will rin on to your Wa'yates,
And quickly come again "

328 LORD WA'YATES AND AULD INGRAM.

" Ye'll bid him, and ye'll pray him baith,
Gin ony prayer may dee,
To Marykirk to come the morn,
My weary wadding to see."

Lord Wa'yates lay o'er his castle wa',
Beheld baith dale and down ;
And he beheld a bonny boy
Come running to the town.

" What news, what news, ye bonny boy ?
What news hae ye to me ?

• • • • •
• • • • •

" O are my ladie's fauld's brunt,
Or are her towers won ?
Or is my Maisery lighter yet
O' a dear dochter or son ? "

" Your ladie's fauld's are neither brunt,
Nor are her towers won ;
Nor is your Maisery lighter yet
O' a dear dochter or son :

" But she bids you, and she prays you baith,
Gin ony prayer can dee,
To Mary Kirk to come the morn,
Her weary wadding to see."

He dang the buird up wi' his fit,
Sae did he wi' his knee ;
The silver cup, that was upon't,
I' the fire he gar'd it flee :

"O whatten a lord in a' Scotland
Dare marry my Maisery ?

"O it is but a feeble thocht,
To tell the tane and nae the tither ;
O it is but a feeble thocht
To tell it's your ain mither's britber."

"Its I will send to that wadding,
And I will follow syne,
The fitches o' the fallow deer,
And the gammons o' the swine ;
And the nine hides o' the noble cow—
'Twas slain in season time.

"Its I will send to that wadding
Ten tun o' the red wine ;
And mair I'll send to that waddin',
And I will follow syne."

Whan he came in into the ha',
Lady Maisery she did ween ;
And twenty times he kist her mou',
Afore auld Ingram's een.

And till the kirk she wadna gae,
Nor tillt she wadna ride,
Till four-and-twenty men she gat her before,
And twenty on ilka side,
And four-and-twenty milk white dows,
To flee aboon her head.

A loud lauchter gae Lord Wa'yates,
'Mang the mids o' his men ;

"Marry that lady wha that will,
A maiden she is nane."

"O leuch ye at my men, Wa'yates,
Or did ye lauch at me?
Or leuch ye at the bierdly bride,
That's gaun to marry me?"

"I leuchna at your men, uncle,
Nor yet leuch I at thee;
But I leuch at my lands so braid,
Sae weel's I do them see."

When e'en was come, and e'en-bells rung,
And a' man gane to bed,
The bride but and the suly bridegroom
In ae chamber were laid.

Wasna't a fell thing for to see
Twa heads upon a cod;
Lady Malsery's ake the mo'ten goud,
Auld Ingram's like a toad.

He turn'd his face unto the stock,
And sound he fell asleep;
She turn'd her face unto the wa',
And saut tears she did weep.

It fell about the mirk midnight,
Auld Ingram began to turn him;
He put his hand on's ladie's side,
And waly, sair was she mournin'.

"What aileth thee, my lady dear?
Ever alas, and wae is me!

There is a babe betwixt thy sides,—
Oh' sae sair's it grieves me ! ”

“ O didna I tell ye, auld Ingram,
Ere ye socht me to wed,
That Lord Wa'yates, your sister's son,
Had been into my bed ? ”

“ Then father that bairn on me, Maisery,
O father that bairn on me ;
And ye sall hae a rigland shire
Your mornin' gift to be.”

“ O sarbit ! ” says the Ladie Maisery,
“ That ever the like me befa',
To father my bairn on auld Ingram,
Lord Wa'yates in my father's ha'.

“ O sarbit ! ” says the Ladie Maisery,
“ That ever the like betide,
To father my bairn on auld Ingram,
And Lord Wa'yates beside.”

• • • • •

SWEET WILLIE AND FAIR MAISRY. See p 79.

From Buchan's *Ballads of the North of Scotland*, i 97

"HEY love Willie, and how love Willie,
And Willie my love shall be ;
They're thinking to sinder our lang love, Willie,
It's mair than man can dee.

"Ye'll mount me quickly on a steed,
A milk-white steed or gray;
And carry me on to gude greenwood
Before that it be day."

He mounted her upon a steed,
He chose a steed o' gray;
He had her on to gude greenwood
Before that it was day.

"O will ye gang to the cards, Meggie,
Or will ye gang wi' me?
Or will ye ha'e a bower woman,
To stay ere it be day?"

" I winna gang to the cards," she said,
 " Nor will I gae wi' thee,
 Nor will I hae a bower woman,
 To spoil my modestie.

" Ye'll gie me a lady at my back,
 An' a lady me befora;
 An' a midwife at my twa sides
 Till your young son be born.

" Ye'll do me up, and further up,
 To the top o' yon greenwood tree;
 For every pain mysel shall ha'e,
 The same pain ye maun drie "

The first pain that did strike sweet Willie,
 It was into the side;
 Then sighing sair said sweet Willie,
 " These pains are ill to bide."

The nextan pain that strake sweet Willie,
 It was into the back;
 Then sighing sair said sweet Willie,
 " These pains are women's wreck."

The nextan pain that strake sweet Willie,
 It was into the head;
 Then sighing sair said sweet Willie,
 " I fear my lady's dead."

Then he's gane on, and further on,
 At the foot o' yon greenwood tree,
 There he got his lady lighter,
 Wi' his young son on her knee.

Then he's ta'en up his little young son,
And kiss'd him cheek and chin ;
And he is on to his mother,
As fast as he could gang.

" Ye will take in my son, mother,
Gie him to nurses nine ;
Three to wauk, and three to sleep,
And three to gang between."

Then he has left his mother's house,
And frae her he has gane ;
And he is back to his lady,
And safely brought her hame.

Then in it came her father dear,
Was belted in a brand ;
" It's nae time for brides to lye in bed,
When the bridegroom's send's in town.

" There are four-and-twenty noble lords
A' lighted on the green ;
The fairest knight amang them a',
He must be your bridegroom."

" O wha will shoe my foot, my foot ?
And wha will glove my hand ?
And wha will prin my sma' middle,
Wi' the short prin and the lang ? "

Now out it speaks him, sweet Willie,
Who knew her troubles best ;
" It is my duty for to serve,
As I'm come here as guest.

"Now I will shoe your foot, Maisry,
And I will glove your hand,
And I will prin your sma' noddle,
Wi' the sma' prin and the lang."

"Wha will saddle my steed," she says,
"And gar my bridle ring?"
And wha will hae me to gude church-door,
This day I'm all about."

"I will saddle your steed, Maisry,
And gar your bridle ring;
And I'll hae you to gude church-door,
And safely set you down."

"O healy, healy take me up,
And healy set me down;
And set my back until a wa',
My foot to yird-fast stane."

He healy took her frae her horse,
And healy set her down;
And set her back until a wa',
Her foot to yird-fast stane.

When they had eaten and well drunken,
And a' had thorn'd fine;
The bride's father he took the cup,
For to serve out the wine.

Out it speaks the bride-groom's brother
An ill death mat he he'
"I fear our bride she's born a bairn,
Or else has it a dee."

She's ta'en out a Bible braid,
And deeply has she sworn ;
" If I ha'e born a bairn," she says,
" Sin' yesterday at morn ;

" Or if I've born a bairn," she says,
" Sin' yesterday at noon ;
There's nae a lady amang you a'
That wou'd been here sae soon."

Then out it spake the bri'legroom's man,
His hance come ower his heel !
" Win up, win up, now bride," he says,
" And dance a shamefu' reel." ¹

Then out it speaks the bride hersell,
And a sorry heart had she ;
" Is there nae ane amang you a'
Will dance this dance for me ? "

Then out it speaks him, sweet Willie,
And he spake aye thro' pride ;
" O draw my boots for me, bridegroom,
Or I dance for your bride."

Then out it spake the bride hersell,
" O na, this maanna be ;
For I will dance this dance mysell,
Tho' my back sho'd gang in three."

* The first reel, danced with the bride, her maiden, and two young men, are called the Shame Spring, or Reel, as the bride chooses the tune that is to be played. B.

She hadna well gane thro' the reel,
Nor yet well on the green,
Till she fell down at Willie's feet
As cauld as ony stane.

He's ta'en her in his arms twa,
And ha'ed her up the stair ;
Then up it came her jolly bridegroom,
Says, " What's your business there ? "

Then Willie lifted up his foot,
And dang him down the stair ;
And brake three ribs o' the bridegroom's side,
And a word he spake nae mair.

Nae meen was made for that lady,
When she was lying dead ;
But a' was for him, sweet Willie,
On the fields for he ran mad.

LADY MARJORIE. See p. 92.

"GIVEN from the recitation of an old woman in Kilbarhan, Renfrewshire, from whom the Editor has obtained several valuable pieces of a like nature. In singing, O is added at the end of the second and fourth line of each stanza." Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, p. 234.

LADY Marjorie was her mother's only daughter.
Her father's only heir;
And she is awa to Strawberry Castle,
To get some unco lair.

She had na been in Strawberry Castle
A twelvemonth and a day,
Till Lady Marjorie she gangs big wi' child,
As big as she can gae.

Word is to her father gane,
Before he got on his shoon,
That Lady Majorie she gaes wi' child,
And it is to an Irish groom.

But word is to her mother gone,
Before she got on her gown,
That Lady Marjorie she gaes wi' child
To a lord of high renown.

"O wha will put on the pat," they said,
"Or wha will put on the pan,
Or wha will put on a bauld, bauld fire,
To burn Lady Marjorie in?"

Her father he put on the pat,
Her sister put on the pan,
And her brother he put on a bauld, bauld fire,
To burn Lady Marjorie in;
And her mother she sat in a golden chair,
To see her daughter burn.

"But where will I get a pretty little boy,
That will win hose and shoon;
That will go quickly to Strawberry Castle,
And bid my lord come down?"

"O here am I, a pretty little boy,
That will win hose and shoon;
That will run quickly to Strawberry Castle,
And bid thy lord come down."

O when he cam to broken brigs,
He bent his bow and swam;
And when he cam to gude dry land,
He set down his foot and ran.

When he cam to Strawberry Castle,
He tirlt at the pin;

Nane was sae ready as the gay lord himsell
To open and let him in.

"O is there any of my towers burnt,
Or any of my castles won?
Or is Lady Marjorie brought to bed,
Of a daughter or a son?"

'O there is nane of thy towers burnt,
Nor nane of thy castles broken;
But Lady Marjorie is condemned to die,
To be burnt in a fire of oaken."

"O gar saddle to me the black," he says,
"Gar saddle to me the broun,
Gar saddle to me the swiftest steed
That e'er carried a man frae toun!"

He left the black into the slap,
The broun into the brae;
But fair fa' that bonnie apple-gray
That carried this gay lord away!

"Beet on, beet on, my brother dear,
I value you not one straw;
For yonder comes my ain true luvie,
I hear his horn blaw.

"Beet on, beet on, my father dear,
I value you not a pin;
For yonder comes my ain true luvie,
I hear his bridle ring."

He took a little horn out of his pocket,
And he blew't baith loud and schil;

And wi' the little life that was in her,
She hearken'd to it full weel.

But when he came into the place,
He lap unto the wa';
He thought to get a kiss o' her bonnie lips,
But her body fell in twa !

" O vow ! O vow ! O vow ! " he said,
" O vow ! but ye've been cruel :
Ye've taken the timber out of my ain wood,
And burnt my ain dear jewel !

" Now for thy sake, Lady Marjorie,
I'll burn baith father and mother ;
And for thy sake, Lady Marjorie,
I'll burn baith sister and brother.

" And for thy sake, Lady Marjorie,
I'll burn baith kith and kin ;
But I'll aye remember the pretty little boy
That did thy errand rin."

LEESOME BRAND.

Buchan's *Ballads of the North of Scotland*, i. 38.
This is properly a tragic story, as may be perceived by comparing the present corrupted version (evidently made up from several different sources) with the Danish and Swedish ballads. See *Herr Medevoldt*, *Danske Viser*, iii. 361, *Die wahrsagenden Nachtigallen*, in Grimm's *Altdeutsche Heldensieder*, p. 68, *Fair Metel and Kirsten Lyre*, translated by Jamieson, *Illustrations*, p. 317; and *Herr Redevall*, *Svenska Fokvisor*, ii. 189, *Krist' Lilla och Herr Tideman*, Arwidsson, i. 352, *Sir Wal and Lisa Lyte*, translated by Jamieson, p. 373.

My boy was scarcely ten years auld,
Whan he went to an unco land,
Where wind never blew, nor cocks ever crew,
Oho ! for my son, Leesome Brand.

Awa' to that king's court he went,
It was to serve for meat an' fee;
Gude red gowd it was his hire,
And lang in that king's court stay'd he.

He hadna been in that unco land,
But only twallmonths twa or three;
Till by the glancing o' his ee,
He gam'd the love o' a gay ladye.

This ladye was scarce eleven years auld,
When on her love she was right bauld ;
She was scarce up to my right knee,
When oft in bed wi' men I'm tauld.

But when nine months were come and gane,
This ladye's face turn'd pale and wane ;
To Leesome Brand she then did say,
" In this place I can nae mair stay.

" Ye do you to my father's stable,
Where steeds do stand baith wight and able ;
Strike ane o' them upo' the back,
The swiftest will gie his head a wap.

" Ye take him out upo' the green,
And get him saddled and bridled seen ;
Get ane for you, anither for me,
And lat us ride out ower the lee.

" Ye do you to my mother's coffer,
And out of it ye'd take my tocher ;
Therem are sixty thousand pounds,
Which all to me by right belongs."

He's done him to her father's stable,
Where steeds stood baith wight and able ;
Then he strake ane upon the back,
The swiftest gae his head a wap.

He's ta'en him out upo' the green,
And got him saddled and bridled seen ;
Ane for him, and anither for her,
To carry them baith wi' might and verr.

He took him to her work's cottage,
And there he's taken his lover to her;
Wherewith were sixty thousand pounds,
Which ad to her by right he's giv'd.

When they had ridden about six mile,
His true love then began to fail;
"O woe's me," said that gay ladye,
"I fear my luck will gang in three!"

"O gin I had but a gale midwife,
Here this day to save my life,
And ease me o' my misery,
O dear, how happy I wou'd be!"

"My love, we're far frae ony town;
There is nae midwife to be foun';
But if ye'll be content wi' me,
I'll do for you what man can dee."

"For no, for no, this mauna be,"
Wi' a sigh, replied that gay ladye;
"When I endure my grief and pain,
My companie ye maun refrain."

"Ye'll take your arrow and your bow,
And ye will hunt the deer and roe,
Be sure ye touch not the white hynde,
For she is o' the woman kind."

He took sic pleasure in deer and roe,
Till he forgot his gay ladye;
Till by it came that milk-white hynde,
And then he mind on his ladye syne.

He hanged him to yon greenwood tree,
 For to save his gay lady;
 But found his lady young dead,
 Likewise her young son at her head.

His mother lay over her castle wa',
 And she behead him as and down;
 And she behead young Leesome Brand,
 As he came riding to the town.

"Get me minstrels for to play," she said,
 "And let us to dance in my room;
 For here comes my son, Leesome Brand,
 And he comes merry to the town."

"Seek ye minstrels to play, mother,
 Not dancers to dance in your room;
 But they will not come, Leesome Brand,
 Yet he comes merry to the town."

"O I have lost my gowden knife,
 I rather had lost my own sweet life;
 And I have lost a better thing,
 The gowld sheath that it was in."

"Are there no goldsmiths here in Fife,
 Can make me a new gowden knife?
 Are there no sword-makers in the land,
 Can make a sheath to Leesome Brand?"

"There are no goldsmiths here in Fife,
 Can make me a gowden knife,
 Nor are there sword-makers in the land,
 Can make to me a sheath again."

"There ne'er was man in Scotland born,
Ordam'd to be so much forlorn;
I've lost my ladye I lov'd sae dear,
Likeways the son she did me bear."

"Put in your hand at my bed head,
There ye'll find a gude grey horn.
In it three draps o' Saint Paul's ain blade,
That hae been there sin' he was born.

"Drap twa o' them o' your ladye,
And ane upo' your little young son;
Then as lively they will be
As the first night ye brought them hame."

He put his hand at her bed head,
And there he found a gude grey horn;
Wi' three draps o' Saint Paul's ain blade,
That had been there sin' he was born.

Then he drapp'd twa on his ladye,
And ane o' them on his young son;
And now they do as lively be,
As the first day he brought them hame.

NOTE to v 49-72. — A similar passage is found at p 94 of this volume, v 33-36, also v d. v. p 178, v 97-108, and p 42, v 165-176, and in the Scandinavian ballads collected in the preface to this ballad. In these last the lady frees herself from the presence of the knight by sending him to get her some water, and she is found dead on his return. This incident, remarks Grimm, (*Altdeutsche Heldenlieder*, p 302) is also found in *Wolfdietrich*, Str 1680-96.

BOOK IV.

THE YOUTH OF ROSENGORD. See p. 219.

Seen i *Rosengård*, *Scenska Folk-Visor*, iii 3. and
Arwidsson's *Fornväningar*, ii. 83 translated in *Literature
and Romance of Northern Europe*, i. 263.

" So long where hast thou tarried,
Young man of Rosengord ? "

" I have been into my stable,
Our mother dear."

Long may you look for me, or look for me never.

" What hast thou done in the stable,
Young man of Rosengord ? "

" I have watered the horses,
Our mother dear "

Long may ye look for me, or look for me never.

" Why is thy foot so bloody,
Young man of Rosengord ? "

" The black horse has trampled me,
Our mother dear."

Long may you look for me, or look for me never.

"Why is thy sword so bloody,
Young man of Rosengord?"

"I have murdered my brother,
Our mother dear."

Long may you look for me, or look for me never.

"Whither wilt thou betake thee,
Young man of Rosengord?"

"I shall flee my country,
Our mother dear."

Long may you look for me, or look for me never.

"What will become of thy wedded wife,
Young man of Rosengord?"

"She must spin for her living,
Our mother dear."

Long may you look for me, or look for me never.

"What will become of thy children small,
Young man of Rosengord?"

"They must beg from door to door,
Our mother dear."

Long may you look for me, or look for me never.

"When comest thou back again,
Young man of Rosengord?"

"When the swan is black as night,
Our mother dear."

Long may you look for me, or look for me never.

"And when will the swan be black as night,
Young man of Rosengord?"

"When the raven shall be white as snow,
Our mother dear."

Long may you look for me, or look for me never.

" And when will the raven be white as snow,
Young man of Rosengord? "

" When the grey rocks take to flight,
Our mother dear."

Long may you look for me, or look for me never.

" And when will fly the grey rocks,
Young man of Rosengord? "

" The rocks they will fly never,
Our mother dear."

Long may you look for me, or look for me never.

THE BLOOD-STAINED SON. — See p. 219.

A translation, nearly word for word, of *Der Blutige Sohn*, printed from oral tradition in Schroter's *Finnische Runen*, (*Finnisch und Deutsch*,) ed. 1834, p. 151.

" SAY whence com'st thou, say whence com'st thou,
Merry son of mine ? "

" From the lake-side, from the lake-side,
O dear mother mine."

" What hast done there, what hast done there,
Merry son of mine ? "

" Steeds I watered, steeds I watered,
O dear mother mine."

" Why thus clay-bedaubed thy jacket,
Merry son of mine ? "

" Steeds kept stamping, steeds kept stamping,
O dear mother mine."

" But how came thy sword so bloody,
Merry son of mine ? "

" I have stabbed my only brother,
O dear mother mine. "

" Whither wilt thou now betake thee,
Merry son of mine ? "

" Far away to foreign countries,
O dear mother mine. "

" Where leav'st thou thy gray-haired father,
Merry son of mine ? "

" Let him chop wood in the forest,
Never wish to see me more,
O dear mother mine. "

" Where leav'st thou thy gray-haired mother,
Merry son of mine ? "

" Let her sit, her flax a-picking,
Never wish to see me more,
O dear mother mine. "

" Where leav'st thou thy wife so youthful,
Merry son of mine ? "

" Let her deck her, take another,
Never wish to see me more,
O dear mother mine. "

" Where leav'st thou thy son so youthful,
Merry son of mine ? "

" He to school, and bear the rod there,
[Never wish to see me more,]
O dear mother mine. "

" Where leav'st thou thy youthful daughter,
Merry son of mine ?

" She to the wood and eat wild berries,
Never wish to see me more,
O dear mother mine."

" Home when com'st thou back from roaming,
Merry son of mine ? "

" In the north when breaks the morning,
O dear mother mine."

" In the north when breaks the morning,
Merry son of mine ? "

" When stones dance upon the water,
O dear mother mine."

" When shall stones dance on the water,
Merry son of mine ? "

" When a feather sinks to the bottom,
O dear mother mine."

" When shall feathers sink to the bottom,
Merry son of mine ? "

" When we all shall come to judgment.
O dear mother mine."

THE TWA BROTHERS. See p. 220

From Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, p. 61.

THERE were twa brothers at the scule,
And when they got awa,—
"It's will ye play at the stane-chucking,
Or will ye play at the ba',
Or will ye gae up to yon hill head,
And there we'll wassel a fa'?"

"I winna play at the stane-chucking,
Nor will I play at the ba';
But I'll gae up to yon bonnie green hill,
And there we'll wassel a fa'."

They warded up, they warded down,
Till John fell to the ground;
A dirk fell out of William's pouch,
And gave John a deadly wound.

"O lift me upon your back,
Take me to yon well fair,

And wash my bluidy wounds o'er and o'er,
And they'll ne'er bleed nae mair."

He's lifted his brother upon his back,
Ta'en him to yon well fair;
He's wash'd his bluidy wounds o'er and o'er,
But they bleed ay mair and mair.

"Tak ye aff my Holland sark,
And rive it gair by gair,
And row it in my bluidy wounds,
And they'll ne'er bleed nae mair."

He's taken aff his Holland sark,
And torn it gair by gair;
He's rowit it in his bluidy wounds,
But they bleed ay mair and mair.

"Tak now aff my green cleding,
And row me saftly in;
And tak me up to yon kirk style,
Whare the grass grows fair and green."

He's taken aff the green cleding,
And rowed him saftly in,
He's laid him down by yon kirk style,
Whare the grass grows fair and green.

"What will ye say to your father dear,
When ye gae hame at e'en?"
"I'll say ye're lying at yon kirk style,
Whare the grass grows fair and green."

"O no, O no, my brother dear,
O you must not say so;

But say that I'm gane to a foreign land,
Whare nae man does me know."

When he sat in his father's chair,
He grew baith pale and wan :
" O what blude 's that upon your brow ?
O dear son, tell to me."

" It is the blude o' my gude gray steed,
He wadna ride wi' me."

" O thy steed's blude was ne'er sae red,
Nor e'er sae dear to me :
O what blude 's this upon your cheek ?
O dear son, tell to me."

" It is the blude of my greyhound,
He wadna hunt for me."

" O thy hound's blude was ne'er sae red,
Nor e'er sae dear to me :
O what blude 's this upon your hand ?
O dear son, tell to me."

" It is the blude of my gay goss hawk,
He wadna flee for me."

" O thy hawk's blude was ne'er sae red,
Nor e'er sae dear to me :
O what blude 's this upon your dirk ?
Dear Willie, tell to me."

" It is the blude of my ae brother,
O dule and wae is me !"

" O what will ye say to your father ?
Dear Willie, tell to me."

" I'll saddle my steed, and awa I'll ride
To dwell in some far countrie."

"O when will ye come hame again?
Dear Willie, tell to me."

"When sun and mune leap on yon l..ll.
And that will never be."

She turn'd hersel' right round about,
And her heart burst into three:
"My ae best son is deid and gane.
And my tother aye I'll ne'er see."

THE MILLER AND THE KING'S DAUGHTER See p. 231.

FROM *Wit Restor'd*, (1658,) reprinted, London, 1817, i. 153. It is there ascribed to "Mr. Smith," (Dr. James Smith, the author of many of the pieces in that collection,) who may have written it down from tradition, and perhaps added a verse or two. Mr. Rimbault has printed the same piece from a broadside dated 1656, in *Notes and Queries*, v. 59*. A fragment of it is given from recitation at p. 316 of that volume, and a copy quite different from any before published, at p. 102 of vol. vi. Although two or three stanzas are ludicrous, and were probably intended for burlesque, this ballad is by no means to be regarded as a parody.

THERE were two sisters, they went a-playing,
With a hie downe, downe, a downe a;
To see their fathers ships sayling in.
With a hy downe, downe, a downe o.

And when they came into the sea brym,
With, &c.
The elder did push the younger in.
With, &c.

"O sister. O sister, take me by the gowne,
With, &c.
And drawe me up upon the dry ground."
With, &c.

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" O sister, O sister, that may not bee,
 With, &c.
Till salt and oatmeale grow both of a tree."
 With, &c.

Somtymes she sanke, somtymes she swam,
 With, &c.
Untill she came unto the mildam.
 With, &c.

The miller runne hastily downe the cliffe,
 With, &c.
And up he betook her withouten her life.
 With, &c.

What did he doe with her brest bone ?
 With, &c.
He made him a viall to play thereupon.
 With, &c.

What did he doe with her fingers so small ?
 With, &c.
He made him peggs to his violl withall.
 With, &c.

What did he doe with her nose-ridge ?
 With, &c.
Unto his violl he made him a bridge.
 With, &c.

What did he do with her veynes so blewe ?
 With, &c.
He made him strings to his viole thereto.
 With, &c.

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Why should he doe with her eyes so bright ?

Wick, &c.

Upon his violl he played at first sight.

Wick, &c.

What did he doe with her tongue soe rough ?

Wick, &c.

Unto the violl it spake enough.

Wick, &c.

What did he doe with her two shinnes ?

Wick, &c.

Unto the violl they dancet Moll Syma.

Wick, &c.

Then bespake the treble string,

Wick, &c.

" O youder is my father the king."

Wick, &c.

Then bespake the second string,

Wick, &c.

" O youder sits my mother the queen."

Wick, &c.

And then bespake the stringes all three,

Wick, &c.

" O youder is my sister that drowned mee."

Wick, &c.

Now pay the miller for his payne,

Wick, &c.

And let him bee gone in the diue's name.

Wick, &c.

THE BONNY BOWS O' LONDON. See p. 231

From Buchan's *Ballads of the North of Scotland*, ii 125

THERE were twa sisters in a bower,
Hey wi' the gay and the grinding;
And ae king's son hae courted them baith,
At the bonny, bonny bows o' London.

He courted the youngest wi' brooch and ring,
Hey wi' the gay and the grinding,
He courted the eldest wi' some other thing,
At the bonny, bonny bows o' London.

It fell ance upon a day,
Hey wi' the gay and the grinding,
The eldest to the youngest did say,
At the bonny, bonny bows o' London:

"Will ye gae to yon Tweed mill dam,"
Hey, wi' the gay and the grinding,
"And see our father's ships come to land?"
At the bonny, bonny bows o' London.

They baith stood up upon a stane,
Hey wi' the gay and the grinding;
The eldest dang the youngest an,
At the bonny, bonny bows o' London.

She swimm'd up, sae did she down,
Hey wi' the gay and the grinding;
Till she came to the Tweed mill-dam,
At the bonny, bonny bows o' London.

The miller's servant he came out,
Hey wi' the gay and the grinding;
And saw the lady floating about,
At the bonny, bonny bows o' London.

"O master, master, set your mill,"
Hey wi' the gay and the grinding;
"There is a fish, or a milk-white awan,"
At the bonny, bonny bows o' London.

They could not ken her yellow hair,
Hey wi' the gay and the grinding;
[For] the scales o' gowd that were laid there,
At the bonny, bonny bows o' Lon lon

They could not ken her fingers sae white,
Hey wi' the gay and the grinding;
The rings o' gowd they were sae bright,
At the bonny, bonny bows o' London.

They could not ken her middle sae jimp,
Hey wi' the gay and the grinding;
The stays o' gowd were so well laced,
At the bonny, bonny bows o' London.

They could not ken her foot sae fair,
Hey wi' the gay and the grinding;
The shoes o' gowd they were so rare,
At the bonny, bonny bows o' London.

Her father's fiddler he came by,
Hey wi' the gay and the grinding;
Upstart'd her ghaist before his eye,
At the bonny, bonny bows o' London.

"Ye'll take a lock o' my yellow hair,"
Hey wi' the gay and the grinding;
"Ye'll make a string to your fiddle there,"
At the bonny, bonny bows o' London.

"Ye'll take a lith o' my little finger bane,"
Hey wi' the gay and the grinding;
"And ye'll make a pin to your fiddle then,"
At the bonny, bonny bows o' London.

He's ta'en a lock o' her yellow hair,
Hey wi' the gay and the grinding;
And made a string to his fiddle there,
At the bonny, bonny bows o' London.

He's taen a lith o' her little finger bane,
Hey wi' the gay and the grinding;
And he's made a pin to his fiddle then,
At the bonny, bonny bows o' London.

The firstand spring the fiddle did play,
Hey wi' the gay and the grinding;
Said, "Ye'll drown my sister, as she's dune me"
At the bonny, bonny bows o' London.

I

THE CROODLIN DOO. See *Lord Donald*, p. 244.

FROM Chambers's *Scottish Ballads*, p. 324. Other copies in *The Scots Musical Museum*, (1853), vol. 10, 364*, and *Bannerman's Ballads of the North of Scotland* ii. 179.

"O wha's hae ye been a' the day,
My lads we were croodlin doo?"

"O I've been at my granmother's;
Max my lads, maxmin, doo."

"O wha's gae ye at your granmother's,
My lads we were croodlin doo?"

"I gae a lads we were croodlin;
Max my lads, maxmin, doo."

"O wha's did ye eat a' the while,
My lads we were croodlin doo?"

"We eat a' that in the pot-house,
Max my lads, maxmin, doo."

"Aye, what did ye do wi' the fish,
My lads we were croodlin doo?"

" She boiled it in a brass pan ;
O mak my bed, mamunie, noo."

" And what did ye do wi' the banes o't,
My bonnie wee croodlin doo ? "

" I gied them to my little dog ;
Mak my bed, mamunie, noo."

" And what did your little doggie do,
My bonnie wee croodlin doo ? "

" He stretch'd out his head, his feet, and dee'd,
And so will I, mammie, noo ! "

II.

THE SNAKE-COOK.

FROM oral tradition, in Erk's *Deutscher Federhort*, p. 6. Our homely translation is, as far as possible word for word. Other German versions are *The Step-mother*, at p. 5 of the same collection, (or Uhland, i. 272) and *Grandmother Adler-cook*, at p. 7. The last is translated by Jamieson, *Illustrations of Northern Antiquities*, p. 320.

" WHERE hast thou been away so long,
Henry, my dearest son ? "

" O I have been at my true-love's,
Lady mother, ah we !

*My young life,
She has poisoned for me."*

" What gave she thee to eat,
Henry, my dearest son ? "

- " She cooked me a speckled fish,
Lady mother, ah me ! " &c.
- " And how many pieces cut she thee,
Henry my dearest son ? "
- " She cut three little pieces from it,
Lady mother, ah me ! " &c.
- " Where left she then the third piece,
Henry, my dearest son ? "
- " She gave it to her dark-brown dog,
Lady mother, ah me ! " &c.
- " And what befell the dark-brown dog,
Henry, my dearest son ? "
- " His belly burst in the midst in two,
Lady mother, ah me ! " &c.
- " What wishest thou for thy father,
Henry, my dearest son ? "
- " I wish him a thousandfold boon and blessing,
Lady mother, ah me ! " &c.
- " What wishest thou for thy mother,
Henry, my dearest son ? "
- " I wish for her eternal bliss,
Lady mother, ah me ! " &c.
- " What wishest thou for thy true-love,
Henry, my dearest son ? "
- " I wish her eternal hell and torment,
Lady mother, ah me ! " &c.

III.

THE CHILD'S LAST WILL.

Den lillas Testamente: Svenska Folk-Visor, iii. 13.
Translated in *Literature and Romance of Northern
Europe*, i 265. See also Arwidsson's *Fornsälinger*, ii 30

"SO LONG where hast thou tarried,
Little daughter dear?"

"I have tarried with my old nurse,
Sweet step-mother mine."

For ah, ah!—I am so ill—ah!

"What gave she thee for dinner,
Little daughter dear?"

"A few small speckled fishes,
Sweet step-mother mine."

For ah, ah!—I am so ill—ah!

"What didst thou do with the fish-bones
Little daughter dear?"

"Gave them to the beagle,
Sweet step-mother mine."

For ah, ah!—I am so ill—ah!

"What wish leav'st thou thy father,
Little daughter dear?"

"The blessedness of heaven,
Sweet step-mother mine."

For ah, ah!—I am so ill—ah!

"What wish leav'st thou thy mother,
Little daughter dear?"

"All the joys of heaven,
Sweet step-mother mine."

For ah, ah!—I am so ill—ah!

"What wish leav'st thou thy brother,
Little daughter dear?"

"A fleet ship on the waters,
Sweet step-mother mine."

For ah, ah!—I am so ill—ah!

"What wish leav'st thou thy sister,
Little daughter dear?"

"Golden chests and caskets,
Sweet step-mother mine."

For ah, ah!—I am so ill—ah!

"What wish leav'st thou thy step-mother.
Little daughter dear?"

"Of hell the bitter sorrow
Sweet step-mother mine."

For ah, ah!—I am so ill—ah!

"What wish leav'st thou thy old nurse.
Little daughter dear?"

"For her I wish the same pangs,
Sweet step-mother mine."

For ah, ah!—I am so ill—ah!

"But now the time is over
When I with you can stay;

The little bells of heaven
Are ringing me away."

For ah, ah!—I am so ill—ah!

THE THREE KNIGHTS. See p. 251.

From the second edition of Gilbert's *Ancient Christmas Carols*, &c. p. 68.

THERE did three Knights come from the West,
 With the hoo and the loo oh!
And these three Knights courted one Lady,
 As the rose was so sweetly blown.

The first Knight came was all in white,
 With the hoo and the loo oh!
And asked of her, if she'd be his delight,
 As the rose was so sweetly blown.

The next Knight came was all in green,
 With the hoo and the loo oh!
And asked of her, if she'd be his Queen,
 As the rose was so sweetly blown.

The third Knight came was all in red,
 With the hoo and the loo oh!
And asked of her, if she would wed,
 As the rose was so sweetly blown.

"Then have you asked of my Father dear,
With the high and the lily oh !
Likewise of her who did me bear ?
As the rose was so sweetly blown.

"And have you asked of my brother John ?
With the high and the lily oh !
And also of my sister Anne ? "
As the rose was so sweetly blown.

"Yes, I have asked of your Father dear,
With the high and the lily oh !
Likewise of her who did you bear,
As the rose was so sweetly blown.

"And I have asked of your sister Anne,
With the high and the lily oh !
But I've not asked of your brother John,"
As the rose was so sweetly blown.

[Here some verses seem to be wanting.]

For on the road as they rode along,
With the high and the lily oh !
There did they meet with her brother John,
As the rose was so sweetly blown.

She stooped low to kiss him sweet,
With the high and the lily oh !
He to her heart did a dagger meet,
As the rose was so sweetly blown.

"Rule on, ride on," cried the serving man,
With the high and the lily oh !

"Methinks your bride she looks wond'rous wan,"
As the rose was so sweetly blown.

"I wish I were on yonder stile,
With the high and the lily oh!
For there I would sit and bleed awhile,
As the rose was so sweetly blown.

"I wish I were on yonder hill,
With the high and the lily oh!
There I'd alight and make my will,"
As the rose was so sweetly blown.

"What would you give to your Father dear?"
With the high and the lily oh!
"The gallant steed which doth me bear,"
As the rose was so sweetly blown.

"What would you give to your Mother dear?"
With the high and the lily oh!
"My wedding shift which I do wear,
As the rose was so sweetly blown.

"But she must wash it very clean,
With the high and the lily oh!
For my heart's blood sticks in every seam,"
As the rose was so sweetly blown.

"What would you give to your sister Anne?"
With the high and the lily oh!
"My gay gold ring, and my feathered fan,"
As the rose was so sweetly blown.

"What would you give to your brother John?"
With the high and the lily oh!

" A rope and gallows to hang him on,"
As the rose was so sweetly blown.

" What would you give to your brother John's
wife ? "
With the hugh and the lily oh !

" A widow's weeds, and a quiet life,"
As the rose was so sweetly blown.

THE CRUEL MOTHER. See p. 162.

From Buchan's *Ballads of the North of Scotland*, ii. 222.

It fell ance upon a day, *Edinbro', Edinbro'*,
It fell ance upon a day, *Stirling for aye* ;
 It fell ance upon a day,
 The clerk and lady went to play,
So proper Saint Johnston stands fair upon Tay.

" If my bairn be a son, *Edinbro', Edinbro'*,
If my bairn be a son, *Stirling for aye* ;
 If my bairn be a son,
 I'll make him a lord o' high renown,"
So proper Saint Johnston stands fair upon Tay.

She's lean'd her back to the wa', *Edinbro', Edinbro'*,
She's lean'd her back to the wa', *Stirling for aye* ;
 She's lean'd her back to the wa',
 Pray'd that her pains might fa',
So proper Saint Johnston stands fair upon Tay.

She's lean'd her back to the thorn, *Edinbro', Edinbro',*

She's lean'd her back to the thorn, *Stirling for aye ;*

She's lean'd her back to the thorn,

There has her baby born,

So proper Saint Johnston stands fair upon Tay.

O bonny baby, if ye suck sair, *Edinbro', Edinbro',*

O bonny baby, if ye suck sair, *Stirling for aye ;*

O bonny baby, if ye su k sair,

You'll never suck by my side *mair."*

So proper Saint Johnston stands fair upon Tay.

She's riven the muslin frae her head, *Edinbro', Edinbro',*

She's riven the muslin frae her head, *Stirling for aye ;*

She's riven the muslin frae her head,

Tied the baby hand and feet,

So proper Saint Johnston stands fair upon Tay.

Out she took her little penknife, *Edinbro', Edinbro',*

Out she took her little penknife, *Stirling for aye ;*

Out she took her little penknife,

Twun'd the young thing o' its life,

So proper Saint Johnston stands fair upon Tay.

She's howk'd a hole anent the meen, *Edinbro', Edinbro',*

She's howk'd a hole anent the meen, *Stirling for aye ;*

She's howk'd a hole anent the meen,

There laid her sweet baby in,

So proper Saint Johnston stands fair upon Tay.

She had her to her father's ha', *Edinbro', Edinbro',*
 She had her to her father's ha', *Stirling for aye :*

She had her to her father's ha',
 She was the meekest maid among them a',
So proper Saint Johnston stands fair upon Tay

It fell ance upon a day, *Edinbro', Edinbro',*
 It fell ance upon a day, *Stirling for aye :*

It fell ance upon a day,
 She saw twa babies at their play,
So proper Saint Johnston stands fair upon Tay.

"O bonny babies, gin ye were mine, *Edinbro', Edinbro',*

O bonny babies, gin ye were mine, *Stirling for aye ,*
 O bonny babies, gin ye were mine,
 I'd cleathe you in the silks sae fine,"
So proper Saint Johnston stands fair upon Tay.

"O wild mother, when we were thine, *Edinbro', Edinbro',*

O wild mother, when we were thine, *Stirling for aye ;*

O wild mother, when we were thine,
 You cleath'd us not in silks sae fine,
So proper Saint Johnston stands fair upon Tay

"But now we're in the heavens high, *Edinbro', Edinbro',*

But now we're in the heavens high, *Stirling for aye ;*
 But now we're in the heavens high,
 And you've the pains o' hell to try,"

So proper Saint Johnston stands fair upon Tay.

She threw hersell ower the castle-wa',
Eumbe', Eaire-
bro',

She threw hersell ower the castle-wa',
Striving for
eye.

She threw hersell ower the castle-wa',

There I wat she got a fa'.

So proper Saint Johnston stands fair upon Tay.

THE MINISTER'S DOCHTER O' NEWARKE

See p. 262.

FROM *Scottish Traditional Versions of Ancient Ballads*, Percy Society, vol. xvii. p. 51. This is the same ballad, with trifling variations, as *The Minister's Daughter of New York*, Buchan, ii. 217.

THE Minister's dochter o' Newarke,
 Hey wi' the rose and the lindie O,
Has fa'en in love wi' her father's clerk,
 Alane by the green burn sidie O.

She courted him sax years and a day,
 Hey wi' the rose and the lindie O,
At length her fause-love did her betray.
 Alane by the green burn sidie O.

She did her down to the green woods gang,
 Hey wi' the rose and the lindie O,
To spend awa' a while o' her time,
 Alane by the green burn sidie O.

THE MINISTER'S DOUGHTER O' NEWARK. 377

She lent her back unto a thorn,
Hey wi' the rose and the lindie O;
And she's got her twa bonnie boys born,
Alane by the green burn sidie O.

She's ta'en the ribbons frae her hair,
Hey wi' the rose and the lindie O,
Boun' their bodies fast and sair,
Alane by the green burn sidie O.

She's put them aneath a marble stane,
Hey wi' the rose and the lindie O,
Thinkin' a may to gae her haime,
Alane by the green burn sidie O.

Leukin' o'er her castel wa',
Hey wi' the rose and the lindie O,
She spied twa bonny boys at the ba',
Alane by the green burn sidie O.

"O bonny babies, if ye were mine,
Hey wi' the rose and the lindie O,
I woud feed ye wi' the white bread and wine,
Alane by the green burn sidie O.

"I woud feed ye with the ferra cow's milk,
Hey wi' the rose and the lindie O,
An' dress ye i' the finest silk,"
Alane by the green burn sidie O.

"O cruel mother, when we were thino,
Hey wi' the rose and the lindie O,
We saw nae o' your bread and wine,
Alane by the green burn sidie O.

878 THE MINISTER'S DOCHTER O' NEWARKE.

" We saw nane o' your ferra cow's milk,
Hey wi' the rose and the lindie O,
 Nor wore we o' your finest silk,"
Alane by the green burn sidie O.

" O bonny babies, can ye tell me,
Hey wi' the rose and the lindie O,
 What sort o' death for ye I maun dee,"
Alane by the green burn sidie O.

" Yes, cruel mother, we'll tell to thee,
Hey wi' the rose and the lindie O,
 What sort o' death for us ye maun dee,
Alane by the green burn sidie O.

" Seven years a fool i' the woods,
Hey wi' the rose and the lindie O,
 " Seven years a fish i' the floods,
Alane by the green burn sidie O.

" Seven years to be a church bell,
Hey wi' the rose and the lindie O,
 Seven years a porter i' hell,"
Alane by the green burn sidie O.

" Welcome, welcome, fool i' the wood,
Hey wi' the rose and the lindie O,
 Welcome, welcome, fish i' the flood,
Alane by the green burn sidie O.

" Welcome, welcome, to be a church bell,
Hey wi' the rose and the lindie O,
 But heavens keep me out o' hell,"
Alane by the green burn sidie O.

BONDSEY AND MAISRY. See p. 298.

From Buchan's *Ballads of the North of Scotland*, li. 285.

" O COME along wi' me, brother,
Now come along wi' me ;
And we'll gae seek our sister Maisry,
Into the water o' Dee."

The eldest brother he stepped in,
He stepped to the knee ;
Then out he jump'd upo' the bank,
Says, " This water's nae for me."

The second brother he stepped in,
He stepped to the quit ;
Then out he jump'd upo' the bank,
Says, " This water's wond'rous deep."

When the third brother stepped in,
He stepped to the chin ;
Out he got, and forward wade,
For fear o' drowning him.

The youngest brother he stepped in,
Took's sister by the hand,
Said, " Here she is, my sister Maisry,
Wi' the hinny draps on her chin.

" O if I were in some bonny ship,
And in some strange countrie,
For to find out some conjurer,
To gar Maisry speak to me ! "

Then out it speaks an auld woman,
As she was passing by ;
" Ask of your sister what you want,
And she will speak to thee."

" O sister, tell me who is the man,
That did your body win ?
And who is the wretch, tell me, likewise
That threw you in the lin ? "

" O Bondsey was the only man
That did my body win ;
And likewise Bondsey was the man
That threw me in the lin."

" O will we Bondsey head, sister ?
Or will we Bondsey hang ?
Or will we set him at our bow end,
Lat arrows at him gang ? "

" Ye winna Bondsey head, brothers,
Nor will ye Bondsey hang ;
But we'll take out his twa grey e'en,
Make Bondsey blind to gang.

" Ye'll put to the gate a chain o' gold,
A rose garland gar make ;
And ye'll put that in Bondsey's head,
A' for your sister's sake "

LADY DIAMOND.

From the Percy Society Publications, xvii 71. The same in Buchan, ii. 206. The ballad is given in Sharpe's *Ballad Book*, under the title of *Dymal*, and by Aytoun, *Ballads of Scotland*, 2d ed., n. 173, under that of *La lly Daisy*. All these names are corruptions of Gló-mondla, on whose well known story (*Decamerone*, iv. 1, 5) the present is founded — This piece and the next might better have been inserted at p. 347, as a part of the Appendix to Book III.

There was a king, an' a curious king,
An' a king o' royal fame;
He had ae dochter, he had never mair,
Ladye Diamond was her name.

She's fa'en into shame, an' lost her gude name,
An' wrought her parents' noy,
An' a' for her layen her love so low,
On her father's kitchen boy.

Ae nicht as she lay on her bed,
Just thinkin' to get rest,
Up it came her old father,
Just like a wanderin' ghaist.

"Rise up, rise up, ladye Diamond," he says,
"Rise up, put on your gown;
Rise up, rise up, ladye Diamond," he says,
"For I fear ye gae too roun'."

"Too roun I gae, yet blame me nae ;
Ye'll cause me na to shame ;
For better luv I that bonnie boy
Than a' your weel-bred men."

The king's ca'd up his wa'-wight men.
That he paid meat an' fee :
"Bring here to me that bonnie boy,
An' we'll amare him right quieth."

Up hae they ta'en that bonnie boy,
Put him 'tween twa feather beds :
Naethin' was dane, nor naethin' said,
Till that bonnie bonnie boy was dead.

The king's ta'en out a braid braid sword,
An' streak'd it on a strae ;
An' thro' an' thro' that bonnie boy's heart
He's gart cauld iron gae.

Out has he ta'en his poor bluidie heart,
Set it in a tasse o' gowd,
And set it before ladye Diamonds face,
Said "Fair ladye, behold !"

Up has she ta'en this poor bludie heart,
An' holden it in her han' ;
"Better luv'd I that bonnie bonnie boy
Than a' my father's lan'."

Up has she ta'en his poor bludie heart,
An' laid it at her head ;
The tears awa' frae her cyne did flee,
An' ere midnight she was dead.

THE WEST COUNTRY DAMOSELS COMPLAINT.

From Collier's Book of Roxburgh's Ballads, p. 202.

After a broadside "printed by P. Brooksby, at the Golden Bull in Westsmith-field, neer the Hospitall Gate" The first ten or twelve stanzas seem to be ancient.

"WHEN will you marry me, William,
And make me your wedded wife?
Or take you your keen bright sword,
And rid me out of my life."

"Say no more then so, lady,¹
Say you no more then so,
For you shall unto the wild forrest,
And amongst the buck and doe.

"Where thou shalt eat of the hips and haws,
And the roots that are so sweet,
And thou shalt drink of the cold water
That runs underneath your feet."

¹ so then.

Now had she not been in the wild forrest
Passing three months and a day,
But with hunger and cold she had her fill,
Till she was quite worn away.

At last she saw a fair tyl'd house,
And there she swore by the rood,
That she would to that fair tyl'd house,
There for to get her some food.

But when she came unto the gates,
Aloud, aloud she cry'd,
"An alms, an alms, my own sister!
I ask you for no pride."

Her sister call'd up her merry men all,
By one, by two, and by three,
And bid them hunt away that wild doe,
As far as e'er they could see.

They hunted her o're hill and dale,
And they hunted her so sore,
That they hunted her into the forrest,
Where her sorrows grew more and more

She laid a stone all at her head,
And another all at her feet,
And down she lay between these two,
Till death had lull'd her asleep.

When sweet Will came and stood at her head,
And likewise stood at her feet,
A thousand times he kiss'd her cold lips,
Her body being fast asleep.

Yea, seven times he stood at her feet,
And seven times at her head ;
A thousand times he shook her hand,
Although her body was dead.

" Ah wretched me ! " he loudly cry'd,
" What is it that I have done ?
O wou'd to the powers above I'de dy'd,
When thus I left her alone !

" Come, come, you gentle red-breast now,
And prepare for us a tomb,
Whilst unto cruel Death I bow,
And sing like a swan my doom.

" Why could I ever cruel be
Unto so fair a creature ;
Alas ! she dy'd for love of me,
The loveliest she in nature !

" For me she left her home so fair
To wander in this wild grove,
And there with sighs and pensive care
She ended her life for love.

" O constancy, in her thou'rt lost !
Now let women boast no more ;
She's fled unto the Elizian coast,
And with her carry'd the store.

" O break, my heart, with sorrow fill'd,
Come, swell, you strong tides of grief !
You that my dear love have kill'd,
Come, yield in death to me relief.

"Cruel her sister, was't for me
That to her she was unkind?
Her husband I will never be,
But with this my love be joyn'd.

"Grim Death shall tye the marriage bands,
Which jealousie shan't divide;
Together shall tye our cold hands,
Whilst here we lye side by side.

"Witness, ye groves, and chrystal streams.
How faithless I late have been;
But do repent with dying leaves
Of that my ungrateful sin,

"And wish a thousand times that I
Had been but to her more kind,
And not have let a virgin dye,
Whose equal there's none can find.

"Now heaps of sorrow press my soul;
Now, now 'tis she takes her way;
I come, my love, without controule,
Nor from thee will longer stay."

With that he fetch'd a heavy groan,
Which rent his tender breast,
And then by her he laid him down,
When as Death did give him rest.

Whilst mournful birds, with leavy bows,
To them a kind burial gave,
And warbled out their love-sick vows,
Whilst they both slept in their grave.

THE BRAVE EARL BRAND AND THE KING
OF ENGLAND'S DAUGHTER. See p. 114.

From Bell's *Ballads of the Peasantry of England*, p. 122.

This ballad, which was printed by Bell from the recitation of an old Northumberland fiddler, is defective in the tenth and the last stanzas, and has suffered much from corruption in the course of transmission. The name of the hero, however, is uncommonly well preserved, and affords a link, rarely occurring in English, with the corresponding Danish and Swedish ballads, a good number of which have Hildebrand, though more have Ribold. It may be observed that in *Hildebrand og Hilde* (Grundtvig, No. 83), the knight has the rank here ascribed to the lady.

"Hand heede hertog Hyldebraand,
Kongens sønn aff Engelan l."

The "old Carl Hood" who gives the alarm in this ballad, is called in most of the Danish ballads "a rich earl"; in one a treacherous man, in another a young Carl, and in a third an old man; which together furnish the elements of his character here of a treacherous old Carl.

O DID you ever hear of the brave Earl Brand?

Hey lillie, ho lillie lallie!

He's courted the king's daughter o' fair England,

P' the brave nights so early.

She was scarcely fifteen years that tide,
When sae boldly she came to his bed-side.

"O Earl Brand, how fain wad I see
A pack of hounds let loose on the lea."

"O lady fair, I have no steed but one,
But thou shalt ride and I will run."

"O Earl Brand, but my father has two,
And thou shalt have the best of tho."

Now they have ridden o'er moss and moor
And they have met neither rich nor poor.

Till at last they met with old Carl Hood,
He's aye for ill, and never for good.

"Now, Earl Brand, an ye love me,
Slay this old carl, and gar him dee."

"O lady fair, but that would be sair,
To slay an auld carl that wears grey hair."

"My own lady fair, I'll not do that,
I'll pay him his fee"

"O where have ye ridden this lee lang day,
And where have ye stown this fair lady away?"

"I have not ridden this lee lang day,
Nor yet have I stown this lady away."

"For she is, I trow, my sick sister,
Whom I have been bringing fra Winchester."

" If she's been sick, and nigh to dead,
What makes her wear the ribbon so red ?

" If she's been sick, and like to die,
What makes her wear the gold sae high ? "

When came the carl to the lady's yett,
He rudely, rudely rapped thereat.

" Now where is the lady of this hall ? "
" She's out with her maids a-playing at the ball."

" Ha, ha, ha ! ye are all mista'en ;
Ye may count your maidens owre again.

" I met her far beyond the lea,
With the young Earl Brand, his leman to be."

Her father of his best men armed fifteen,
And they're ridden after them bidene.

The lady looked owre her left shoulder then ;
Says, " O Earl Brand, we are both of us ta'en."

" If they come on me one by one,
You may stand by till the fights be done.

" But if they come on me one and all,
You may stand by and see me fall."

They came upon him one by one,
Till fourteen battles he has won.

And fourteen men he has them slain,
Each after each upon the plain.

But the fifteenth man behind stole round,
And dentt him a deep and deadly wound.

Though he was wounded to the deid,
He set his lady on her steed.

They rode till they came to the river Doune,
And there they lighted to wash his wound.

"O Earl Brand, I see your heart's blood!"
"It's nothing but the glent and my scarlet hood"¹

They rode till they came to his mother's yett,
So faint and feebly he rapped thereat.

"O my son's slain, he is falling to swoon,
And it's all for the sake of an English loon!"

"O say not so, my dearest mother,
But marry her to my youngest brother.

"To a maiden true he'll give his land,
To the king's daughter o' fair England.

"[To the king's daughter o' fair England,]
Hey lillie, ho lillie lallie!
To a prize that was won by a alain brother's brand,
I the brave nights so early.

¹ Qy. ? of my scarlet hood.

LA VENDICATRICE. See p. 273.

From *Canti Popolari Inediti Umbri, Piceni, Piemontesi, Latini, raccolti e illustrati da ORESTE MARCO-ALDI*. Genova, 1855. p. 167.—From Alessandria.

1 "Oh varda ben, Munfrenna,
2 Oh varda quel castè :
3 I'è trentatrè fantenni
4 Ch' a j' ho menaji me.
5 I m' han negà l' amore,
6 La testa a j' ho tajè."

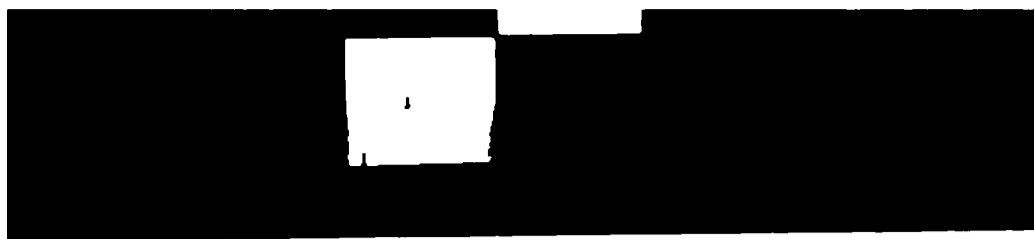
7 "Ch' u 'm digga lù, Sior Conte ;
8 Ch' u 'm lassa la so' spà."
9 "Oli dimì ti, Monfrenna,
10 Cosa ch' a 't na voi fà ?"
11 "A voi tajè 'na frasca,
12 Per ombra al me' cavà."
13 Lesta con la spadenna
14 Al cor a j' ha passà.

- 15 " Va là, va là, Sior Conte,
 16 Va là 'nte quei boscon;
 17 Le spenni e li serpenti
 18 Saran toi compagno."

1 guarda ben, Mon-	6 taglia o.	12 cavallo.
forina.	7 dica lei, signor.	13 spadina.
2 quel castello.	8 sua spada	14 (boscon) cespugh.
3 fanciulle.	9 vuoi farti.	15 sp ne
4 mentre io.	10 tagliare.	16 tuoi.
5 negato.		

NOTE. This ballad is undoubtedly the Italian representation of *May Colvin*. It is given more complete by Nigra, *Cantoni Popolari del Piemonte, Rivista Con.*, xx v 73, who also furnishes these additional references: (Spanish) *Rico Franco*, Wolf and Hoffmann's *Primavera*, li 22, (Portuguese) *A Romeria*, Almeida-Garrett, *Romanceiro*, i. 1. 4; (French) Ampere, *Instructions relatives aux Poésies populaires de la France*, p. 40; (Breton) Hervart de la Villemarqué, *Barzaz-Breiz*, i. 354 (ed 1840).





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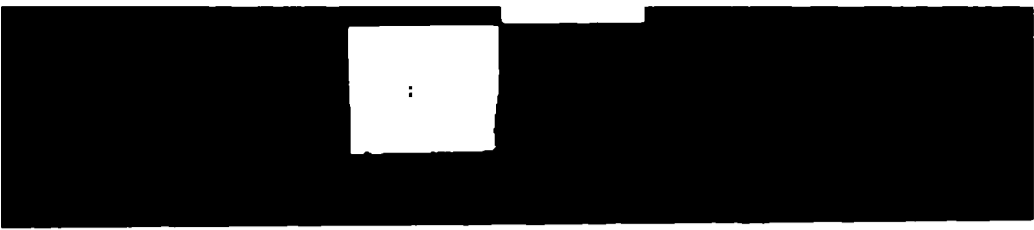
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